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The QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 512

APRIL, 1932

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LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY.

242 West 13th Street

New York

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 512.—APRIL, 1932

Art. 1.—THE WAR GUILT.

1. *The War Guilt.* By H. W. Wilson. Sampson Low, Marston, 1928.
2. *British Documents on the Origin of the War, 1898–1914.* Edited by G. P. Gooch and Harold Temperley. Vol. VI. Anglo-German Tension, Armaments and Negotiations, 1907–12. H.M. Stationery Office, 1930.
3. *Ten Years at the Court of St. James, 1895–1905.* By Baron von Eckardstein. Translated by Professor George Young. Thornton Butterworth, 1920.
4. *Heading for the Abyss.* Reminiscences by Prince Lichnowsky. Translated by Professor Sefton Delmer. Constable, 1928.

‘The Allied and Associated Governments affirm, and Germany accepts, the responsibility of Germany and her Allies for causing all the loss and damage to which the Allied and Associated Governments and their nationals have been subjected as a consequence of the war imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her Allies.’

Treaty of Versailles, Art. 231.

FOR some years past it has become the custom in certain circles to decry the Treaty of Versailles, as though it were only an instrument of vengeance imposed by conquerors upon a helpless and defeated enemy. This view is narrow, inaccurate, unhistorical, and exceedingly dangerous. Had the Treaty been the work of a conqueror alone (as was the case, for instance, after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870) there might have been grounds for saying that one, with no partner to counsel moderation or justice, had been swayed unduly by the pride of conquest and the wish for revenge. This plea cannot be urged against the Treaty of Versailles. It was the work

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of many months in conclave of the statesmen of many countries. Neither was it simply a matter of meting out punishment to the aggressor: it included large yet intricate questions of history, geography, nationalism, and finance, of boundaries rectified or redrawn, of territories restored and peoples liberated, of economics, armaments, language, government; in a word, Europe, and regions far beyond Europe, lay in ruins and had to be rebuilt. The wonder is that, working under the pressure of such momentous, involved, and yet conflicting arguments and causes, the treaty-makers drew up a document as sane and comprehensive as this. We are not concerned here to defend the Treaty of Versailles; no one calls it perfect, though that by no means proves it vile. Many of its provisions were designedly hard; more than the ordinary wastage of war had to be repaired, for the industrial and agricultural regions of France and Belgium (to name these only) had been wrecked deliberately, thereby lowering production and jeopardising the economic and commercial recovery of all Europe—a point which critics of the Treaty are inclined to overlook. Whether we agree with the Treaty or not, none of us can deny that under its provisions post-War Europe has been shaped and is being governed. It was not an agreement between nations, a friendly pact; it was a Treaty framed after the most terrible war known to mankind and designed to make the recurrence of such a war impossible. The present Disarmament Conference aims no higher. Europe lay in ruins. No one denied it. Who had destroyed her? The Allied and Associated Governments, as a jury, named the aggressor, and the world beyond the battlefields and outside the conference chamber endorsed the verdict. Neither did Germany deny it—in 1919.

It may be urged that the subject of war guilt belongs now—1932—altogether to the past. It does belong to the past, but it is not allowed to rest there. For years a subtle propaganda has been carried on against the Treaty, concentrating upon its effect on Germany to the exclusion of all other issues; and because the Treaty undeniably bears hardly upon Germany, the cry is raised that it must be 'revised.' There is also just now a spate of German books, dealing directly or indirectly with the question of war guilt and striving to throw the blame on

to King Edward, or English politicians, or English diplomacy, on England anyway and always. 'Germany must squeeze her enemies with a pair of pincers, namely the military pincers and the pacifist pincers. The German armies must continue to fight vigorously, whilst the German Socialists encourage and stimulate pacifism among Germany's enemies,' said Herr David, representative in the Reichstag for Mainz, at Wurzburg as long ago as October 1917. A most pacific country at heart, England has proved an easy market for such wares. No doubt English pacifists are often very well intentioned, but the consequences of their activities are almost wholly mischievous. Germany is tempted to play upon the feelings of a party here, a section there, in her own interests; the bitterness of war and of defeat are constantly stirred up, and peaceableness is pushed into this corner or that. It is surely one of the wildest perplexities of this inconstant and inconsistent age that good men and women who call themselves pacifists, lovers of peace, should be so very ready to take up the cudgels on behalf of such extremely militaristic countries as Germany or Soviet Russia. Pacifists of this type are the enemies of real peace, for they are so busy denouncing war as war that they blind themselves to a rational consideration of the causes of war. They are so keen to preserve peace that they are in some danger of rating it even above honour. Their abhorrence of war leads them inevitably to denounce the soldier, which is manifestly unfair and breeds rancour and undermines peace at home. We recall the strange words of M. Litvinov (at Geneva, Nov. 30, 1927): 'If we consider pacifism during the War we may fairly say it played the most lamentable part, and the most disastrous to mankind.' And since the War—?

The book from which we have borrowed our title is a very notable one, and has received too little recognition of its merits. Mr H. W. Wilson is well-known as an authority upon naval history. He has now laid all historians and students of the Great War under a debt for the patience, accuracy, fair-mindedness, and research of which this book is the outcome. It deals with the period 'covered by the collection of German Foreign Office documents published since the War under the title of "Die Grosse

Politik der Europäischen Kabinette, 1871-1914"—that is, from the close of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71 to the opening of the Great War. . . . I have striven, to the best of my power, to look at events from the German as well as the English standpoint, and to read and examine the arguments of all the important German advocates.' [His] 'purpose is to give in a compact form a summary and analysis of the fresh evidence as to the causes and origins of the War which have become available since the Armistice. The question has become one of great political importance because of the systematic propaganda which is being carried on in Germany to prove Germany's innocence, with the object of securing a revision of the Treaty of Versailles. . . . The theory that the War was inevitable will not stand. Had Germany in 1901 responded to King Edward's overtures, an Anglo-German alliance would have been concluded. . . . It was an immense disaster for Europe that his advances were repelled, through the folly of Holstein and the weakness and duplicity of William II.'

It has been said that the diplomatic past of every country is to blame for the War. We can doubtless point out faults and failures in England's past, but nowhere can we find parallels to the words and actions of responsible German leaders and statesmen by which they bred and by which they fed the war-spirit in their people.

In 1897, speaking at Cologne, the Kaiser said: 'We have great duties in the world, there are everywhere Germans whom we must protect. . . . The trident must be in our fist'; and at Stettin, 'Our future lies upon the water.' That year the German Navy Bill sanctioned the expenditure of 20,000,000*l.* in five years upon '20 large battleships, 8 coast-destroyers, 12 large and 29 small cruisers, with 72 large torpedo craft.' A Government Memorandum to the Bill stated that 'Germany must have a fleet so strong that war "even for the mightiest sea power" would "endanger that power's position in the world."' There was further a statement that this power "already possesses 206 cruisers," which was the nominal British strength.' In 1902, Count Schlieffen (chief of the German Staff) 'completed his plans for attacking France through Holland and Belgium, which he first brought forward in 1898,* and meant to put into

* 'Weltkrieg,' i, 10; Eckardstein, II, 399.

force in 1900. . . . It was the plan which Bismarck had rejected, but it was substantially that followed by the German Army in the Great War. . . . Schlieffen was warned by von Eckardstein . . . that it would "bring England on our backs." Schlieffen's plan was aired from time to time in the German technical press; and new railways were constructed in the districts bordering on the Belgian frontier. In 1905 the Kaiser talked of sending 'a summons to them (Brussels and Paris) to declare within six hours whether they are for us or against us. We must march into Belgium immediately they have declared themselves ("Grosse Politik," xix).' To this von Bulow replied, 'What your Majesty says about Belgium hits the nail on the head. Everything depends on the Belgians having no suspicions beforehand that in such an event (i.e. war with England) we mean to confront them with these alternatives ("Gr. Pol.').'

The German Naval Bill for 1907-08, by reducing the period for the replacement of large ships from twenty-five to twenty years, increased the total number of ships to be constructed by one-fifth. The amount to be spent on the navy was to be 207,700,000*l.* against 10,102,000*l.* in 1904. The canal from the Baltic to the North Sea was to be enlarged to admit of the passage of dreadnoughts, and it was 'to be ready at the end of July 1914. Already prophets foretold that war would follow immediately on its completion.'* Mr Wilson criticises Lord Fisher, the First Sea Lord, for considering the German programme as 'paper schemes' only, and laying down only two large ships against the German four. Though Fisher 'constantly predicted that Germany would attack the moment she was strong enough and ready enough . . . his meagre ship-building programme compelled the advocates of a strong (British) navy continually to refer to the German naval plans and the signs of German unfriendliness'; and Mr Wilson considers that such talk on both sides was inflammatory and, therefore, tending to estrangement and ultimately to hostility. He says: 'Fisher's policy of construction must be regarded as one of the causes of

* 'The alarm caused (in England) by the German 1908 Act was the greater because at the Hague England had offered to reduce her naval programme for 1907 to two ships, and had actually cut down her programme for 1908 to that figure after the failure of the peace conference.'

the War. . . . What menace Germany held to a weak fleet, Jutland was afterwards to reveal. . . . Metternich (one of the German ambassadors in London) remarked in a despatch . . . that while the loss of a battle on the continent would not come anywhere near ending Germany, the loss of a battle in the North Sea meant the end of the British Empire.* Writing to Bülow (Feb. 28, 1907) Admiral von Tirpitz expressed the opinion that it would be several decades yet 'before we are strong enough to proceed to an invasion of England.' Probably Lord Fisher took the same view. Behind Germany lay 'a perfect system of coast defences and an enormous and efficient army'; behind England, 'coasts almost destitute of defences and an army with a total effective strength of 120,000 men.' I recall a discussion between a group of naval men, each having a high record of service and experience to his name. Said one, who was on his way to take up an important naval position abroad: 'If only I had the money I'd fit out an expedition and raid our east coast here—and here—and here, just to show our own people how easily it could be done. There's hardly a point along that coast at which an enemy could not land, and do no end of damage, too, before troops could be rushed up.' Said another: 'And it would be a really patriotic job, too—if you *could* open their eyes!' This was in the summer of 1910.

Von Moltke's Army Bill (December 1912) increased the peace strength of the German army to 761,000,† and provided for 'the rapid expansion of the air force; for large numbers of machine guns and heavy guns; and for a larger reserve of munitions. . . . The cost was to be defrayed by a levy of 50,000,000*l.* on capital, paid in instalments of which the last fell due in June 1914.' At the same time, Moltke and Ludendorff 'drew up a memorandum regarding operations in the coming war.‡ "To take the offensive against France," they wrote, "it will be necessary to infringe Belgian neutrality. Only by an advance through Belgian territory can we hope to be able to defeat France in the open."' The year 1912 was a

* 'Grosse Politik,' xxiv, 45.

† Ibid. xxxix, 164.

Ludendorff, 'Urkunden,' 54, 55.

time of warning and preparation in various ways. In response to the friendly warning of King Charles of Roumania to the King of the Belgians, 'that the German staff meditated war at no distant date, and decided to move through Belgium,' the latter country ordered new heavy guns for Antwerp; but as she had not paid for them when war broke out, they remained in Germany's hands. In November, King Albert visited Berlin, and the Kaiser spoke to him of war with France as being 'inevitable, and expressed the hope that King Albert would remember that he was a Coburg. The King replied, "I shall remember first and foremost that I am a Belgian." As a prelude to the ultimatum of 1914, the passage of German troops through Belgium was mentioned, and the King warned the Kaiser that it would be strenuously resisted.' War feeling grew apace in Germany, and was stimulated by demonstrations and speeches, and the Crown Prince expressed his hearty wish for a 'brisk, lively war.' 'In May the German War Office began laying in large stores of corn, forage, beds, and hospital stores. It warned the German reservists in the Far East and in South Africa, of which fact the Allies subsequently obtained documentary evidence. How far these were normal precautions and how far exceptional measures is not clear; but the concurrence of all these preparations about the same time is curious if it is entirely accidental.'

The late summer of 1914 was a propitious time for Germany to take up arms. The North Sea canal would be completed in July, and the final instalment of the Army Bill levy would be in; the reorganisation of the German and Austrian armies would be well advanced. 'I am ready to pounce, waiting; we are ready in the German staff,' wrote Waldersee, the acting head, at this time. To the German war-lords and their Imperial figurehead, aware of their own tremendous strength as of the unreadiness of the other powers, it seemed as if the war would be not only brisk and lively, but brief. No one who lived through them can forget the tension of those last few days of peace. Mr Wilson's accumulation of evidence and information is almost overwhelming, careful and systematic though his arrangement is of data, by days and often by hours. The very barest outline of events must suffice us, just enough to make the story coherent.

July 23. The Austrian ultimatum to Serbia was handed in at 6 p.m., with the demand for an answer by July 25. The Serbian Prime Minister and most of the ministers were away from Belgrade, addressing meetings all over the country, as a General Election was in progress. The ultimatum was described by Sir Edward Grey as "the most formidable document I had ever seen addressed by one State to another that was independent. . . ." Austria "had not only demanded a reply within 48 hours, but dictated the terms of the reply." Prince Lichnowsky says: 'Never would the Vienna statesmen have adopted such a bullying tone towards Serbia had we not driven them into doing so by taunting them with their "slackness."' * July 25. The Serbian reply was handed to the Austrian ambassador two minutes before the expiration of the time appointed; it was 'moderate' and even 'apologetic in tone.' The ambassador, without having had time to read it, severed relations 'as he was instructed to do, and at 6.30 p.m. left Belgrade.' Sir Edward Grey's efforts to keep the peace, or at least to localise the Austro-Serbian dispute, roused the Kaiser's wrath. He wired from Norway to Berlin: 'That is another monstrous piece of British shamelessness. . . . I mean to have no nonsense. (Was it then, after all, *not* an Austrian affair?) . . . Typical of British ideas and of the British habit of ordering others about, which I don't mean to stand.'

The scene shifts to Petrograd. We see Pourtales, the German ambassador, who had received from Berlin *two* documents, one or other of which was to be used according as Russia proved amenable or otherwise, losing his head and handing both to Sazanov. (This was at 7.10 p.m. Russian time, or 6.10 German and 5.10 Greenwich.) Sazanov said, 'This is a criminal act of yours; the curses of the nations will be upon you.' Pourtales blusters, 'We are defending our honour!' to which Sazanov rejoins, 'Your honour was not involved; you could have prevented war by one word; you didn't want to. . . . But there is a Divine Justice.' 'Pourtales burst into tears, and had to be helped from the room.' That same evening, our own King telegraphed to the

* 'Heading for the Abyss.'

Tsar, through Sir George Buchanan: "I cannot help thinking that some misunderstanding has produced this deadlock. I am most anxious not to miss any possibility of avoiding the terrible calamity which at present threatens the whole world. I, therefore, make a personal appeal to you to remove the misapprehension which I feel must have occurred, and to leave still open grounds for negotiation and peace." The Tsar replied that if Germany had not that very afternoon declared war, he would gladly have accepted King George's proposals. Even after the twelfth hour had struck, the English Government held aloof and gave Russia no promise of armed support. On July 31 British stations intercepted German wireless messages 'ordering the German fleet to prepare for a movement against England, with all the forces in the North Sea, as rapidly as possible.'

Meanwhile, as early as July 25 and thence onwards, German aircraft had been flying over French territory, and German patrols of varying numbers had been seen inside the French frontiers. On July 30 German railway authorities seized the French Eastern Railway locomotive No. 6113 at Amanvillers. Marshal Joffre withdrew the French troops to a distance of ten kilometres, or about six miles, from the frontier, to avoid the risk of 'incidents.' On July 31 M. Poincaré appealed to the King 'for English action,' but received 'a cool and formal reply from the Cabinet'; while 'Lichnowsky telegraphed at noon (to Berlin) that owing to the greatly improved relations between England and Germany, and the pro-German section in the Cabinet, there was a possibility that England in the contingent war might adopt a "wait and see" attitude.' On Aug. 2, after an interview with Mr Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, Lichnowsky telegraphed to Berlin his "decided impression that England, if it were only possible for her to do so, would remain neutral."*

The first violation of neutral territory occurred on Aug. 1, when German troops tore up the rails at the Luxemburg station of Trois Vierges, and recrossed the frontier. The neutrality of Luxemburg and her railways had been guaranteed by Prussia in 1872, 1887, and 1902.

* 'D.D.,' III, No. 669.

Early next morning (Aug. 2), German troops occupied the capital and posted up proclamations (already prepared) that 'the enemy has forced Germany to draw the sword; France has violated the neutrality of Luxemburg, and has begun hostilities on Luxemburg soil against German troops, as has been established beyond any doubt.' These proclamations were false, but even had they been true, Luxemburg might reasonably have asked how it was that France found German troops on Luxemburg soil to attack. However, 'the official German history ("Weltkrieg," I, 105) reveals that the seizure of Luxemburg was part of the mobilisation scheme (which had been approved by Moltke in March).' On Aug. 2 German patrols entered French territory at ten points in the zone of Belfort, and at thirteen points on the Lorraine frontier. 'At Suarce, the Germans carried off ten civilians whom they did not release.' On this day the first French and German blood was shed, at Joucherey, about six miles inside French territory, where a German cavalry patrol suddenly attacked a small post of French infantry, the French corporal and the German lieutenant in respective command being killed. On Aug. 2, the German minister at Brussels received orders from Berlin to open the ultimatum (which had been sent to him four days previously), but not to hand it in till 8 p.m. (German time, 7 p.m. French and British), and then to demand an answer within twelve hours. The Belgian Government rejected the German demand, but decided not to appeal to England and France (with Germany, the guarantors of her integrity) 'until the Germans committed a definite act of war; incursions by patrols had been going on for 36 hours already. The Belgians, therefore, refused the French offer of five army corps; but King Albert telegraphed to King George asking for England's diplomatic intervention.'

Aug. 3. Germany declared war on France at 5 p.m. (German time 6 p.m.) An hour before the declaration was delivered by the German ambassador, a German aeroplane dropped six bombs on the town of Luneville, causing much damage but no loss of life. Early next morning, Aug. 4, German troops were pouring into Belgium, and the Great War had begun. 'No declaration of war had been presented by the German Govern-

ment. But at 6 a.m. . . . the German minister at Brussels notified to the Belgian Government that Germany, since the Belgians had refused to entertain her "well-intentioned proposals," found herself "compelled to take—if necessary by force of arms—those measures of defence already foreshadowed as indispensable in view of the menace from France."

Berlin, Aug. 4. The British demand for Germany's assurance that she would honour her own obligations to respect Belgian neutrality, was handed to Herr von Jagow, the German Foreign Minister, by the British ambassador, Sir Edward Goschen. Herr von Jagow replied 'that his answer must be "No," as in consequence of the German troops having crossed the frontier that morning, Belgian neutrality had already been violated. . . . They had to advance into France the quickest and easiest way—so as to be able to get well ahead with their operations and endeavour to strike some decisive blow as early as possible. It was a matter of life and death for them.' At 7 p.m. the same day took place that famous interview between the ambassador and Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Imperial Chancellor, during which the latter

'lost his self-control and said that the step taken by His Majesty's Government was terrible to a degree; just for a word—"neutrality," a word which in war-time had so often been disregarded—just for a scrap of paper Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation who desired nothing better than to be friends with her.* "I said" (reported Sir Edward Goschen) "that in the same way as he and Herr von Jagow wished me to understand that for strategical reasons it was a matter of life and death to Germany to advance through Belgium and violate the latter's neutrality, so I would wish him to understand that it was so to speak a matter of 'life and death' for the honour of Great Britain that she should keep her solemn engagement to do her utmost to defend Belgium's neutrality if attacked."

'Attempts have been made by German apologists,' says Mr Wilson, 'to argue that because the Treaty of 1839, guaranteeing Belgian neutrality, was signed by Prussia, it was not binding on Germany.' But 'the

* 'F.O.D.,' 351.

German Government in the case of the two treaties between Prussia and the United States concluded in 1799 and 1828, claimed or admitted that these treaties applied to Germany and were still in force in the Great War. No German official in July and August 1914 ever ventured to advance this particular excuse.' On the contrary, they were perfectly clear on this point, as the following telegram shows:

'The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Herr von Jagow, to the Ambassador at London, Prince Lichnowsky.

Berlin, 4 August, 1914.

Declaration Bethmann Reichstag to-day.

'We are in self-defence and needs must. Our troops have occupied Luxemburg and perhaps have already entered Belgian territory. This is an infraction to international law. Though the French Government have declared in Brussels to be willing to respect Belgium's neutrality as long as the adversary would respect it, we knew that France was ready for invasion. France was able to wait, we were not. . . . We were therefore compelled to over-rule the legitimate protest of the Luxemburg and Belgian Governments.

'We shall repair the wrong which we are doing as soon as our military aims have been reached. Anybody threatened as we are and fighting for his most sacred goods must only think of pulling through.' *

Germany could vindicate her innocence to the world even now, even so late, by the production of relevant documents, as the Allies have done; but 'many most important documents were suppressed when the German version of the diplomatic correspondence which had preceded the War was published on Aug. 3, 1914. Either the German Government had a secret consciousness of guilt, or it felt that its diplomacy had been singularly at fault.' 'Our White Book,' said Lichnowsky, 'owing to its poverty and gaps, constitutes a grave self-accusation.' What Germany did publish of documents was so meagre in amount that it fills 39 pages in the 'Times Documentary History,' where the French material fills 173 and the British 136, 'in the same type and format.' Amongst the documents suppressed by the German Government was a telegram from the Tsar to the Kaiser (July 29), saying

* Lichnowsky, p. 428.

that 'it would be right to give over the Austrian-Serbian problem to the Hague Conference. ("Die Deutschen Dokumente zum Kriegsausbruch," II, No. 366).'

Mr Wilson holds that 'a very heavy share of responsibility for the war rests with the "wait-and-see" policy of the Liberal Government in England.' Undoubtedly in a crisis uncertainty of any kind increases rather than averts the risk of war. He continues: 'A good German authority (Valentin, 231) holds that a British ultimatum to Germany on this fatal day (July 29) might have saved peace, by making the attitude of the British nation clear to every one in Germany.' This is special pleading, an attempt to push the onus of war guilt on to England. All that England could have done, by keeping neutral at that time, would have been to hold the ring while Germany broke Belgian neutrality and beat France; war there must have been in any case, even supposing it possible that England could have kept out of it altogether. Sir Edward Grey's warning of 'very rapid intervention' by England if action were forced upon her, was denounced by the Kaiser as 'the greatest and most unheard-of piece of English pharisaism I have ever seen! With such scoundrels I will never conclude a naval agreement! Aha! the mean deceiver! We are to leave Austria meanly and mephistocally in the lurch! A regular English idea.' Lichnowsky says: 'The persistence with which we identified ourselves with Austria-Hungary and Turkey, and bullied all the Great Powers, made the world-war a mere question of time.' And again, 'Not a soul wanted war with us. But we made them all suspect that we wanted war with them' (pp. 430, 431). Germany had been warned repeatedly and for years past by her own statesmen that her infringement of Belgian neutrality would inevitably bring her up against England; readers of the memoirs of Baron von Eckardstein and Prince Lichnowsky will find this abundantly clear. 'During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, Gladstone had announced Britain's intention to take arms against either French or German violation of Belgium's neutrality, and on that occasion the warning was enough.'* Germany knew—or if she did not know, it was only because she would not.

* 'History of England,' Trevelyan, p. 697.

Humanity's sense of right and wrong is slowly formed ; but there is such a thing as the voice of the collective conscience of the world, and this in the main decides aright. It is this which has put down religious wars and persecutions, the Inquisition, the press-gang, hanging for theft ; by this, slavery is being abolished, cruelty to children and animals is being checked, and other crimes against humanity are being fought in civilised countries. It is this which has arraigned Germany and found her guilty to this age and before posterity. Nothing could be less opportune, less conducive to the establishment of peace than pronouncements such as the Archbishop of York's concerning war guilt at Geneva, at the opening of the Disarmament Conference on Feb. 2, 1932—more particularly as the matter is in no way related to the object of the Conference. If this clause in the Treaty of Versailles can be altered or erased to suit one signatory, why not that to suit another ? Stretch the argument in the opposite direction, and the Treaty can be stiffened quite as easily as weakened. If the Treaty of Versailles can have clauses 'deleted,' the same can be done with the Treaties of London and Washington and the Pact of Locarno—yes, and with whatever pact or treaty may result from the Disarmament Conference itself. Admit this, and the whole system of international sanctities is undermined at once ; no country any longer is secure ; every treaty becomes a scrap of paper, and war is brought appreciably nearer to us all. Is peace, or honour, or right served or promoted by declaring that all the nations are equally war-guilty ? Does the guilt of all make one less guilty ? Nay, if we push this argument to its just conclusion, does it not lower the world's sense of right and wrong by saying that the aggressor is no more to blame than the one he attacks ? No fight is possible without an aggressor, whether he be a small boy, or a dog, or an armed nation. The seed which lies in the kernel of this saying, that all the nations are equally guilty, is the seed of war. Right is not served nor truth promoted by telling Germany that she, who let loose upon the world this monstrous horror of war and death, is no more to blame for it than the Belgium she violated, the France she devastated, the England she hated. In saying it, or in letting it pass unchallenged, we blur the sharp lines of

right and wrong in our consciences, we make war more possible, we retard the moral recovery of Germany herself.

'There are three undisputed points with regard to Germany's responsibility,' as Mr Wilson justly points out. 'She declared war on Russia on Aug. 1; she declared war on France on Aug. 3; she declared war on Belgium on Aug. 4.'

'As appears from all official publications, without the facts being controverted by our own White Book, which owing to its poverty and gaps constitutes a grave self-accusation:—We encouraged Count Berchtold to attack Serbia, although no German interest was involved and the danger of a world-war must have been known to us. . . . In the days between July 23 and July 25, 1914, . . . we rejected the British proposals of mediation, although Serbia, under Russian and British pressure, had accepted almost the whole ultimatum. . . . Count Berchtold was even ready to satisfy himself with the Serbian reply. . . . On July 30 . . . we, without Austria having been attacked, replied to Russia's mere mobilisation by sending our ultimatum to Petersburg, and on July 31 we declared war on the Russians, although the Tsar had pledged his word that as long as negotiations continued not a man should march,—so that we deliberately destroyed the possibility of a peaceful settlement. In view of the above facts, it is no wonder that the whole of the civilised world outside Germany places the responsibility for the world-war upon our shoulders.' *

These are the words of that very noble gentleman, Prince Lichnowsky.

The appeal therefore is to History, and the answer is given by the calendar and the clock, which cannot lie.

E. M. E. BLYTH.

* The quotations without reference given are from Mr Wilson's book; page references have been omitted as tending to mar the smoothness of the text.

Art. 2.—AN EARLY VICTORIAN CHILDHOOD.

1. *The Waves*. By Virginia Woolf. Hogarth Press, 1931.
2. *Albert Grope*. By F. O. Mann. Faber, 1931.

ONE reason why successive generations become estranged, is that each in turn fails to understand the surroundings and conditions which in childhood and youth moulded the characters or shaped the outlooks of its predecessor. The nature and strength of these early influences cannot be conveyed by an enumeration of facts and dates. They can only be appreciated when they are shown in their actual working. It is here that writers of fiction enjoy a great advantage. I lay down books like 'The Waves' or 'Albert Grope' with a deep sigh of envy. Mrs Woolf has no rival in the richness of her gift of literary expression. Few can equal Mr Mann in the fidelity with which he brings together the habits, manners, and ideals of a 'belated Victorian.' Had I a fraction of the creative power of either, I might tell my story behind a mask. Baldly and superficially, yet anyhow impersonally, I might express my own thoughts through the soliloquies of a Bernard or the reflections of an Albert Grope. But I am well aware that, for me, such a method is impossible. I must, therefore, come into the open, assume an importance which I do not feel, and without disguise paint my picture of childhood in the 'fifties from my personal experience. If some of the influences are necessarily peculiar to myself, many of the others are shared in common by my contemporaries.

The death of the Duke of Wellington in September 1852 is generally regarded as the close of the early Victorian era. I was a year old at that time. I am, therefore, by birth an early Victorian. Within the last eighty years life has so completely changed that something of the same kind of antiquarian interest may at least belong to my early recollections as would be aroused by the discovery of a record of child-life in the Neanderthal.

My home was in the Isle of Wight, then a very different country from that which it has since become. The influx of summer visitors had not begun. No railways had been built; the charabanc was unknown; the tripper had not

yet appeared. A town like Shanklin then contained only five or six houses, and a quaint straw-thatched inn called the 'Crab and Lobster.' The people were extremely insular. They despised the inhabitants of the mainland, of whom they thought and spoke as 'Overens.' I do not remember any strong peculiarities of dialect. But in common speech many words were used which we should now regard as archaic. In early morning people heard the 'churm' of birds. They liked to mow before the sun was fully up, because the grass was 'limmer' with the dew. When their stomachs were empty they felt 'leer.' They called their little children 'hammers,' a term either of affection or reproof according to the added adjective. The word gave point to a phrase which I often heard from the lips of two elderly people, neither of whom could read or write. When they wished to convey the idea that something had taken place a very long time ago, they would say, 'It all happened when King Thor was a little hammer.' What vague tradition of the strong son of Odin and his favourite weapon lurked in the phrase? Within living memory many of the inhabitants, especially at the back of the island, had been engaged in smuggling. My first nursery-maid, who was the daughter of a blacksmith at Brooke, near Blackgang Chine, was full of vivid stories of outwitting the revenue service, and was not the summer-house on the wall at Shanklin Manor haunted by the ghost of a murdered revenue officer? There was little connection with the mainland. Twice a day an ancient paddle-steamer, called 'The Gem,' churned its slow passage across the Solent to Southampton and back. Thus I was brought up in surroundings which may have been, even for that period, exceptionally simple and primitive.

Whippingham Rectory was a roomy, comfortable house, standing in large gardens, surrounded by magnificent elms. The lawn was separated by sunk fences from grass fields which sloped gradually down to the east bank of the Medina, a tidal river dividing the East Cow from the West Cow, and running about five miles up to Newport, the capital of the Wight. At high tide the river, at its broadest point, was about half a mile in width. On the west bank stood the cement works, a mass of irregular tall chimneys, generally wreathed in films of

smoke. On the east bank, almost opposite to the works, rose the gaunt flour-mill known as the Black Mill. Here, during the Napoleonic Wars, French prisoners had been for a time confined ; but a fatal outbreak of typhus or black-fever led to its disuse as a prison. According to village tradition its temporary use had left two permanent traces. One was its name : the horror which the fever had aroused was perpetuated in the name of the Black Mill. It had also created the public footpath, which led from the mill along the eastern shore and across the Rectory fields to the churchyard where the unfortunate men were buried. Wherever, so said the village wise-acres, a corpse had passed, the path was dedicated to the public. Whether this is the law or not, I do not know. The pathway had never been disputed. Between 'the two castles on the Rhine' the view from the Rectory lawn looked up the river to the town of Newport and extended beyond the tower of St Thomas's Church to St Catherine's Down, the extreme southerly point of the island.

The Medina played a great part in my childish life. An English river has about it something peculiarly intimate, and almost domestic. It flows through the midst of human activities ; all the world, and not lovers only, tell to it their secrets. The sea, on the other hand, is elemental, untameable, wild and fierce as are the cries of its birds. Beyond its horizons, indeed, lie the lures of enterprise and romance ; but it is always something to be subdued, and it never makes friends with those who live on its shores. A tidal stream like the Medina combines some of the intimacies of the river with some of the mysteries of the sea. Every day the tide flowed and every day it ebbed. At any moment I might, as I hoped, be the first to see some great galleon, bound from Valparaiso, or from some port of Bohemia which bore an equally fascinating name, come surging up with the flowing tide, manned by a bright-turbaned, parti-coloured crew, resonant with the clash of tom-toms, and vocal with the chattering of apes and the scream of peacocks. As the tide ebbed, a narrow causeway and an island to which it gave access were laid bare, and little pools were formed in the salt marsh. When a child's form approached the edges of these pools, their smooth surface was wrinkled into a shimmer of twinkling darting motion as the little

sand-shrimps fled for safety, and a cloud of mud betrayed the more laboured flight of a crab. Any day, as I thought, I might capture a shrimp or a crab big enough to be cooked and eaten. Off a little spit which ran out into the river, small flat fish, called 'dabs,' might be caught at the turn of the tide with rod and line, and every day I hoped that a sole might be captured which could be fried for tea. Each day my hopes rose as well as sank. I never saw the galleon from Valparaiso: only sturdy brigs laden with coal from Cardiff, and brown-sailed barges, carrying cement or returning empty, plied to and fro the cement works. I never caught my edible shrimp, crab, or sole. But hope was never lost; the ebb and flow of the tide taught the daily lesson of buoyancy of spirit.

Twice a week, on Newport Market days, Hollis's passage-boat sailed up the river Medina from East Cowes, calling for passengers from Whippingham village at the little inn known as the 'Folly.' At high tide a small causeway running out into the river made embarkation easy. It was locally called a 'hard'; but when the tide had dropped, it could only be by an unwarrantable and improbable courtesy that it retained its title. One of my great delights was to go up to Newport in this passage-boat, owned and sailed by a red-faced, hoarse-voiced mariner, with rings in his ears and a blue jersey. A dear old woman of the village used sometimes to call at the Rectory and ask leave to take me with her. If leave was given, and it was seldom refused, I went to the market with her for the day, wedged in the stern of the boat among a dozen broad-bosomed, apple-cheeked women, all chattering and all carrying baskets, by the side of my guardian and friend.

In these surroundings, with scarcely any change or variation, my mind and I grew up. What a child really remembers is so confused with what it has been told by others that many people fancy they remember at a phenomenally early age. I know, for instance, that in March 1854 I was driven to the top of Arreton Down and standing up in my mother's lap was shown the fleet of battleships under Sir Charles Napier sailing from Spithead for the Baltic. But it was with unseeing, unconscious eyes that I thus saw the last fleet of wooden men-of-war

that ever sailed from our shores. To say that I remember seeing it would be absurd. Similarly, I am not certain that my recollections of the snow-drifts piled higher than the hedges during the Crimean winter of 1854-55 are my own impression or what I have since heard from others. On the other hand, I can very vividly remember the Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie landing from 'La Reine Hortense' at the private stage at Osborne in the summer of 1857 on a visit to the Queen. The salutes fired from the battleship, moored for the purpose at the entrance to Cowes Roads, were the first cannon shots that I ever heard. By many country folk in those days the Emperor was regarded with almost superstitious dread. It was only forty-two years since the battle of Waterloo, and most of the people about me had grown up in the fear that the name of Napoleon I inspired in our sea-coast population. His nephew's personality, aims, and ambitions were mysterious. Though he had recently been our ally in the Crimean War, he was credited with large schemes for the redistribution of Europe; fears which, three years later, created the Volunteer movement. I ought, I suppose, to say that I was struck with the beauty of the Empress, and that it made an indelible impression on my mind. As a matter of fact, I do not remember her at all. I had no eyes except for the Emperor, and every other feeling was swallowed up in disappointment at his appearance. Short, thick, and insignificant-looking, he was also, as my child's memory assures me, lame. In later years I saw him twice; the lameness had totally disappeared, and, unless my memory of 1857 plays me false, it must have been then due to some temporary accident. But, altogether, he failed to satisfy my idea of a 'bogeyman.' It was not till nearly thirty years later that, by doing her a trifling service, I made my first acquaintance with the Empress. Exiled, widowed, childless, she had not lost the beauty of her profile or the charm of her manner, and among my treasures is a picture of the Prince Imperial, which she gave me with the simple inscription, written in her own hand, 'Souvenir du 1^{er} Juin 1879.'

If I do not really remember the wooden battleships in 1854, I distinctly remember the Emperor in 1857. Between these two dates comes the first event of which

I have a clear recollection. Apart from impressions produced upon a child's mind by persons, I am inclined to think that the earliest and most permanent impression is fear, however unreasonable the cause. Perhaps its chief rival is smell. Scents, not necessarily disagreeable, stir memory into activity. I was a very small school-boy when, in 1864, Garibaldi kissed me on both cheeks. It is not his features, his voice, his red shirt, his gold chain, or my offended dignity that I remember most vividly. It is the faint smell of his beard. But that is a very much later recollection than my first fear. Two or three days before my fourth birthday the whole family set out on an expedition to Bournemouth. In 1855 no railway ran from Southampton to that prosperous seaside city as it now is. We had to drive through the Forest. At West Cowes my father and mother went on board the 'Gem'; the carriage and horses, held by a groom, went in a flat-bottomed, low-sided horse-boat towed behind the steamer. In the carriage sat the children and nurses, probably to save the steamship fares. All went well until we reached the 'Brambles,' a shallow off Calshot Castle, where in certain conditions of wind and tide there is often a choppy sea. When we reached this point the seas lopped over the sides of the horse-boat, spray splashed the carriage, the horses began to plunge. I felt absolutely certain that we were about to go to the bottom, and in an agonised silence awaited my doom. In a few minutes we slipped round the point into the smoothness of Southampton Water, and all went well. One curious fact which I remember about Bournemouth shows how small the place then was. There was no toy-shop in the village, and in order to buy my birthday present we had to drive into Christchurch.

Another vivid recollection is associated with my next birthday. We had gone to Arreton Down for a picnic and the subsequent picking of blackberries. In the late afternoon the nurses, my brothers, and I made our way to the bottom of the hill to have tea with the farmer and his sister at the beautiful old Tudor farmhouse. Turning through a gate into an arable field, I suddenly saw a sight which fascinated me. Three teams of oxen were ploughing the lower slopes of the Down. With absorbed interest I watched the massive tawny beasts coming and going

with slow deliberate steps, and ever, as they went and came, the furrows glistening in the September sun multiplied. I could not be induced to leave the spot. As it was my birthday, I was allowed to do as I liked, and I stayed there alone till the farmer himself came up the hill and fetched me down to the house. Oxen in the plough must have become a very rare sight in 1856. Otherwise they would not have thus impressed the imagination of a child. They carry the mind back to mediæval and even Biblical ages. They suggest slow-moving leisurely days when time, except during the feverish activity of the harvest, was not reckoned as money. They belong to an era when the use of machinery was still unknown, a period before the turnip-slicer had superseded the chopper or steam had lent an arm which never tires to manual operations, and when corn was still threshed by the flail and winnowed by a hand-turned wheel. Already, almost everywhere in England, the ox had been supplanted by the horse as the speedier animal. Sixty years later, when I was President of the Board of Agriculture, we placed upon the land upwards of 4000 tractors, and the advertisement thus given to the machines gained them an immediate place on English farms. The transition from the ox to the tractor in agriculture summarises, as it were, the universal speeding up of the industry which in my life-time has been so conspicuous a feature of progress. It illustrates, also, those general processes which have produced the most striking changes in society to-day—the headlong rush of modern activities and the annihilation of the restrictions of time and space.

In childhood few events are outstanding. One day is exactly like another; but beneath their monotonous passage the mind is forming. Gradually thoughts disentangle themselves from an incoherent jumble and, generally unspoken, take definite shape and direction. Thus the first ambitions are formed. Exactly when or how my earliest aim in life was conceived, I do not know. But at a very early age I determined to become—not an engine-driver, for I had never seen a railway, nor yet a mechanic, for the Island could not have produced even a clockwork mouse—but Cardinal Archbishop of Gran. I may have seen a picture of the archi-episcopal palace, or may have been attracted by the sound of the title and

the sense of power which it conveys. But I did not know where Gran was, nor had I any idea of the life to which I thus dedicated myself. There was nothing spiritual in the aspiration. Yet that ambition lasted without ever being put into words for several years of my childhood, until, as I suppose, I began to realise its meaning. All the time I was, in many respects, a perfectly normal child with a healthy taste for everything that was material and practical. I remember, for instance, that while I was still in imagination a Cardinal Archbishop I howled with rage because I was not allowed to go and see the pig killed, the high priest of that ceremony being the elderly villager who combined the discharge of this neighbourly office with his duties as post-master. It seems to me that all my life, since those distant days, I have hovered between things of the imagination and practical affairs. I have lived alternately in Gran and Chicago. But the most enduring success in life is generally won by those who give exclusive allegiance to one city or the other. I may borrow an illustration from a higher order of intellect. Genius, it seems to me, does not consist in the possession of some gift which no ordinary people possess. On the contrary, it rather depends on the possession of an unusual measure of a gift, which, though common to all, is abnormal in its strength and exceptional in its concentration. Circumstances of up-bringing have probably nipped many a genius in the bud by flattening out all special aptitudes. By its conventional diffusion of thought on many subjects, our education tends strongly in this direction. An ordinary child may have in him the germ of some quality which, if allowed full and exclusive play, might develop him into something superior to his subsequent stature. It is here that some physical infirmity has sometimes, as in the case of Walter Scott, proved a blessing in disguise. In my own case my development was throughout childhood directed towards the things of the imagination. For good or evil it inclined me, in other words, to Gran. At school my visions faded, my ideal enthusiasms perished, starved by disuse or smothered by a passion for sport. All the surrounding influences pushed me towards Chicago. Of the progress of this change I do not think that I was myself conscious. It was, however, noted by a keen observer. 'The boy

has become a bowler,' so wrote the Headmaster of Marlborough to my father in 1868, 'and I do not know whether to be glad or sorry.'

In the Isle of Wight three-quarters of a century ago no mechanical means of land locomotion existed. Railways had not been built and not even the old bone-shaker bicycle had been introduced. Only by horses or Shanks's pony could travellers pass from place to place. Time and distance tyrannised over human intercourse. Necessity threw every household on its own resources for social entertainment or actual food. Each was self-contained and to a great extent self-sufficing. Life in the widest sense was home-made. Grown-up persons paid visits, or stayed the night, or spent a long day—long enough to rest the horses. But all hospitality, including that of lunch or dinner, was arranged beforehand by correspondence. No facilities existed for assembling impromptu parties; people could not 'blow in' casually. Nor were there any opportunities for informal gatherings. Five-o'clock tea was unknown; croquet was not introduced till the 'sixties; lawn tennis did not come in till a decade later; golf had scarcely penetrated south of the border; bridge had not been invented. The seclusion of each household was increased by its economic isolation. Once a day came the postman. Once in the week the butcher called for orders. No other tradesmen, so far as I remember, came regularly to the Rectory. Fish was fetched from West Cowes. Groceries were sent from London. Milk and butter, eggs and poultry, fruit and vegetables were supplied from the home resources. The weekly bakings were an event. When fresh the bread was delicious and its crust was unforgettably sweet and crisp. There was, however, one drawback. The batch had to be consumed, if not in the dining-room, at least in the nursery and the servants' hall. By the fifth day the bread was so dry and the crust so tough that it was a time to test the philosophy of the river and to remember that only when the ebb was at its lowest did the tide begin to flow. We brewed our own beer. Teetotalism was as yet not even in the air, and I cannot remember the time when I did not have my little silver mug filled with beer at my dinner. It was, I suppose, very light. All the washing was done at home. We even made our

own soap and pomatum, perfumed, after old-fashioned recipes, with a variety of scents. No doubt the lighting of the house was what we should now think extremely defective. Wax candles were used downstairs; but in the nurseries we only had tallow candles. Snuffer-trays and snuffers, now preserved as curiosities, were necessities of daily life. In my memory the joy of snuffing a wick is obscured by the use to which the other end of the candle was put. If my nose or lips were chapped by the wind, it was my nurse's remedy to apply the tallow. As I write, I remember the smell.

In this seclusion the arrival of professional wayfarers was welcomed by the household with something of the same enthusiasm as that which greeted the coming of pilgrims or *jongleurs* in the halls of mediæval castles. They came from the outer world; they broke the monotony. I can, however, remember only three. One was the pedlar, who belonged to a race which, I suppose, is now extinct. His pack was a miracle for the variety of its contents, and I watched its trays being opened with as keen an interest as the youngest scullery maid or under-housemaid. He himself was a cherry-cheeked, merry looking fellow, with a ready flow of broad compliments as he sold his ribbons. For at least a day after his visit I stepped down from the throne of the Cardinal and shouldered the pack of the pedlar. Another was the organ-grinder who carried, in a glass case at the top of his organ, a row of dancing marionettes. One figure did not dance, but stood at an opening in the glass front, like the ticket office at a railway, holding in his hand a tray. If a pebble was put into the tray, he threw it out with an indignant gesture; but if it was a penny, he bowed solemnly and added the coin to a little heap in the corner. Here was a fascinating mystery; but, unfortunately for me, I had more pebbles than pennies, and after a time the figure wearied of stones. The third wayfarer was a little shrivelled old man from Southern India, dressed in his native garb, and selling Madras curry-powder. Coming every year, as I remember him, between 1857 and 1860, he must have pursued his rounds through all the horrors which followed the rise of 'the Devil's Wind' in India. Was it the apathy of country-folk which allowed his visits to continue at a time when newspapers were filled

with accounts of the massacre at Cawnpore and with the protracted anxiety of the siege of the Residency at Lucknow? Or was it their good sense in acquitting this peaceful sojourner in their midst of any share in the crimes of his northern compatriots?

Children felt the tyranny of time and distance in much the same way as their parents. They had to rely on their own resources, and in thinly populated districts probably had no playmates. The only friends of my own age that I had in my childhood lived at the prohibitive distance of eight miles. My two brothers, being older than I was, drew together, and I was more or less left to my own devices. We had none of those ingenious playthings with which to-day parents amuse themselves while children look on superciliously. Except bricks and soldiers, I do not remember any toys. I built my life round make-believes. Nor, in these early years, did the seclusion of our lives throw us more into the society of our parents. Our relations with them were somewhat formal. We saw them at stated intervals. There was little of that freedom and familiarity of intercourse which are so pleasant a feature in childhood to-day. Every evening at six o'clock I was cleaned, brushed, put into my best clothes and on my best behaviour, and deposited at the drawing-room door to spend an hour with my mother. I was not allowed to 'pervade'; I must have a definite seat and occupation. Noise was prohibited; sniffing was forbidden, and the third sniff was the signal for exile. Yet I liked this hour better than any other time in the day. My mother taught me to play games like backgammon, draughts, or lotto. Or she read aloud, or, best of all, told me stories. A born story-teller, she had a natural instinct for supplying a mass of that vivid detail which is so dear to a child. Fairy stories from English sources, or from Perrault, Grimm, or Andersen were gradually replaced by dramatically told tales of history or legend in England or Scotland.

It is perhaps significant of the uneventful simplicity of the life of a child that I only remember two periods of the year which stand out in any relief from the rest. One was the hay harvest, the other was Christmas. The annual haymaking was, I think, partly memorable because I believed that, with my forked stick and wooden

rake, I was of real use in the harvest field. In after life many of us fondle similar delusions, and perhaps those are the happiest who cherish them the longest. The grass was cut by Irish labourers who came from Cork to Southampton in one of what were known as 'the pig boats,' crossed to the Island, and began their harvest work there, following it later as the corn crops ripened to the Midlands and north of England. A gang of five used to come to the Rectory for the hay harvest. The same man came year after year as their leader. He was a tall, loose-limbed, sandy-haired, wide-mouthed fellow of the name of Fleming. I admired him with childish fervour as I watched him setting the pace to his gang throughout the long day, his scythe moving with mechanical regularity in a rhythmic sweep which had in it no suspicion of the slightest 'heel and toe' work. Every Christmas he wrote to my father, sending either to him a bottle of whiskey which had never paid the duty, or to my mother a little bunch of flowers, and always a message for 'the little master.' Years after I met gangs of Irish labourers in the Fen country, where, especially when the heavy crops were laid, their services were in great request. I once asked a farmer whether he found them remarkable workers, and he answered: 'They work harder, pray harder, and drink harder than any men I have ever seen.' But for grass-cutting their services were soon ousted by machinery, and I do not remember their coming to the Isle of Wight after my childhood was ended. As soon as the grass was cut the Irishmen went on to other jobs, and the hay, made with the minute care by which hand labour sought to preserve its scent and colour, was carried by the domestic staff, indoor and outdoor. The swathes into which the grass had fallen from the scythe was 'tedded' or scattered; then 'rued in,' or swept into long rows; then 'pooked,' or gathered into cocks for carrying. The work ended with a harvest-home feast, at which my father took the chair and all the helpers gathered. It was a great treat to me to be allowed to sit up for this entertainment. When the meal was over, my father sang, in a beautiful tenor voice, a hunting song with an infectious chorus. Other singers followed, each of whom had to be persuaded to conquer his or her rustic shyness. One of the best

known of these songs, almost interminable in its length, was about a carrion crow who sat on a bough, cawing 'pork, pork' so insistently that the tailor reached down his bow, shot at the crow, and killed his own sow. Our supper party was a miniature of the harvest homes which were held on most farms after the corn was gathered in. Such festivities, of which Tusser had written in Elizabethan times, were survivals from the days when, for all who had forgotten to 'spare at the brink as well as the bottom,' harvest meant the return of plenty after weeks of scarcity. They helped to maintain the good feeling between employer and employed, which certainly existed in spite of terribly low wages. Harvest Thanksgivings undoubtedly gain in elevation of thought and feeling: but they miss the note of fellowship between master and man which the more pagan celebrations strengthened.

The other outstanding period was Christmas. The festivities of Christmas were not confined to one day. On Christmas Eve we had our Christmas tree. On the eve of New Year's Day we were allowed to decorate with holly a large, wooden, silver-banded punch-bowl as our wassail bowl, carry it at dinner time three times round the table, and with songs and recitations invite the gifts of the diners. On Twelfth Night, Jan. 6, we had a children's party, a Twelfth Night cake, and Characters. The latter consisted of a number of rudely coloured pictures, each about the size of a playing card, such as those which in 1854 Mr M. A. Titmarsh and his friend Miss Bunch composed for their 'young charges.' These papers were folded up and placed in a hat. Among the figures were a King and a Queen. The two children who drew them sat in two thrones made out of boughs and flowers, and, for the evening, received the homage of the company. I suppose such Characters have completely died out. To our simple generation the drawing was a great excitement, and, in the days of which I am speaking, sets of them could be seen in the shop-windows of every pastry cook. But the great event of the Christmas season was our play.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century in most country districts village mummers still went from house to house, acting dramas which seem to have been relics of the Mystery or Miracle Plays of the Middle Ages. One

form of these plays, once common in the south of England, probably originated in the pageant of St. George of England. But by 1850 Christmas plays were, in most parts of the country, dead or dying. My mother, whose childhood and youth had been spent in Wiltshire, had, however, often seen the Wiltshire mummers from the surrounding villages act this play, and from their lips she had learnt the words. As she had learnt them orally, so did we. They were never set down in writing. Perhaps, therefore, those who are attracted to such relics of the past may be interested in the text of the words that we used for the core of the play. Our stage properties were of the simplest. Entirely home made, they were mostly of brown paper, and consisted of differently painted capes, red for King George, green for the Turkish Knight, and each adorned with appropriate emblems like the Lion Rampant or the Crescent. King George's helmet was painted with three crowns of gold; the Turkish Knight wore a green turban. Our swords were lathes crossed at the handle. My mother took care that we were word-perfect, but otherwise gave us no special instructions, except to come to the middle of the platform, hold our heads up, and speak out.

The play opens with the entrance of Father Christmas, wreathed in holly and wearing a home-made beard of tow, of which we were very proud.

Enter Father Christmas.

'Here comes I, old Father Christmas,
Welcome be, or welcome not,
I hope old Father Christmas
Will never be forgot.
Make room, my masters, all make room
For the coming of King George.'

Enter King George.

'Here comes I, King George,
A man of courage bold;
In my hand's a sword,
And on my head three crowns of gold.
I fought the Dragon and brought him to the slaughter,
By which means I won the King of Egypt's daughter.
The King of Egypt's daughter, I say,
And if the Turkish Knight be here,
Let him come this way.'

Enter the Turkish Knight.

' Here comes I, the Turkish Knight,
To fight King George and all his men,
And dim their courage bold.
If George's blood be still so hot,
I'll quickly make it cold.'

They fight. King George, with a sweeping blow, strikes off the legs of the Turkish Knight. He falls to his knees, exclaiming :

' Though you cut my two legs off,
I'll fight you on my stumps.'

They continue fighting, but at length King George brings him lifeless to the ground.

Enter Jack Finny.

' Here comes I, Jack Finny, the famous doctor.
I travel through England, France, and Spain,
To cure all those who be in pain,
The itch, the stitch, the palsy and the gout,
Pains within and pains without.
Were this man dead six weeks or more,
To him his life I could restore.
I bear a bottle at my side,
Hokum Smokum is its name.
I pour a drop upon the temple of his head
And on the pupils of his eyes.
And I say unto thee, Turkish Knight, arise !'

The Turkish Knight springs to his feet—with his legs but without his weapon—and stands in front of King George, who says :

' Go back, go back, thou Turkish Knight,
And come not again King George to fight.'

Two other figures, ' Little Ragged Jack ' and ' The Valiant Soldier,' played a part in the drama. Neither was apparently connected with the original and main story.

Enter little Ragged Jack.

' Here comes I, little Ragged Jack,
With wife and children at my back,
Though my head is large, my wits are small.
I'm the biggest rogue among you all.'

Enter the Valiant Soldier.

' Here comes I, the Valiant Soldier.
" Cut 'em, slash 'em " is my name. . . .'

Here followed a string of exploits which, as the part was always appropriated by my elder brother, I have forgotten. But on one occasion, which I do not myself remember, after the Valiant Soldier had finished the recital of his feats, I, very small and still unable to speak plainly, made an unexpected and wholly unauthorised plunge on to the platform and said :

' Here comes I, the Dreffalous Camel,
Who got out at night and killed sixteen pole-cats.'

I do not recollect this interruption, and therefore cannot explain its meaning. I think that I was too shy to have intended to rebuke the vain-glory of the Valiant Soldier.

At that time a version of our play still existed in the Isle of Wight. It was acted at Christmas by a party of young fishermen from East Cowes, who used to come to the Rectory for the purpose. In general outline the two plays were alike. But after the death and revival of the Turkish Knight, Buonaparte enters and vaunts his various triumphs. His recital is cut short by the arrival of Nelson, who bids him cease and draw his sword. They fight, and Nelson runs Buonaparte through the body. I thought this play very superior to our own, partly because the actors had real cocked hats and gilt buttons on their uniforms, but mostly because they fought with metal swords whose clash and clank were more real than any noise we could produce with our wooden weapons.

Feb. 14 was rather a day for young men and maidens than for children. Yet I watched with eager curiosity the opening of the swollen postbag. To-day the interchange of greetings by picture cards is so identified with Christmas that Valentine's Day is almost forgotten. It is not only dates that are changed. The conventional decorations, as well as the meaning of the two salutations, are completely altered. Hearts and true lover's knots are supplanted by holly and plum-puddings. The spirit of Dec. 25 is general good-will, while that of Feb. 14 is the most fiercely exclusive feeling that one person can entertain for another. In my childhood romance was in the air on Valentine's Day. The tradition, dear to Chaucer, that on that day the birds choose their mates still survived in country districts, and young men and maidens still

schemed to be the first person seen by the object of their choice. The only other festivity of the winter was held on Shrove Tuesday. The old sports and games of 'merry Shrovetide' that were customary on that particular day had long ago become traditional even in the Isle of Wight. Except for the pancakes, there was little record of the feastings. Nor did I take any part in the one remaining relic when the school children of the village trooped down to the Rectory, singing a song of which the following lines are all that I now remember :

'A-shroving, a-shroving,
I am come a-shroving.
A piece of bread, a piece of cheese,
Or a piece of your fat bacon,
Doughnuts and pancakes,
All of your own making.'

Other lines followed, concluding with the repetition of the two first lines :

'A-shroving, a-shroving,
I am come a-shroving.'

In the 'fifties boys rarely went to private boarding schools till they were at least ten years old. Even in towns their education before that age was difficult. A considerable percentage of nurses could neither read nor write; kindergartens had not been invented; day-schools were rare. In country districts, if parents were unwilling to call in a resident tutor or governess, they must teach their children themselves. My lessons thus had the advantages and disadvantages of being home-made. My father, who was the hard-working, single-handed rector of a straggling country parish, took no part in my teaching. He scarcely, I think, exercised any influence on my childhood. As a boy, however, I adored him, partly because, though he never shot, fished, or hunted in the Isle of Wight, he excelled in all forms of sport. He had been in the cricket XI at Harrow, was a clever boxer, and, till he was past sixty, a fine horseman, shot, and fisherman, and an expert tier of flies. One feature in his clerical career might now create a scandal. At all events it could only have happened, to use the Isle of Wight phrase, 'when King Thor was a little hammer.' His first curacy was at Charlton, near Malmesbury in

Wiltshire, where, instead of any stipend, he was allowed the keep of two horses and a groom. He enjoyed his opportunity to the full, for he was, as his friend 'Bob' Morritt of Rokeby, told me, the 'toughest little devil-catcher' in the Beaufort Hunt. His love of horses, shared with my mother, persisted, and at Whippingham he bred several useful hunters.

On my mother fell the burden of teaching my two brothers and myself. The only daughter and sixth child in a family of eight, she learnt Latin with her brothers. French she knew both as a written and spoken language, because her French aunt and three cousins spent several months in each year at her home. For speaking German and Italian she had no such advantages; but she read both languages with ease and loved their literatures, especially Goethe and Dante. The literary influence of her early years encouraged her taste for books and her interest in their writers. Within three miles from her home, and frequent visitors, lived Colonel (afterwards Sir William) Napier, 'Tommy' Moore, and William Lisle Bowles. Napier was already engaged on his history of the Peninsular War. As a child she often heard Moore, already at work on his life of Byron, sing those songs which for thirty years entranced London drawing-rooms, though she was never present in the dining-room where he reserved what he called his 'ineffectual negative' for the third bottle. Unknown to the present generation, Bowles was then a prominent figure in the literary world. The first of his many volumes of poetry secured him a permanent place among our minor poets. His edition of Pope's poems was a standard work. In his controversy with Byron and Campbell on the principles of poetry, he had more than held his own. I still have a Latin ode which he wrote on my mother's birthday, to which he added a translation into English verse 'for the benefit of country gentlemen.' In my mother's case, as in that of my father, one incident of her youth illustrates the changed conditions of social life. She was sent in her eighteenth year to a fashionable finishing school at Bath; but she was never 'finished.' Before the end of her first term she was returned to her home in a post-chaise and the custody of an outraged mistress. The nature of her offence carries us back to the Bath of Anne

Elliot and Jane Austen. She had helped a parlour-boarder to elope from her bedroom window with the drawing-master. I may have left the impression that my mother was a blue-stocking. Nothing would have annoyed her more than such a reputation. Gay, witty, and, as I thought, very attractive in appearance, she loved to help people to talk their best. But in social life I never knew her betray by a single allusion her knowledge of Latin. When poverty, real and bitter, fell upon my parents, she clung with equal tenacity to two luxuries of the past. One was her subscription to Rolandi's Foreign Library; the other was her London dress-maker.

How my mother managed to teach at the same time three children of such different ages, I do not know; but she kept us all well 'up to the collar.' Not over-patient with ignorance or stupidity, she was sharply intolerant of inattention. She taught me English, French, Latin, and, later, a smattering of German, and she taught me with a fire which warmed me into something of her own enthusiasm for literature and history. Learning poetry by heart was one of her methods of teaching English. Every day, at the end of my lessons, a passage was chosen, and with its repetition I began my work next morning. She was not a scholar in the strict sense of the word. She herself read books for the literature that they contained and not for the niceties of grammar which they illustrated. She loved Horace and Virgil, as, I think, our great-grand-fathers loved them; like them, also, she knew by heart many of the Odes and long passages from the 'Æneid.' But I do not suppose that she could have distinguished the Latinity of a classic from the 'Confessiones' of Augustine or even from the 'Imitatio Christi' of Thomas à Kempis, from one or other of whom she read to herself a few pages every evening of her life. When I went to school, though I could read Latin books into English with much greater ease than most boys of my age, I was at a disadvantage from not having been grounded in the grammatical construction of sentences, and though my mother made me translate unseen passages both into prose and verse, she taught me nothing of writing Latin verse or Latin prose. Some children, among whom to my misfortune I was one, dislike lessons as interruptions to more pleasant occupations. They feel towards their

teachers a vague antagonism, not strong enough to be called hostility, but sufficiently definite to prevent co-operation. My mother never inspired me with that feeling of antagonism, because she showed such simple delight when I did well, and such real pain when I blundered, that I worked my hardest to give her the first and spare her the second. My dependence on this personal motive for working was naturally strengthened when my two elder brothers had gone to school and I had lost the competition with an older and cleverer boy. It was, moreover, prolonged beyond the usual age. In January 1862 I was sent to a private school. But in February of the following year I had so serious an illness that I was taken away and remained at home till I went to Marlborough in September 1864. All this time my only teacher was my mother. I was, therefore, more than usually at sea when I finally found myself in a class with other boys. In large forms at school such a personal influence as I had felt cannot, I suppose, be communicated. At all events, in my school life I never encountered a teacher who created in me the impression that he cared a jot about my individual performance. The result was that I never tried very hard to master the subjects on which the form happened to be engaged. The wholesome dread of unpleasant consequences stirred me to make some effort, but it was only up to the minimum of safety and not to the maximum of capacity. Competition, of course, was a spur, but it acted more spasmodically than habitually. Thus, during my first few years at school, though I did attempt to learn Greek and to write Latin prose and verse, I went, as I believe, backwards rather than forwards.

My mother did not teach me arithmetic. She could not even if she had wished, for she had the greatest difficulty in doing the simplest sums correctly. She always compared herself to Nancy Lammeter in 'Silas Marner,' who could only divide, subtract, add, or multiply with a metal total before her. I learnt arithmetic and writing from the village schoolmaster. I must have begun both when I was about six years old, for I well remember the time when there was no school and therefore no schoolmaster in the village. Children whose parents liked to pay the charge were taught in one of the

Rectory cottages by a dame, the wife of an undergardener. But somewhere about 1856 an excellent school was built and the master who was appointed came down to our house three evenings a week to teach us writing and arithmetic. In those days the only pens were quills. Steel nibs were unknown until several years later. Their invention put the well-known riddle into the mouth of every one: 'Why is Joseph Gillott the wickedest man in the world?' 'Because he makes men steal pens and persuades them that they do right.' The schoolmaster prided himself, above all things, on his skill in cutting a quill, and I very soon discovered that, by feigning a similar ambition, I could evade some portion of my lessons in arithmetic. I backed the wrong horse. To-day young people would probably be as puzzled to explain the meaning of 'quill-driver' as they would be to explain that of 'top sawyer.'

The huge literature for young people which exists to-day is comparatively a recent growth. Whether it has created their special needs or been created by them may be disputed. Most books, if they have life and action, will lay hold of children. When and how I learnt to read, and whether with or without tears, I do not remember. But the command of the key to the garden of enchantment made an immense change in my life. Books open out windows in the mind of a child; they widen his horizons; they multiply his friends and acquaintances. They soon began to dispute with dogs and the pony for the first place in my affections. From the earliest time within my memory I was eager to hear stories that were told or read aloud. Unfortunately, every one in the house seemed too busy to attend to my wants except at stated times. In my father's servant, however, I found the friend in need. Between the intervals of answering the bell, he read aloud to me, perched on the pantry dresser, 'Charles O'Malley' and 'Jack Hinton,' his voice choked with laughter over the exploits of Micky Free. Lever's novels to this day bring back to me the faint smell of the pantry sink. When once I had learnt to read, no restraint was placed on my reading, and the house was full of books. Only once did I suffer from this freedom of choice. In a little-used bedroom I found a copy of 'Oliver Twist' with Cruik-

shank's illustrations. For weeks after I read it, I was haunted by Fagin in the condemned cell and saw his baleful face pressed against the outside of my nursery window. My choice was not always that of stories. I enjoyed Southey's 'Life of Nelson' and Napier's 'Peninsular War.' I was absorbed in Motley's 'Rise of the Dutch Republic,' and in Egmont found my first historical hero. He was in history all that I most desired to become, and my mother encouraged my worship by translating to me some of the finest passages from Goethe's play of 'Egmont.' At the Great Exhibition of 1862 the only feature that I still remember is the picture of Egmont and Horn after their execution. Stories, however, did attract me from the first. The majority of the books written in those days for children taught virtue or pilloried vice. It was by gifts of this type of literature that god-parents generally discharged their duties. I detested 'Uncle Jack, the Fault-Killer' as heartily as I liked 'Jack the Giant Killer.' I have forgotten his moral miracles and only remember how he softened the heart of a cobra by the music of his flute. I never got beyond the first chapter in 'Ministering Children.' At home I was never encouraged to read these books, and somehow they always tended to be mislaid or disappear. It was one thing to administer grey powders in red currant jelly; it was another to spoil two excellent things by mixing moral instruction with romance. Nor did adventure-books written for boys meet with approval from my elders. Henty had not yet begun to write; but Mayne Reid, Kingston, and Ballantyne were already in the field. I always doubted the prodigies of valour and resource which these and other writers attributed to boys. Any boy who was pitted against a Fagin or a Count Fosco, would, I felt sure, be beaten every time. The only book of this class that I read with pleasure was Marryat's 'Children of the New Forest.'

It was for the fiction written for grown-up people that I developed a hearty appetite. An accident helps me to say with some certainty what novels I had read and remembered at the time when I went to Marlborough in September 1864. There it was soon discovered—how I have forgotten—that I was full of stories. Every evening I was made to tell one. I became a humble

Schehezerade, and my Sultan was the group of twelve or fourteen boys in my dormitory. Unlike the princess, I had not before me the fear of death; but there was a vague feeling that the consequences of refusal might be ingeniously unpleasant. I was, let me add, never bullied. Whatever faults as a school Marlborough may have had, bullying had ceased to be one of them. The fact is that I was a lonely little boy, flattered by being asked to talk, under the friendly cover of darkness, about my friends in my favourite books. To me their companionship was much more interesting than that of the pair of white mice and the grass snake which lived respectively in the desk to the right and left of mine in the big schoolroom. I did not foresee a time when, weighed in the balance against the rodent and the reptile, the whole brood of novelists would kick the beam. Walter Scott was my chief treasury. I had, in my own fashion, read all the Waverley novels, and some of them many times. I have no doubt that I skipped unscrupulously. With the plot in my head, I went, as it were, across country to my favourite passages, and, when, in telling the story of 'Guy Mannerling,' for instance, I reached the capture of Dirk Hatteraick in the cave, I could almost reproduce the exact language of the original. I still think that in force and speed of narrative, Scott, when once he has placed himself in position, is unsurpassed. Even to his inferior novels I would apply the Scottish proverb which in the 'Fortunes of Nigel' he quotes of a king's provender, and say that 'Scott's chaff is better than other folk's corn.' At this time of my life I was not attracted to Thackeray or Dickens, except that, in the latter case, I was spell-bound by 'Oliver Twist' and devoured 'The Tale of Two Cities' as soon as it appeared. My birthday and Christmas presents were generally novels—such as Bulwer Lytton's 'Last of the Barons,' Marryat's 'Midshipman Easy,' Fenimore Cooper's 'Last of the Mohicans,' or Charles Reade's 'Cloister and the Hearth.' Of current literature I took my toll as it passed through the house. Among these were Mrs Henry Wood's 'East Lynne' and Wilkie Collins's 'Woman in White,' one of the most successful of my stories. I also read George Eliot's early books as they appeared. They appealed to me strongly, though the only one which I tried to tell as a story was

'Silas Marner.' I liked 'The Mill on the Floss' better than 'Adam Bede,' because I identified its characters with the farmers and their wives who came to church and the fat prosperous miller who jingled the money in his trouser pocket in the pew behind us. I often heard 'Jane Eyre' discussed at home, but it appeared at an earlier date and there was no copy in the house. It was the first book that I bought with my own money. When I went to my private school in January 1862, I bought a copy, bound in yellow cloth, at Southampton Railway book-stall, and the purchase emptied my slender pocket. It was discovered the next morning by my bed, and handed over to the headmaster, who sent for me and told me that, as it was not a proper book for a boy to read, I should not be given it again. This piece of Victorian tyranny rankles in my mind to this day. Nor was it till years later that I understood why 'Jane Eyre' had been placed under the ban.

Children trouble little about motives. I never asked myself, or any one else, whether the master who appropriated my 'Jane Eyre' obeyed his conscience or a convention. But the incident may to some appear as a symptom of that hypocrisy which is so often attributed to the Victorians. Before we claim greater sincerity than our ancestors, we ought perhaps to remind ourselves that emphasis is often as much a pose as reticence. No doubt the Victorians closed their eyes and ears to one side of the facts of life. They deliberately ignored it, because it seemed to contradict their conviction of the divinity of man and the ordained progress of society towards a higher level of morality and material prosperity. Of this belief, which was probably shared by most of the irreligious, the strict observance of Sunday was the public expression. Few changes are more striking than those between a Sunday in 1860 and in 1932.

In a parson's house the day may have been more strictly observed than elsewhere. But the church-going and the restrictions of amusements were common to almost every household. Sunday, like week-days, began and ended with family prayers. At a quarter to ten my mother and I walked to the village school, something under half a mile distant, where she held a small class of the elder boys. Each boy, in turn, myself included,

said by heart the collect for the day. When the repetition was over, the lessons consisted of my mother's questions and comments on the meaning of the words. School lasted rather more than half-an-hour. At eleven o'clock we went to church for the morning service. The evening service began in winter at three o'clock, in summer at six. I do not remember the time when I did not go to both services. Two other brief ceremonies, peculiar to the day, I seldom missed. I went, I suppose, because, though I must have been a hindrance, I thought I was a help. After the morning service, my father came into the servants' hall and carved a sirloin of beef into dinners for the half dozen or more of old people who could not come to church. They were represented by a daughter or a grandchild or a neighbour, who brought with them their basin or dish tied up in a handkerchief. It was my duty to add the baked potato. After the evening service my mother held her women's club. Some twenty of the married women of the parish paid threepence a week into a fund which my mother doubled, so that, when the fund was distributed at Christmas, each woman received sixpence for every threepence contributed. The arrangements were of the simplest. A cross against the name of each woman entered in the club's book represented a payment of threepence. When I was old enough to be trusted, I entered the crosses. I still remember all their names and faces more vividly than many of those of more recent friends. They must all have died, ages ago. I hope that they had some happiness in their lives.

On Sundays I had my dinner and my tea with my father and mother. In the summer, especially during July and August, they were seldom alone at teatime. The Rectory was an easy stroll from Osborne, and when the Queen was in residence, some member of the household would generally come, bringing with him or her a famous politician, or celebrated preacher, or other distinguished visitor who was the Queen's guest. There were generally a couple of officers from Parkhurst Barracks, for my mother, who had three brothers in the Army, always gave soldiers a special welcome. If the tide served there might be a boat-load of yachters from Regatta week at Cowes. Among these I particularly remember Caroline Norton. I had never before seen a

live author, and my admiration for her magnificent dark eyes was tempered with awe for her achievement. I had taken down her 'Stuart of Dunleath' from the shelves and put it back again uninterested. But among my daily exercises in learning by heart had been a passage on the return of the peasant to his home at twilight, taken from her 'Dream.' I knew her, therefore, as a novelist and poetess, and my feelings were those of Telemachus when he 'knew that he beheld Minerva.' At a few minutes before six the party broke up to go to church. This is the curious feature. All the guests went to the service as a matter of course; it was natural to go. Equally natural was it to accept the restrictions on all amusements. Out-door games were prohibited. Newspapers were not allowed: the 'Illustrated London News' remained in its wrapper till Monday. Reading was limited to a very small range of books. Fortunately children do not mind reading the same thing over and over again. If I was lucky enough to find the Apocrypha free, I could always lose myself in the exploits of Judas Maccabeus, especially his encounter with the elephant. Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' I regret to say, bored me; but the battle with Apollyon always thrilled me with excitement. The other books consisted of bound volumes of the 'Penny Post' or the 'Sunday at Home.' They made such dreary reading that I do not remember their contents. We were allowed to play the spelling game in the evening, provided that the names chosen were Biblical. The game consisted in putting together the letters which formed some name, shuffling them up, and setting them before you for the solution. I knew by sight all the long names in the Bible. If strangers, with great trouble and anticipated triumph, collected the letters of 'Maher-shalal-hash-baz' or 'Tiglath-pileser,' they were disappointed to find the riddle solved almost before the letters were face uppermost on the table. I cannot honestly say that these Sundays were enjoyable. But I did not dread their recurrence. Nor did I rebel against restrictions which formed part of a scheme of things that no one thought of disputing. And, after all, the ebb would be followed by the flow, and to-morrow was Monday.

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Art. 3.—ITALIAN INFLUENCE ON FRENCH ART.

Sketches On the Old Road through France to Florence. By A. H. Hallam Murray. Accompanied by H. W. Nevinson and Montgomery Carmichael. Murray, 1904.

RATHER more than twenty-five years ago Mr Hallam Murray, Mr H. W. Nevinson, and Mr Montgomery Carmichael collaborated with brush and pen in a very interesting travel book, 'On the Old Road through France to Florence,' which portrayed with artistic and literary charm the sights and memories that suggest themselves to the traveller on the great mediæval highway of Europe. It has witnessed for centuries the constant passing of armies, and the free movement of men of all conditions hastening on their purposes. Certain of these were artists, and it is of them that I would speak. For these as for all travellers the lure of the road was the thought of what lay beyond it. For the Frenchman, Italy, Rome, Venice, and all that they meant to the imagination. For the Italian the certainties and opportunities of advancement at the court of the Most Christian King. Fragmentary as are the records they suffice to show something of the interaction of the art of painting in the two countries and the relative stages of its development.

In the earlier stages of the renaissance of art the Church was practically the only patron, and it is, therefore, not surprising that the earliest references to Italian painters working in France should connect with Avignon during the seventy years' residence of the Papacy. Vasari refers to both Giotto and Simone Martini as having worked there. His statement, however, as to the former having been constrained by Clement V to accompany him when he removed the papal court there in 1305, and having executed many works there and in other parts of France lacks any corroboration. The facts probably are as stated in Albertini's 'Memoriale,' namely, that Benedict XII, who reigned from 1334 to 1342, commissioned Giotto to go to Avignon to paint scenes from the lives of the martyrs in the papal palace, but the commission had not been acted upon at the time of the Pope's death and it then lapsed.

Simone Martini, however, undoubtedly worked at

Avignon. Documents in the Sienese Archives show that he went there in 1339 accompanied by his wife and his brother Donato, and died there five years later. Vasari, who says the merit of some works by him at St Peter's at Rome was the cause of his being summoned to Avignon, speaks of his having produced many excellent works there in fresco and also paintings. Record assigns him a St George, princess and dragon in the portico of the cathedral, which has perished from exposure; but a Madonna enthroned with the Child, and kneeling donor presented by an angel, and heads of angels in the vaulting of the recess, are given him by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, and also some rows of prophets and sybils on one section of the ceiling of the hall of the consistory, the others having been covered with whitewash when the palace was used as a barracks. The same authorities also give him the damaged frescoes which exist in two of the chapels. He also, while at Avignon, painted the 'Laura of Petrarch,' as we know from the testimony of the poet himself who addressed two sonnets to the painter.

In some beautiful lines in the first of these he pays an eloquent tribute to the beauty of the painter's work :

' L'opra fu ben di quelle che nel cielo
Si ponno immaginar, non qui fra noi,
Ove le membra fanno all'alma velo.'

From a line in the same sonnet :

' Ivi la vide e la ritrasse in carta,'

it may be considered probable that, as Cicognara has suggested, the portrait was done on vellum and that it, therefore, was a miniature. In a passage in Petrarch's 'Letters' he says : ' I have known two excellent painters : Giotto, citizen of Florence, whose fame among moderns is great, and Simone of Siena.' It does not follow from this that Petrarch ranked the Sienese as the equal of Giotto to whom he gives a double encomium. Simone Martini's fame has owed something to Petrarch, but to suggest, as does Vasari, that the poet's words had conferred more lustre on him than his own work ever had done, or would do, is to overrate the power of the pen almost as much as it underrates the sterling qualities of the painter's work. Think of the rhythm of line and

delicacy of colour of Simone Martini's 'Annunciation' in the Uffizi! Of the galaxy of small examples of his art from Paris, Berlin, and Antwerp which were among the attractions of the Italian Art Exhibition of 1930!

The comparative desuetude that befell Avignon when the city ceased to be the residence of the Popes was, no doubt, one of the reasons why the works of the Sienese master exerted a comparatively small influence upon the development of art in France. Another reason is found in the extension of Flemish influence from the north. But it is impossible that Simone Martini should have worked in fresco and altarpieces at Avignon for five years, and that the various local schools of French primitives which developed in the century that followed should be altogether unaffected by the fact.

Some suggestion of the grace and delicacy, something of the peculiar fragility which distinguishes the types of Sienese art, may be discerned not only in work of the southern schools, but mingling with other influences as far away as the Burgundian court in the work of Jean Malouel. 'The traditions which lingered about the palaces of Avignon,' as Lady Dilke has said, 'faded away before the walls of Dijon.' There, as in all the northern schools of France, Flemish influence was predominant. The Renaissance in France, however, took its rise not in the sixteenth but in the fifteenth century, and its cradle, as M. de Laborde has shown, was not Paris but Tours. And, as Lady Dilke succinctly expresses it, 'the Flemish colony stood like a sentinel on the road to Paris, but the line of travel between Tours and Rome lay open.' So we are back upon the old road. The central line of development of French painting owed not a little to the fact that the first painter who by his insistence on personality prepared the way for the distinctive excellence of French portraiture made the journey and drank at the fountain head.

Jean Fouquet, painter and miniaturist, whose work in both mediums entitles him to rank as the most considerable figure of his time in French art, was born at Tours between 1415 and 1420, and while comparatively young went to Rome and there worked at his art. We owe knowledge of this to the fact that Vasari in his life of the Florentine sculptors, Antonio Filarete and Simone, says that the former, when working in Rome upon the

bronze doors of St Peter's, which commission had been given him by Eugenius IV, had caused Giovanni Foccora (the name appears as Focchetta in the first edition), a much esteemed painter (*assai lodato pittore*), to paint a portrait of Eugenius IV in the Church of the Minerva. Vasari may perhaps have derived his information from Filarete's treatise on architecture, in which the author praises Fouquet and states that the picture, which was in the sacristy, represented the Pope with two of his nephews. The esteem in which the artist was held is shown by the fact of his having been entrusted with such a commission although a foreigner. Fouquet did not go to Italy when his mind was entirely plastic to receive new influences, but as a mature painter whose style was already formed. He was approximately of about the age of Leonardo when the latter left Florence for Milan. He had learnt his art at Tours where the influence of the Flemings, and especially of the Van Eycks, was then predominant. How much this influence remained as a permanent factor of his style is seen in his portrait of Juvenal des Ursins in the Louvre, a work of his later period, painted according to M. Gruyer about twenty years after his return from Italy. True and living as is the portrayal of personality, the person represented being of country stock of northern France, the methods of technique and analysis by which it is arrived at are substantially the same as those in the Van Eycks in the National Gallery. But having lived with the Italian fresco painters at Rome and Florence it would seem that he worked in the light of the new knowledge and set himself to rival them. This was fully revealed in the group of examples of his work assembled in the great exhibition of French primitives held at Paris in 1904, in the two halves of the diptych he painted in 1452 for Etienne Chevalier, Treasurer of France—the 'Virgin and Child' at Antwerp and the portrait of the donor with patron saint at Berlin—which, according to M. Lafenestre, 'offre l'aspect clair et rythmé, l'harmonie blanchâtre, delicate, argentée, si chers à Fra Angelico, Andrea del Castagno, Paolo Uccello, Domenico Veneziano, Piero della Francesca.'

It is, however, in his work as a painter of miniatures, as seen in the forty examples in the 'Book of Hours' of

Etienne Chevalier at Chantilly and the nine in the 'Josephus' in the National Library at Paris, stated there as 'de la main du bon peintre et enlumineur du roi Loys XI^e, Jehan Foucquet, natif de Tours,' that the debt which his art owed to his visit to Italy is most apparent. It is seen in the rich ornateness of the architectural backgrounds which are thoroughly Italian in design, in the general symmetry and grace of the composition and the enhanced sense of aerial perspective.

From the year 1494, when Charles VIII started on his expedition to Naples, for upwards of a quarter of a century, the old road reverberated constantly to the tramp of French soldiers marching southward to uphold the claim of their kings to rule in Naples and Milan. Four times under three successive kings, Charles VIII, Louis XII, and Francis I, profiting to the full by the discord they found existing between the Italian States, they had swept irresistibly through the plain of Lombardy, and on each occasion the attainment of their purpose had healed the strife between the Italian States which, and which alone, had made their triumph possible; and so the wave of invasion had ebbed almost as rapidly as it had flowed, and as it ebbed had carried a certain amount of human driftwood with it. For the factors which together made up the life of Italy had reeled under the shock of war. Such opportunities of employment as the artist requires were much restricted. The conquerors, moreover, everywhere paid homage to the Italian genius and offered artists the sure prospect of employment in France. So it came about, during the period of the French wars and after, that certain Italian artists travelled northward on the old road. A colony of twenty-two was established in 1495 in the castle of Amboise by Charles VIII on his return from the Naples expedition 'pour ouvrier de leur mestier à l'usage et mode d'Itallye.' There were among them sculptors and architects but not, apparently, painters. They did various important works. Domenico da Cortona made the original design for the Hotel de Ville. Fra Giocondo, the Veronese architect, made two of the bridges over the Seine, one that at Notre Dame; also the plan for the great château of Gaillon in Normandy for Cardinal d'Amboise. He remained during the reign of Louis XII and, according to Vasari, did

many important works in France, one of them a conduit in the garden of the château of Blois, which on information supplied to him, probably by one of the members of the French court at Milan during the French occupation, is the subject of a technical note in one of Leonardo da Vinci's manuscripts.

But first to note a traveller from the north along the old road who spoke to Leonardo in passing. With the army of Louis XII came Jean Perréal or Jean de Paris, 'peintre ordinaire du roi,' and not that alone or chiefly, if records tell aright, but master of pageant and valet de chambre. He is mentioned as present at various State entries into Lyons made by Charles VIII and his successor, whom he accompanied on his campaigns. Records of his paintings are infrequent: two only—at a ten-years' interval. Between these occurs a record which surely does him much honour. It is that when he was at Milan in 1500 as one of the king's retinue the Marquis of Mantua asked him to paint him a picture and he begged to be excused. The sights of Milan had presumably taught discretion. His adaptability was in evidence at a later period when arrangements were being made for Louis XII's third marriage with Mary Tudor, daughter of Henry VII, and the name of Jean Perréal appears as having been sent to England to superintend the bride's trousseau. The king died three months after his marriage, and Perréal was put in charge of the obsequies. Obviously more a master of ceremonies than a creative artist he yet possessed knowledge which Leonardo did not disdain to seek after. In a note in the *Codice Atlantico* the latter wrote, 'Get from Jean de Paris the method of painting in tempera.' In another he refers to a measurement of the sun promised him by Giovanni the Frenchman; and in one of the Windsor manuscripts he refers to a book, 'The Speculus,' as being in the possession of the same.

Leonardo da Vinci's connection with the French began apparently in the year 1506 with a request to the Florentine Signoria from the French governor of Milan, Charles d'Amboise, Marshal Chaumont, to grant permission for the artist to come for three months to Milan in order to work for him. This was the first of a series of dispatches which lasted for the best part of a year, in

which Chaumont, the Signoria, the Florentine ambassador to the court at Blois, and finally the king himself took part. The Signoria acceded very reluctantly to several requests for further extension of Leonardo's leave of absence, he being under contract to them to continue and complete the Anghiari composition. They deemed it politic, however, to acquiesce with apparent readiness in the request made by Louis XII, whose interest in the matter had been caused by the receipt of one of Leonardo's pictures, that Leonardo should be allowed to remain at Milan until his arrival there. This took place in May 1507. The king remained for two months, and apparently took Leonardo into his service, for later in the same year, on the latter being obliged to return to Florence on account of a lawsuit with his family, both Louis XII and Chaumont wrote to the Signoria asking them to expedite the matter as much as possible so that he might soon return. In a letter written by the artist to Chaumont on a later visit to Florence he refers to having a pension from the king, and says that he hopes to bring with him on his return to Milan two Madonna pictures for the Most Christian King or for any one else whom Chaumont may choose, and he hopes also that the water rights already promised him will be available on his return, as it is his intention to make machines and other things which will give great pleasure to the Most Christian King. We get a glimpse here of the multitudinous powers of the wizard to fascinate. A somewhat similar impression is conveyed by a passage in one of Chaumont's letters to the Signoria :

'no matter what calls have been made upon Leonardo's powers whether in design, or architecture, or other things belonging to our condition, he has responded to them in such a manner as not only to satisfy us but to win our admiration.'

Müntz was of the opinion that already the French court exerted every kind of pressure to induce Leonardo to go to France, and Morelli believed that Chaumont was an intermediary through whom Cardinal d'Amboise endeavoured to get him to go to decorate Gaillon. It is at any rate certain that neither attempt, if made, was successful. Leonardo's primary interest at this time seems to have been in those hydraulic experiments to which his letter to Chaumont refers. In his stead

Chaumont finally, in 1507, sent Andrea Solario, 'than whom,' Morelli states, 'no other Lombard painter approached Leonardo so nearly.' It was at about this time, probably shortly before his departure to France, that Solario painted that portrait of Chaumont now in the Louvre. He spent two years at Gaillon, painting an altarpiece and covering the walls of the chapel with frescoes. His work there perished in the Revolution. Among other pictures painted while in France was the beautiful 'Vierge au coussin vert,' also in the Louvre. The rich colour of this and the portrait of Chaumont may be attributed in part to Solario having spent several years in Venice previous to his having come under Leonardo's influence.

In the year 1512 the French temporarily lost their hold on Lombardy, and in the following year Leonardo left Milan to seek his fortunes in Rome. Following on the failure of these hopes and the incursion of a new French army under Francis I, who recaptured Milan and established a concordat with the Pope, which for a few years gave peace to Italy, the invitation to Leonardo to go to France was renewed. This time with success; and so the French won the greatest of their triumphs in Italy. He went to Amboise where the colony of Italians had been established by Charles VIII rather more than twenty years before. He was given a house at Cloux in the vicinity of the town and had conferred upon him the titles of 'premier peintre et ingenieur et architecte du Roy.' When Cardinal Luis of Aragon made a tour in northern Europe in 1516 and 1517 he visited him, and owing to the fact that the cardinal's secretary Antonio de Beatis kept a diary we may almost feel ourselves present at the interview.

They found Leonardo subject to a certain paralysis of the right hand which forbade the hope of further work, but still able to give instruction to pupils. He showed them three of his pictures 'all most perfect.' A 'St John the Baptist as a youth,' a 'Madonna and Child in the lap of St Anne,' and a certain 'Florentine Lady done from life' which, although stated to be at the instance of the late magnificent Giuliano de' Medici, may conceivably refer to the 'Mona Lisa.' The other two pictures are in the Louvre. The greatest enthusiasm of the diarist was caused by the sight of such of Leonardo's manuscripts as treated of

anatomy, 'showing by illustrations the limbs, muscles, nerves, veins, ligaments, intestines, and whatever else there is to discuss in the bodies of men and women, in a way that has never yet been done by any one else.' 'All this,' he says, 'we have seen with our own eyes.' Leonardo also told them how he had dissected more than thirty bodies of men and women of all ages. The diarist added that he had also written of the nature of water, of divers machines, and of other matters in an infinite number of volumes, 'which if they should be published will be profitable and very enjoyable.' Although he acknowledges the perfection of the works of art Antonio de Beatis has so obvious a predilection for scientific pursuits that the record hardly offers any safe inference as to the trend of Leonardo's mental activity.

He was admittedly a spent force as regards the power to produce pictures when he took the road northward, and it was not until a much later date that any of his paintings were placed in positions where the spectacle of them could exert any direct influence upon French art. Drawings of architectural projects near Amboise and of schemes of canalisation in the region of the Loire are most naturally referred to this period; but his death, in May 1519, occurred before any of these plans had reached fruition. A quarter of a century afterwards Benvenuto Cellini bore emphatic testimony to the extent to which the powers of his mind had impressed themselves upon the French court. Cellini had in his possession while in France a copy of Leonardo's treatise on art. It was long sought for with avidity in Italy by artists desirous of assimilating the artist's precepts. It may have been that the treatise served the same use at Fontainebleau. A considerable number of Italians followed Leonardo on the road. The king had a profound admiration for Italian genius. He was an indefatigable Maecenas and he was served by many skilful agents who knew how to turn the troublous condition of affairs in the peninsula to profit by suggesting to the needy artist that at the court of Francis I he would be sure to find employment and a generous recompense.

In the life of Andrea del Sarto, under whom Vasari says he studied design for a time as a youth in Florence, and from whom he may therefore have derived some of

his facts, it is stated that whilst working in Florence, living in dire poverty and poorly remunerated for his toil, two of his pictures which had been sent into France won much admiration from the king, who invited Andrea to his court and sent him money for the journey; and that on his arriving at the court of Francis I he was loaded with favours by the king and given many commissions, one of these being a portrait of the Dauphin, who was then a baby of a few months, another the figure of Charity. This picture, now in the Louvre, bears the date 1518, the year in which Andrea del Sarto went to France. At that time the court was chiefly in residence at Amboise, and Andrea del Sarto who, as a youth in Florence frequenting the studio of Piero di Cosimo, had been in the habit, according to Vasari, of spending all his leisure drawing in the Great Hall, where were then the cartoons of Michelangelo and Leonardo, must surely have found time to visit the latter who was then at Cloux. What would one not give for a description of that interview at which if at any time after Leonardo went to France the memories of Florence and his work there would be stirred into new life!

Andrea del Sarto stayed a year only in France. A year of full activity. Then, according to Vasari, the receipt of letters from Florence caused him to obtain the king's permission to return, promising upon oath to come back within a few months, and—in order that he might then remain with a quiet mind—to bring his wife back with him. The reference is to that Lucrezia del Fede whose soulless beauty lives in so many of his pictures and whose chilling effect upon his art forms the theme of one of Browning's greatest monologues. In the sequel, however, his intention was not proof against her entreaties. The king who, according to Vasari, had given him funds for the purchase of pictures and sculpture in Italy, was so incensed at his behaviour that for a long time he would not look at the paintings of Florentine masters. Vasari's accuracy is often under suspicion, especially when he puts things picturesquely. It may, however, be noted that for more than ten years after the return of Andrea del Sarto there are no records of any Italian painter having visited the French court.

But the dreams of avarice still pointed along the road that led northwards out of Italy's troubled arena and

beyond the standard of her excellence, and so there came to the French court in 1530 Rosso, and a year later Primaticcio. With their arrival Francis achieved the desire of his heart. The style and position in art of the two painters who between them conceived, and with the help of assistants brought to completion, the scheme of fresco decoration of the palace of Fontainebleau is indicated in a sentence of Sir Joshua Reynolds' Sixth Discourse. In contrasting with a long list of servile imitators a few who have adopted a more liberal style of imitation, he offers as instances, Pellegrino Tibaldi, Rosso, and Primaticcio who, he says, 'did not coldly imitate but caught something of the fire that animates the works of Michelangelo.' The fact that each apparently caught something of the divine fire from the same hearth may have imparted a measure of harmony to their work that their lives did not know. The king was more than content with his painters. He was more practical now in limiting his desires than he had been in the impetuous days of youth when he had thought to carry off bodily Leonardo's fresco of the 'Last Supper' from Milan, and was only deterred from making the attempt by being assured of the utter impossibility of its succeeding.

Rosso, who had studied as a youth the cartoon of Michelangelo in the Great Hall of Florence, had caught most of the master's fire. It may be seen vibrating with life and vigour of limb in his impressive 'Pietà' in the Louvre. The plastic sense that he inherited would also find congenial outlet in the works of stucco and relief which he designed on the occasion of the Emperor Charles V's visit to the king at Fontainebleau. He had reached the age of thirty-five when he went to France, a period associated with full maturity of power. His departure thither was occasioned by a broil with some priests in a church near Arezzo in which he intervened to shelter a boy from punishment. But Vasari, who seems to have known him with some intimacy, says that he had already expressed the desire of ending his days in France in order to free himself from the misery and indigence which were usually the lot of those who laboured all their days in Tuscany. The artist's vision of attainment seems to have clouded prematurely, but he found his opportunity in the more restricted horizon of the court. After

eleven years' work at Fontainebleau he took his own life, out of remorse for having falsely accused a friend of a crime. The Bolognese painter, Primaticcio, came a year after Rosso, being sent by the Duke of Mantua, who was asked by the king to recommend an artist. Quarrels with Rosso had led to his being absent in Italy where he was collecting antiques for the king at the time of Rosso's death. On his return he succeeded him, and it is said caused some of his predecessor's work to be effaced to make way for his own. For thirty years he remained in charge of the whole scheme of decoration of the palace, much of it being carried out by Niccolo dell' Abbate and other assistants from his designs.

The work of the Italian school of Fontainebleau, as represented by these painters in scenes largely mythological, was at once too mature and too exotic for it to form a vital part of the development of French art. That grew in simplicity and sincerity out of which in due course came strength. Primaticcio and François Clouet were painters to the king at the same time, and it was in the portraits of the latter, born out of good Flemish stock with Holbein as his artistic sire, that French genius found its first distinct and authentic expression in art. Near to him one would place that lesser master, Corneille de Lyon, painter of small portraits, simple to the verge of monotony in design; but possessed of delicacy and limpidity of texture which conveys an almost unfailing distinction. So the Italians who travelled on the road were all impelled by entirely practical considerations. They had nothing to learn, and when they practised their art the studio was, as it were, a garden sealed in which the northern blast could not enter.

If we attempt to consider certain French painters in relation to the road we find considerable differences of condition. Those who went along it went primarily to learn, not to practise. In the case of Poussin, who stayed to do both, the journey was by far the most important act of his life. Suppose it not to have been taken: his art would then be something so entirely different that he would virtually be another person. His portrait of himself in the Louvre is instinct with Norman gravity and strength. As its inscription graven on stone recounts, he was a native of Les Andelys, a district near the massive castle of Cœur

de Lion. A journeyman painter, who came to paint in the church, gave him his first lessons, and may have told him of the Italians at Avignon and wakened the desire of Italy. He went at eighteen to Paris, and there made copies of Marc Antonio's engravings after Raphael. At the age of twenty-six he started to go to Rome, but lack of means compelled him to turn back at Florence and go to Lyons and work there. He set out again, but again means failed, and he was forced back to Paris. There he met a Neapolitan poet, Marino, with whose help in 1624 he arrived at Rome, being then aged thirty. There he studied Raphael's frescoes in the Stanze and the remains of classical art, with such concentration of purpose that the poet Marini in introducing him to Cardinal Barberini did so in the words, 'Vedrete un giovane che a una furia di diavolo'! He sought to establish a canon of proportion from the masterpieces of statuary there. He studied Leonardo's 'Treatise on Painting' to such purpose that, in 1651, when an edition of it was published the figures had been drawn by his hand. And, like Leonardo, he studied the various sciences which may serve as the foundation for progress in art. In colour sense and knowledge of aerial perspective he learnt much from the study of such examples of Venetian art as Rome afforded. He studied with unwearying zeal the remains of classical art, drinking so deeply of their spirit that his work has been said not to copy but to continue them. And he stayed working in Rome all the years of his life except two. These were spent in Paris, because after sixteen years in Rome the fame of his work was such that he was invited back to the French court in terms that brooked no denial. After two years of great activity and much experience of the jealousy of courts he also, under the plea of going to fetch his wife, obtained leave to return to Rome, and remained and died there twenty-three years afterwards.

The long roll of his works is always, as Reynolds has said, 'distinguished by simplicity.' When the theme is classical myth this simplicity is full of a joyous spontaneity such as has no parallel in art. In the admirably arranged group in the National Gallery, 'The Nursing of Bacchus,' the rich warm colouring, the firmly built little bodies of the infants who stand wrestling, the graceful figure of the female attendant, the eagerness of the sturdy infant as

he drinks to which the action is subordinated, all are elemental in their appeal. The same may be said of the figures in the two Bacchanals in the National Gallery in their wild riot of action, 'so many and so many and such glee'; and of the masterpiece in more restrained mood at Dulwich which has as its title, 'The infant Juppiter suckled by the goat Amalthea.'

Watteau never trod the road at all, although in a sense it may be said that it came to meet him in the strolling players of the Italian comedy. 'And have you been to Spain? And can you still write about it?' wrote Heine to Théophile Gautier. And so Watteau, who never went to Italy, painted the Italian comedians as no other painter has ever done. This predilection began very early in his life. He was thirteen, in 1697, when Louis XIV expelled all the strolling players from France for having dared to caricature him and Madame de Maintenon. The boy had loved to sketch them at Valenciennes, and a drawing of that date, inscribed 'Le Départ des Comédiens Italiens,' serves as a measure of his sense of loss and of the precocity of his talent. The art of Valenciennes was entirely Flemish—Rubens and Van Dyke in the churches; Teniers perhaps in the homes of the well-to-do. In his fondness for genre and isolated types as seen in works of his early period, such as 'La vraie Gaieté' in the Tennant Collection, where peasants are making merry at the door of a tavern, or the 'Kitchen Interior' at Strassburg, Watteau was markedly under the influence of Teniers. But already the Italian strolling players had opened the door for him out of realism into romance—romance with clipped wings, which was to settle comfortably in parks and pleasure gardens. He went at the age of eighteen to Paris, and the spirit of his art changed with his environment. He went on sketching what he saw—he was self-taught by comparison with most artists—but the types that he sketched had lost something of their broad-set country-like virility and put on daintiness and elegance. For life as he saw it was at the ballet and the grand opera, or in the shady terraced gardens of the Luxembourg and St Cloud, where he wandered, notebook in hand.

The play of social intercourse, the world of galanterie and espièglerie in which he found his subjects may seem

as artificial as the world of the Restoration comedies or the Dresden shepherdess, having only a deeper sense of values in that the figures were seen in aerial perspective amid open glades and arching trees.

It is a limited world, but it was new in art and he reproduced it perfectly, while at the same time he feasted his eyes upon the stored-up treasures of the great galleries and the masterpieces in M. de Crozat's Collection. Gradually the vision of what had been accomplished by the great masters awoke in him the desire to take the road and go himself to Italy and there see the works of his favourite painters. But he was held back through lack of money, for what he had earned he had spent. Then a friend counselled him to ask the king for the benefaction bestowed upon artists of promise who wish to perfect their art by studying abroad. In order to justify his presumption in daring to do this he placed two small pictures in the vestibule of the Academy. One of the Academicians, M. de la Fosse, on being told the reason why they were there, asked him what he was going to look for in Italy, and advised him to stay in Paris, telling him that he knew already more than they did, and that it was not the road to Rome that he should take but the road that led to the Academy, for none of them could paint in his style as well as he could. 'Whereupon,' says the biographer, 'Watteau abandoned the thought of going to Italy.' Soon afterwards he was admitted into the Academy with the title specially invented for him, 'Peintre des Fêtes Galantes.' He remained and painted the 'Embarkation for Cythera,' the most purely lyrical outpouring of fantasy in the whole range of French art. If he had taken the road—had gone as he wished to Italy—had stayed for years in Rome and Venice, as did M. de la Fosse the 'painter of importance in his day'—what would have been the harvest of the years? He might have ceased to be what we know as Watteau. French art could hardly then not have been the poorer.

But that Watteau might have won through, road and all, the case of Fragonard serves to show. Fragonard was a native of Grasse in Provence—Provence which save only in speech is more Italian than French. I saw an altarpiece attributed to Giotto in the church there over thirty years ago, and I have no doubt that Fragonard

saw it in the same place, because nothing ever changes at Grasse in the old town. The place lies on the hillside embowered in olives, which are fragrant underfoot with flowers that find their way to the scent factory. And with this as background for memories he went to Paris to study art and applied first to Boucher, who turned him over to Chardin, under whom he made such rapid progress that in six months Boucher took him himself. How valuable those six months with Chardin were to him may be seen by his little picture in the National Gallery, 'The Happy Mother,' which is a lovely little idyllic representation of a subject that Boucher never would have thought of choosing, but Chardin might. He went at the age of twenty-six to Italy and remained there five years; and being, as pupil of Boucher, in the direct succession of the great line of decorative painters who descend from Watteau, he did not allow himself to be disturbed by the greatness of Michelangelo, but cast about for others more to his liking and found them. Returning, he delighted Paris, as a result of what he had learnt by the unerring note of grace and distinction which permeated his conceptions. A second visit to Italy followed after ten years, and again he settled down in Paris to practise his art, of which the Wallace Collection possesses noteworthy examples in the 'Boy as Pierrot,' with its silvery delicacy of colour, and the 'Swing' where is enshrined the sportive fancy and espièglerie of the long line from which he was descended.

Upon this fertile existence the Revolution broke like a tornado. For a time he strove to adapt himself to new conditions, but the artist in him revolted and he retired to Grasse, taking with him the series of paintings called the 'Lovers' Progress,' which form an epitome of his art. Begun for Madame Dubarry before his second visit to Italy, they were completed at Grasse and placed in the salon of the old Maison Malvilan. This done he was drawn back into the vortex and returned to Paris, where he died in obscurity.

EDWARD McCURDY.

Art. 4.—THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS CHEAPER JUSTICE.

1. *Report of the Machinery of Government Committee to the Ministry of Reconstruction.* Chapter X. Command Paper 9230 of 1918.
2. *Solon or the Price of Justice.* By C. P. Harvey. Kegan Paul, 1931.
3. *In Quest of Justice.* By Claud Mullins. Murray, 1931.
4. *The Home Office.* By Sir Edward Troup. Putnams, 1925.

FOR nearly three years this country had at the head of its judicial administration both a Lord Chancellor and an Attorney-General who repeatedly declared themselves to be advocates of drastic legal reform. Before his elevation to the woolsack Lord Sankey, in 1928, said boldly that 'the lawyer's house is not in order,' and 'that it is time that an inquiry should be made into legal procedure on the civil side.' He went on to advocate reforms 'which will lower the cost of litigation and provide some quicker and more convenient method of achieving results.' 'Some reform,' he added, 'is necessary in those cases which in my view still exist where a person is prevented by fear of costs from obtaining justice.' During his two terms of office as Lord Chancellor similar sentiments were expressed. I do not remember that before he became Attorney-General, Sir William Jowitt had declared himself a would-be law reformer, but while in office he followed the Lord Chancellor's lead and several times expressed a keen desire to see substantial legal reforms introduced.

There can be no question either of the need for reforms or of the pressure that has been put upon the authorities to introduce them. Seldom has our machinery for administering justice been so criticised as during the last three years. For some time before April 1930 spasmodic criticisms were made, but in that month the London Chamber of Commerce published a report on the excessive cost of litigation which had been prepared by a strong committee. The support of several other Chambers of Commerce was obtained, and later in the same year a deputation attended upon the Lord Chan-

cellor. The complaints made by the Chambers were then referred to the two professional organisations in the law, the Bar Council and the Law Society, both of which bodies appointed committees to consider the criticisms made. The scope of the inquiries made by these committees was very restricted, and in the end their reports were sent to the Lord Chancellor. The recommendations made in these reports are now in process of being officially considered. Encouraged by the report of the London Chamber of Commerce and more still by its reception in the legal journals, I made ready for publication the products of my own inquiries into the subject, made over several years, and early in 1931 my book, 'In Quest of Justice,' was published, which endeavoured to show, not only that the criticisms of our methods of doing civil justice were justified, but that far wider reforms were necessary than anything hitherto put forward. Then the area of criticism widened. The London Chamber of Commerce produced a further report, calling for more drastic changes; a group of practising barristers with Labour Party sympathies, known as the Haldane Club, surveyed the whole legal arena and wrote a detailed and somewhat conservative report as to the possible reforms. Another practising barrister, Mr C. P. Harvey, wrote a book called 'Solon or the Price of Justice.' Behind the scenes ample further evidence has been forthcoming that both within and without the law opinion is hardening, that our methods of deciding civil disputes are in many respects archaic and unsatisfactory. As a result of my own book I have received numbers of letters from judges, practising lawyers, and laymen, all expressing both sympathy with its general purport and hope that the defects that it sets out will be put right. Neither in reviews in the press nor in personal letters have I seen a single attempt to justify present conditions in our civil courts of law, whereas I fully anticipated a considerable measure of criticism, and even of unpopularity within the profession.

The position, therefore, is that there has been an unprecedented outburst of criticism against our present methods of conducting civil disputes, that for three years we have had at the head of the law eminent men who were fully sympathetic to the need for drastic alterations;

yet the judicial machinery of the country is working no better than it did, the cost of obtaining justice is just as high as it was, and very few plans are being prepared by which law reform can come about. The slight amendments in the laws of evidence and in the preliminary proceedings of a High Court action which are now being officially considered will go very little way towards the cheapening of High Court litigation, and will have little effect in the County Court, where the burden of costs forms at least as great a problem as elsewhere. To-morrow it will be true as it is to-day, that in an ordinary High Court action the legal costs will be anything from 200% upwards, and that a verdict for 30% in the County Court will cost the loser about 50%.

It will at once be said that the years 1929 to 1932 have been years of crisis and that Parliament has been far too busy with more essential problems to tackle legal reform. Up to a point, of course, this is true. Lord Sankey spent most of the first part of his first term of office as Lord Chancellor on the problems of the coal industry, and then the constitutional problems of India absorbed his energies. Sir William Jowitt was one of the hardest worked members of the Labour Government of 1929-1931. These facts may well prevent us from blaming individuals, seldom a useful occupation, but they compel us to examine critically the system. The administration of justice is a vital matter and affects the life of the people at many points. So we cannot view with complacency a system under which patent defects in the administration of justice are ignored, while those on whom alone rests the duty to put them right are engrossed in matters which, however important in themselves, could be dealt with by other Ministers.

Again, under any Government there is always a certain amount of progress in non-party and non-political legislation. The officials concerned prepare the plans and the political Minister has comparatively little to do to them. Thus, during the hectic political fighting when the Labour Government was in office time was found for the Road Traffic Act of 1930, a measure which, like questions of legal reform, aroused no political passions and which could have been carried by any Government. But not only have so few reforms been made concerning the

administration of justice, very few have even been prepared by the departments mainly concerned. The plea, therefore, that the Lord Chancellor and Attorney-General had no time to introduce legal reforms into an overburdened Parliament seems somewhat thin in face of the fact that, even if Parliament had had the necessary time, no adequate proposals have been prepared.

Those who believe that better methods of administering justice are an urgent social necessity, and their number is increasing rapidly, must ask themselves, not only what reforms they would like to see carried out, but also the question how legal reforms can be stimulated. Unless a fresh stimulus can be found, the coming years are likely to be even more barren of legal reform than the last fifty years. As the presence of two would-be law-reformers in the Cabinet at a time when questions of law reform were being agitated as never before in the press and elsewhere did not produce any material result, we had better reconcile ourselves to indefinite stagnation, unless we can find some fresh stimulus. Fourteen years ago Lord Haldane, who combined great ability as a lawyer with very considerable experience as an administrator, came to this very conclusion. The post-war Ministry of Reconstruction produced many unsound schemes, most of which have happily been forgotten, but its Machinery of Government Committee surveyed the whole administration of justice and its report, if equally forgotten, deserves to be most carefully considered at the present time. That Committee was presided over by Lord Haldane and contained as some of its members Sir Robert Morant, Sir George Murray, Mr J. H. Thomas, and Mrs Sidney Webb. Unfortunately its report is now out of print. The main recommendation made therein was, that the Lord Chancellor should remain the principal legal and constitutional adviser of the Cabinet, but that his administrative duties as our minister of civil justice should be transferred to the Home Secretary, who in turn should transfer to other Departments his duties connected with industrial matters. The Home Secretary is already responsible for the criminal courts, for the police, and for the prisons. By adding the administration of civil justice, as the Haldane Committee proposed, he would become a real Minister of Justice.

When I wrote the last chapter of my book on 'A Ministry of Justice?' I had formed no final opinion about the wisdom of this step. I pointed out that Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Sir William Harcourt, and Lord Coleridge had all favoured the creation of a Ministry of Justice, but I expressed the hope that law reform would come best from a progressive Lord Chancellor. 'If for a decade,' I wrote, 'our Lord Chancellors could give to law reform as much attention as under present conditions they have to give to political and judicial work, great and beneficial changes would soon be carried out.' And I added that 'if law reform is prevented or unduly delayed by the judicial and political burdens cast upon the Lord Chancellor,' then a lay Minister of Justice might become necessary. The march of events and further study have convinced me that we shall never get adequate law reforms unless this step is taken, and some time before I was able to obtain a copy of the Haldane scheme I had come to the very conclusion propounded in the Haldane report, namely, that the Home Secretary should be transformed into a Minister of Justice with full responsibility for the whole field of the administration of justice.

As the Haldane report is not now easily available, it will be desirable to quote its reasons for this recommendation. Every word applies to the conditions of to-day.

'No one proposes to interfere with the powers and duties of the judges. But their appointment and the working out and carrying into operation of their decrees, and the general administration necessary for these latter purposes, form a division of government as widely scattered as it is large' (p. 63).

'We think a strong case is made out for the appointment of a Minister of Justice. We are impressed by the representations made by men of great experience, such as the President of the Incorporated Law Society, as to the difficulty of getting the attention of the Government to legal reform' (p. 64).

The report goes on to refer to the 'total inadequacy of the organisation which controls the general administration of the very large staffs required to give effect to the decrees of the courts' (p. 64).

'One of the chief reasons for this inadequacy is the magnitude and the variety of the duties with which the Lord Chancellor is charged, without really being allowed either the time or the machinery requisite for their perfor-

mance. . . . Successive holders of this office have testified that it is beyond the strength of any one man to perform the work that ought to be done' (p. 64).

'We think that it is desirable to retain, with considerable modifications, . . . the position of the Lord Chancellor as in theory President of the Supreme Tribunals' (p. 72).

'We think it impossible that the Lord Chancellor should adequately perform his duties as we see them and at the same time remain Speaker of the Second Chamber' (p. 73).

The Lord Chancellor should remain the keeper of the Great Seal and the principal legal and constitutional adviser of the Cabinet; 'but we think that in order to make it possible for the Lord Chancellor to perform these duties adequately, it is essential that the general work of administration in connection with justice in other matters should pass to a regular Minister of Justice. There seems no reason why the Home Secretary should not become this Minister and be relieved of functions pertaining to other national services, such as those concerned with health and with production in mines and factories' (p. 74).

'The Minister of Justice would probably sit in the House of Commons, and he ought to be accessible to those who have suggestions to make. . . . His Department should contain experts charged with the duty of watching over the necessities of law reform' (p. 74).

Under this scheme the Lord Chancellor would remain the supreme judicial authority for declaring what the law is. It is of the utmost importance that in any remodelling of our judicial machinery it shall be made clear that there shall be no interference with the independence of the judiciary, a principal embodied in the Act of Settlement and ever since cherished by all who study our national constitution. One of the bulwarks of our liberties is that whoever has judicial work to do shall be unfettered in his decisions. Whether he be Lord of Appeal, High Court Judge, or humble Police Court Magistrate, he must be beholden to nobody and controlled by nobody so far as his decisions are concerned. But the giving of judicial decisions is something quite apart from questions of judicial machinery. The independent position of the Lord Chancellor as 'the principal legal and constitutional adviser' of the country would in no way be endangered if he were relieved from executive responsibility; on the contrary, he would have more time for the work that is

essentially his. Judicial qualities have in modern times always been more valuable in a Lord Chancellor than political ability, and in assessing political ability a power to control and improve the executive machine must be predominant. It is no disparagement of a Lord Chancellor to say that this control of the executive machinery would be better done by a minister who was without the qualities that make a good Lord Chancellor. Nor would the essential independence of the Lord Chancellor be impaired if this control were transferred to other hands.

Under the Haldane scheme of reorganisation the Lord Chancellor would remain the principal member of the House of Lords as a court of final appeal and of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and if both these august courts were re-modelled, as I confess I should like them to be, the Lord Chancellor would continue to be at their head. Whether the Lord Chancellor would remain the Speaker of the House of Lords in its ordinary work would be a subsidiary question which the House would decide. Lord Haldane hoped that the House would see fit to elect some one else for this onerous duty, and there is much to be said for this change, but it does not concern us here. The only change in the Lord Chancellor's duties which we are considering is the proposal that the Department of the Lord Chancellor, in so far as it deals with the administration of justice, would be amalgamated with the Home Office.

It would be an essential feature of this scheme of reorganisation that there should be no change in the name or status of the Home Secretary. He would become in effect our Minister of Justice, but it would be unfortunate if that title were adopted. In the first place it has a distinctly continental sound. Most countries have their Ministers of Justice and we should do far better, and we should avoid a great deal of prejudice, if we left the present title unaltered. Strictly speaking, there is no such minister as the Home Secretary. He is one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, and he takes precedence over the others, all of whom can, however, act for him without special parliamentary or executive authority. We must remember that the Home Secretary has important duties in the exercise of the Royal Prerogative. Thus he is the channel of communication

between sovereign and subject, he is the medium between sovereign and the Established Church, he has duties in connection with the bestowal of honours and with Royal Commissions. To quote Sir Edward Troup, 'he is charged with all the Home affairs of England and Wales, except those, such as education, health, and agriculture, which are assigned to other and newer departments.' This is the reason why the Home Secretary, who was well described by Lowell as 'a kind of residuary legatee,' has a collection of miscellaneous duties. Examples of these are the censorship of films, matters connected with betting, intoxicating liquors, and dangerous drugs, vivisection, exhumation of human bodies and cremation, fairs, control of advertisements, wild birds, summer time, and vast powers under the Emergency Powers Act, 1920, which only come into force in times of crisis. If the Home Secretary were made in effect the Minister of Justice, he would be far more than a Minister of Justice in the continental sense, so we should do well to avoid the name.

Many of the miscellaneous duties of the Home Secretary are compatible with the work of a Minister of Justice, but many others could easily be assigned to other departments; the whole history of the Home Office has been one long series of transfers of work to other departments. In 1794 the War Office grew out of the Home Office, and in 1854 the Colonial Office followed. In 1871 the Local Government Board assumed the duties of the Home Office in matters of local government, but some powers of this nature still remain (e.g. approval of certain bye-laws). In 1885 the Scottish Office took over the Home Secretary's duties in Scotland, in 1889 the Board of Agriculture was constituted out of a department of the Home Office, and in our own time the Air Ministry took over the duties of the Home Secretary under the Aerial Navigation Acts and the Mines Department of the Board of Trade those relating to mines and quarries. What could be more in accordance with precedent, and therefore more English, than that the 'Industrial Division' of the Home Office, concerned with enforcing the Factory Acts, Shops Acts, Truck Acts, should be transferred to the Board of Trade and that some other duties, not connected with the administration of justice, should

go to the Ministry of Health? The only reason why the Home Office is to-day the authority under the Factory Acts is that in 1833, when such legislation began, there was no other department to do the work. To-day the work would fall more naturally to the Board of Trade or Ministry of Health. But even so the Home Secretary would still be a more responsible person than the ordinary Minister of Justice.

But we are concerned here, not with the scientific rearrangement of the Home Office, but rather with the control over our judicial machinery, and I am convinced that great benefits would accrue from having all such control under the Home Secretary. In the first place the Lord Chancellor is not represented in the House of Commons. He is, quite rightly, an Olympian authority and is distant from the world where critics of judicial administration live. The best feature of democratic government is the power to ask questions of Ministers, and I see no reason why questions should not be asked about the organisation of the courts of law or the cost of proceedings in them. In theory the Home Secretary or the Attorney-General, to quote Sir Edward Troup again, 'fathers the Lord Chancellor's bills and answers questions in matters for which he is responsible.' As to the latter the fact is that questions are not asked at all, the matters for which the Lord Chancellor is responsible being considered to be beyond such vulgar approach. But are they? Constant questions by members of Parliament about the organisation of the courts, such matters as the arrangements of the circuits of both High Court and County Court Judges, the cost of complying with our present laws of evidence and so on would very quickly produce an atmosphere different from that which exists to-day. We should pass rapidly from stagnation to activity if many of the matters under the control of the Lord Chancellor's Department were brought into the light of day by Parliamentary interrogation. When in 1915 the Royal Commission of the Civil Service was hearing evidence about the administration of justice, the then Permanent Secretary to the Lord Chancellor said frankly that it was 'very unsatisfactory' that his Department was not represented in the House of Commons, and added that 'every Lord Chancellor under whom I have served

has felt the same about it.' When an ex-Lord Chancellor (Lord Loreburn) was asked whether there was 'practical inconvenience' in the present system of having only the Lord Chancellor to represent the civil administration of justice, he replied, 'There must always be an inconvenience.'

In the second place the Home Secretary already has many important duties connected with civil as well as criminal justice, and considerable economies would be the result of the proposed change. He has ministerial duties to perform when the Lord Chancellor or Prime Minister recommends judicial appointments. He nominates stipendiary magistrates and recorders, who have considerable civil as well as criminal jurisdiction, and, while arrangements for Assizes come under the Lord Chancellor, those for Quarter Sessions come under the Home Secretary. The latter also drafts (but the Lord Chancellor makes) the rules for the procedure in the Police Courts, and 'is recognised as the authority who may supply magistrates not only with information, but also with general advice as to the discharge of their duties.' At present the division between the Lord Chancellor and the Home Secretary results in some confusion and irritation. I have on my file of cuttings an irate letter to the 'Times' signed 'Fifty Years a J.P.' in which the writer said, 'I have always considered that the Justices are under the control and direction of the Lord Chancellor, and I have at times resisted the growing tendency of the Home Office to interfere with them in the discharge of their duties.' The writer was, I think, wrong, but his worries are intelligible under our present divided system of appointment and control. Justices, unlike stipendiary magistrates, are appointed by the Lord Chancellor, but it is the Home Office which is mainly concerned with their work. Certain other judicial appointments are nominated by the Home Secretary, for instance, two of the members of the Railway and Canal Commission and one member of the London Building Act Tribunal. In fact the present division of the supervision of our courts between Lord Chancellor and Home Secretary has nothing but history to defend it. The economies that would be possible if the Haldane scheme of readjustment were carried out would be manifold.

To-day County Courts (under the Lord Chancellor) and Police Courts (under the Home Secretary) frequently use the same buildings, but they have separate areas and separate staffs. Yet some Acts of Parliament and some branches of law are administered concurrently in both courts. Thus a landlord of a house let at 7s. 6d. a week applies, if he is wise, to a Police Court in order to get rid of his tenant and, if an order is made, it has to be carried out by the police and the Police Court staff. But if the rent is over 7s. 6d. and under 2l. a week, the landlord's troubles are dealt with in the County Court and the bailiff acts. Again, a labourer can obtain an order for wages due up to 10l. in a Police Court and for a sum between 10l. and 100l. he has to go to the County Court. The main differences between the two procedures are that in the Police Court usually no legal costs are incurred, whereas in the County Court the costs may well be 40l., and secondly, the case ordinarily comes on for hearing in the Police Court near the time stated, whereas in the County Court the applicant will be lucky if he is heard any time on the day given. Be this as it may, two different sets of public servants, acting entirely separately though both often centred in the same building, have to go about town and country serving official papers or carrying out judicial orders. Similarly, a County Court Judge may commit a man to prison if he could and will not pay a debt, and a magistrate sends a man to prison in default of payment of a fine. But until the man is actually arrested, separate officials deal with him and the two courts having jurisdiction over him are not in touch with each other; one court has no knowledge of the man's reputation in the other court.

To take an illustration of a different kind, County Court Judges in rural districts sit in court on comparatively few days in the year. According to the official Civil Judicial Statistics for 1931, fifty-five County Court Judges sat in court on 8180 days in the year, an average of 148·7 days per judge. Seeing that the average County Court Judge in a big town has to work fairly hard, the average number of sittings in rural areas must be considerably below 148 a year, and many of these working days involve but an hour or two of judicial work, often minutes only. Even allowing for time spent in the

necessary travelling, there must still be available a big reserve of judicial time and ability. Many of the County Court Judges could easily and with advantage act as local Recorders or Stipendiary Magistrates, but that would be to serve two masters in Whitehall, and is not generally done. County Court Judges voluntarily undertake a good deal of public work, but if the Department of the Lord Chancellor were united with the Home Office, the organisation of local justice could be considerably improved on a definite plan and the result would be an increase in both efficiency and economy. At present very little use is made of surplus judicial time even where only one Department is concerned; for instance, County Court Judges in rural areas are seldom invited to assist the High Court Judges at Assizes, although many of them are fully competent and have the time to do so.

But the main justification of the Haldane scheme is that under it a new spirit would invigorate the whole administration of civil justice. At present there is stagnation; the system is pre-war and older. The Lord Chancellor is aloof from criticism and his staff is too small to do more than carry on. It is far from my intention to suggest blame on any individuals in any part of the judicial machine. My contacts with those who work it have been many and varied and I have always been impressed by the zeal and efficiency of the individual—within the existing system. It would be folly to blame officials who are over-worked for not devoting non-existing hours to re-modelling the machine which they have to keep working. None the less I am convinced that so long as the Lord Chancellor is responsible for the work of our civil courts, we shall look in vain for substantial reforms.

Let a practical test be applied to the present system. The report of the Haldane Committee commented on the bad arrangement of County Court districts. 'The time has long been ripe for a complete geographical redistribution. But any proposals for such a redistribution would create difficulties too great to be removed in the time which the Lord Chancellor, assisted by so small a staff as at present, can possibly devote to the subject.' Those words were published in 1918, and the expression

'the time has long been ripe,' is worth nothing. At the end of 1931 a County Court Judge, writing to urge me to take up my pen once more in the cause of Law Reform, happened to say this: 'I keep hammering at the Department to re-arrange the circuit, joining the smaller courts, etc. They say they will look into the matter. As far as our judicial system is concerned there might have been no war, no such things as motor 'buses and motor cars.' Those who know the circuit arrangements of High Court Judges would say the same, if they were candid. In his 'Law, Life, and Letters,' Lord Birkenhead wrote that 'in the smaller circuit towns fifty per cent. of the time of our judges is uselessly squandered.' The coming of the motor coach, and even of the railways, has not yet been fully appreciated by those who control our judicial machinery. If these matters were transferred to the Home Office, there might well be a quick redistribution of districts and a happy alliance and co-operation might be forged between the local criminal and the local civil courts and also between the local courts and the High Court. At present these courts are as independent of each other as used to be the case with many local government bodies before the coming of county councils. With a Ministry of Justice in office, were such reforms as these unduly delayed, some enterprising Member of Parliament would assuredly take the opportunity of earning fame by repeatedly interrogating the Minister on the question and of thus forcing on reform.

So it would be with all the necessary reforms in our courts of law. The Act of Parliament by which the Home Office was remodelled could definitely impose upon it the duty of preparing schemes of reconstruction and improvement. Close co-operation would, of course, still be necessary with the Lord Chancellor. For instance, the need for gradual codification in many branches of the law would become apparent as soon as reconstruction began. The Home Secretary would not be responsible for defining the law, and, therefore, would not be directly concerned with its unwieldy condition. This would remain a function of the Lord Chancellor. But it would be within the duties of the Home Secretary to insist in Cabinet discussions that there is need for certain measures of codification. Take our present law of landlord and

tenant as an example, a branch of law that affects everybody and which is deeply embedded in a difficult social problem. That law is a jungle of ancient judge-made and statute law, it still contains relics of feudal days, and there are obvious blanks in it even now which some unfortunate litigants will one day have to fill up at their own expense unless we mend our ways. It might well be for the Home Secretary to press our need for a code in season and out and for Members of Parliament to pillory him if he was not sufficiently energetic. We need a Landlord and Tenant Code on the lines of our Companies Acts, with schedules containing skeleton leases similar to the model constitutions for companies contained in the Companies Acts. Some solicitors may shudder at any suggestion that the mysteries of conveyancing should be simplified, but I am convinced that the proposal is both practical and urgent. Far too much money is compulsorily spent by the public in acquiring leases—and freeholds too. There are many other branches of private law which need to be dealt with in a similar way. But they are unlikely ever to be codified unless we have one Minister acting as a Minister of Justice under full political control to urge the need.

Were the Haldane scheme adopted, a matter for most careful consideration would be the method of making judicial appointments, and on this matter the chances of the scheme being adopted by Parliament may well depend. No judicial appointments should be in the sole control of the 'Minister of Justice'; nor, I am tempted to add, of any one else. Lord Hewart in his book, 'The New Despotism,' has made the flesh of many creep at the prospect that with a Ministry of Justice 'the appointment of the judiciary would sooner or later be in the unfettered hands of the bureaucracy itself.' At present, it is well to remember, appointments to the judiciary, both the highest and the lowest, are in 'unfettered hands,' many of the highest being in the unfettered hands of politicians, and I, for one, hope to see other and better methods employed which will both obviate the particular dangers to which Lord Hewart alludes and also the dangers in our present methods. But whatever plan be adopted as part of the general reconstruction, I see no reason to fear that the conversion of the Home Office into a

Ministry of Justice would either lower the standard or limit the independence of judges and magistrates.

The prospects for obtaining substantial reforms in the administration of justice ought to be good. Whatever political views we may hold, we can all agree that this Parliament affords a unique opportunity for carrying non-political reforms. The present Government has no vast programme, born of election pledges, to endeavour to force through; most of the work is admittedly going to be done by executive action. As I see the political situation, both Houses of Parliament may be clamouring for something to do before many months are gone by. If no Minister under the present organisation has the necessary time to give to legal reforms, there is all the more reason why one Minister should be definitely charged with the responsibility. After many years study of our legal machine and of our legal needs I have come to the conclusion that those who realise the need for Law Reform should concentrate their energies upon the Haldane scheme for a Ministry of Justice. Only thus are we likely to secure any of the desired changes. Without such a Ministry we must be content with a more or less futile agitation on the one hand and on the other with at most periodical expressions of post-prandial sympathy.

CLAUD MULLINS.

Art. 5.—THE DRINK PROBLEM.

Royal Commission on Licensing (England and Wales), 1929-31, Report. Cmd. 3988.

FROM a 'gigantic evil' threatening the foundations of society and exercising undue political influence by organising every public-house as a centre of propaganda, the Licensed Trade has shrunk within a generation to normal membership of the community. The publican has been promoted from the ranks of sinners. The evidence before the Royal Commission of 1896 differed entirely in character from that given to their successors reporting this year. There has been a profound change in the atmosphere and outlook of the Trade, and in the judgment of the Commissioners the alteration is permanent. It is safe to say that, although every one was aware that considerable improvement had occurred, none of the Commissioners anticipated the nature of their verdict when their labours began, whilst the Labour Government appointing the Royal Commission in 1929 probably expected a strong recommendation in favour of immediate nationalisation. The 'Drink Question' still attracts great public interest, and the proceedings of the Commission were followed with close attention, whilst the sale of the Minutes of Evidence has already produced 3484*l*. The present Report is a valuable document which is cheap at 4*s*. 6*d*., and since we are told that it cost 450*l*. to produce, there is little doubt that public demand will ensure a handsome addition to the profits of that successful publishing firm, H.M. Stationery Office.

For a century past the 'Trade' has been subjected to sustained attack from the temperance movement, and has defended itself with equal energy, but the change in national habits is on altogether too great a scale to be ascribed to any process of argument. It is due to a variety of immediate causes which are themselves but effects of the fundamental secular change in our national life. Whilst the Royal Commission of 1896 found that the *per capita* consumption of beer was increasing, it was able to report that marked signs of change were already evident. Drunkenness had materially decreased, partly owing to the labours of temperance workers, partly to the spread

of education, but probably in largest degree to the recent intensive development of the 'passion for games and athletics,' which the Commission stated 'has served as a powerful rival to "boozing," at one time almost the only excitement open to working men.'

The Royal Commission now reporting finds that the social developments contributing to the much more remarkable improvement during the present century have been still wider, and enumerates cinemas, wireless, allotments, playing fields, travel facilities, better housing conditions, and development of education and public health services. We have suggested that all these are secondary causes. Increased sobriety naturally accompanies an improvement in the standard of living, and both together form but one phase of the complete transformation of social life by the Industrial Revolution still in progress. If we are right in that view, if a society enjoying greater comfort and more varied interests is necessarily more temperate, it is impossible to doubt the Commission's reassuring conclusion that the improvement is permanent. Our nation may not always prosper, but always henceforth it must be a nation of citizens rather than of villagers; and city life will always present sufficient variety of attractions to prevent the revival of the old habits of drinking. The young man of to-day is not acquiring the drink habit. The young man of to-morrow may be only vaguely aware of the existence of public-houses as of museums, chapels, and other places he does not frequent.

The progressive decrease in consumption of intoxicants has been remarked by every one interested in the problem, but the magnitude of the change during the life of the present generation has never before been brought out in so satisfactory a fashion, linked as it is in this Report with discussion of the parallel changes in the conduct and character of the licensed house which assist in making it intelligible. For every four standard gallons of beer sold in 1899 the man of 1929 consumed two; for every four gallons of wine, only three; whilst in the case of spirits three gallons out of four remained unsold. The three classes of liquor were affected very differently by legislation during the war period. The Liquor Control Board interfered somewhat violently with the natural

changes in progress, in particular by fixing a high price and low strength for spirits, and so driving many spirit drinkers to consume strong ales and the more highly alcoholic wines such as port. But for this action directed intensively against one class of liquor, it is probable that the consumption of all intoxicants would have been found to fall in much the same proportion. So far as price legislation has contributed to increased sobriety it has acted by forcing consumers to use weaker intoxicants. The liquid quantities consumed have not fallen in anything like the proportion suggested by the figures of standard gallonage of beer or proof gallonage of spirits, but the Commission makes little comment upon this very important point, although many of the results it observes are due to the use of alcohol in less concentrated form. The greatest excesses of the past were due to the sale of strong raw spirit which is now unobtainable.

It is naturally difficult to trace the effect of legislative action in restriction of hours, and witnesses were divided in opinion; but there will be general support for the Commission's conclusion that the hours now permitted are much more conducive to sobriety than those customary in 1914. The early morning drink before commencing work is now impossible, and importers of rum sigh vainly over memories of the workman's six o'clock rum-and-milk, which will never be obtainable again. The afternoon break was received as a boon by retailers, and whilst it is no doubt inconvenient to travellers and some other classes, it has broken the all-day soaking of the habitual drunkard; the orderly streets of our more difficult cities bear eloquent testimony to the wisdom of earlier closing at night. Public opinion will certainly support the Commission's emphatic recommendation that the existing restrictions shall be permanently maintained, with certain humanising modifications. Legislation effecting drastic changes in price, strength, and permitted hours of sale was made possible by war conditions; but it is significant proof of the progress achieved that after 1918 there was no popular movement for return to pre-war arrangements. Rather was the continuance of the improved state of things accepted with good-humoured grumbling, since the majority were satisfied that the new order, irksome as they sometimes found it, was infinitely better than the old.

Whilst it is impossible to isolate the effect of the Licensing Act of 1904 in instituting the Compensation Fund to reduce the number of licensed houses, it is certainly of a much lower degree of importance than the war measures of the Liquor Control Board. The most powerful change is in public opinion. One has but to consider how impossible any of these successful regulations would have been two generations ago to appreciate that the action of the Legislature has rather stimulated tendencies already powerfully at work than made a nation temperate by Act of Parliament. Having reviewed the present circumstances of the Trade and its relations with Licensing Justices and the public, the Commission does not recommend any fundamental change, but is satisfied that there is still an evil of excessive drinking, and that expenditure on intoxicants reaches a definitely uneconomic figure. The chief elements in its proposals for amendment are provision of machinery for rapidly reducing the number of licences, improving the remainder, greater control over clubs, and another experiment in some other district on the lines of State management at Carlisle. In addition to these major proposals it makes a number of others for removing irritating anomalies, standardising permitted hours of sale over the whole country, and the issue of privileged licences to hotels and restaurants.

The Commission was what is known as representative, drawing its members from employers, labour organisers, Trade and temperance societies, social reformers, and officials. Lord Amulree must have driven his team with much urbanity to secure so much agreement, but there are signs of compromise throughout the Report. Perhaps the most marked of these are to be found in the recommendation for creation of a National Licensing Commission, a recommendation which seems to have survived when all the powers at first proposed had been cut away one by one. Certainly the scheme as it stands has little to recommend it, since the Commission would have no functions of importance, and the work which would be entrusted to it would be much better performed by the existing agency of the Home Office with its experienced officials. We have no information as to the origin and history of this proposal, but it is consistent with nationalisation of the Trade controlled by this proposed Commission, which

would then have enjoyed powers on the Carlisle precedent to reduce licences drastically and improve the remaining houses. As they stand in the Report the proposals are not linked effectively together.

The recommendation to accelerate the reduction of licences proposes to use the existing machinery of the Compensation Fund ; but although the Commission is of the opinion that the problem should be approached on a national scale with a national policy, its own suggestions do not merit that description. Under the present system every licensed house in the country is liable to contribute a certain maximum annual sum to the Compensation Fund graduated according to property tax assessment. The decision whether or not this sum, or any portion of it, shall actually be levied, rests with the compensation authority in each area, which makes its decision annually. A minority of authorities have consistently imposed the maximum levy, but the practice of others has varied from an occasional imposition of the maximum through an habitual levy of a fraction of the maximum and a not infrequent abstinence from any levy at all. Obviously, decision on this point is influenced by the opinion of the justices as to whether there are too many licences in the area and by experience of the reaction of the public to excessive reduction, usually evident by the creation of clubs. Where the maximum has been regularly collected there is probably a case for continued reduction of licences. Where practice has changed from time to time it is probable that the number of existing licences is approximately that required by the locality. The question is, and must remain, one for local decision, but, on one condition to which we will recur, a national authority might render useful service in co-ordinating plans. That is the only function of value the Commission proposes to allot to its National Licensing Commission, but the limited powers suggested would make that body altogether too feeble, and we are frankly of the opinion that whatever may be done in this direction will be done better without any such unnecessary *ad hoc* body. The Commission proposes legislative action to compel all Compensation Authorities to review the position of their areas within two years, and to prepare plans for a reduction of licences. In order that these plans may be on a sufficient scale a

further proposal is made that the maximum charge for the Compensation Fund shall be trebled, and that the existing powers permitting authorities to borrow up to fifteen years' income shall be used. The amount at the disposal of the authorities would thus be increased by several thousands per cent. At the same time that the Trade would be called upon to find this heavily increased annual charge, much of which would be frittered away in service of loans, it would also be compelled to reconstruct the remaining licensed houses at heavy capital cost. The scheme would cover a fifteen-year period, and it is proposed that the reconstructions should be carried out within the first seven years; whilst it would obviously be necessary to give some security to the brewing owners that reconstructed houses should at least be sure of licence renewal during the fifteen-year period.

There is nothing statesmanlike about this proposal. The Commissioners do not discuss whether excessive drinking bears any relation whatever to the number of public-houses, whilst there is no evidence in existence to show that the increased sobriety of the nation is in any way due to reduction of licences. Indeed, since in the last twenty-seven years one-fourth of the country's licensed houses have been closed and a large number of the others have been substantially improved, it may be held that reduction of licences is proceeding normally by the operation of the present scheme. The fact that the operation of the scheme has slowed up in recent years spurs the Commissioners to find the violent remedy outlined above, but the more natural interpretation of the evidence would seem to be that the scheme is serving its purpose well and slows up automatically as the number of licences reaches the minimum requirement in area after area, whilst the value of the remaining houses naturally increases. In this connection the Commission proposes the abolition of Monopoly Value payments for new licences, and frowns upon the system of removals, which permits the extinction of several old licences on the opening of one in a new district. The removal system seems rather to be commendable as an instance of natural processes; the licences extinguished are presumably wanted less than the new one, and provided that care is taken that their total value approximates to that of the

new house there is a change from several old licences, probably of poor class, to a modern house in a district where it is required, all without cost to the Compensation Authority.

We think the Commission wrong in its statement that the problem requires to be dealt with on a national scale, and its own proposal leaves the present local basis of the scheme unchanged. The real problem is one of congested areas. There are undoubtedly districts where the number of licences is too large, even where the compensation charge has been levied at the maximum amount during the whole period of the Fund's existence. The Commission's scheme would do nothing to help these localities. It is true that the maximum levy would be trebled, but it is very questionable whether the Trade, comfortably prosperous as it was before the additional beer duty was imposed in September last, could bear this onerous charge and at the same time find capital for reconstruction of a large number of licensed houses. The Commission discreetly abstains from mentioning the capital cost of this latter proposal, although almost the whole amount thus expended would have to be written off during the fifteen-year period in the absence of certainty about the position after that date.

The Compensation Fund has operated for twenty-seven years in reducing licences. The Commission proposes a violent acceleration of its work, followed by a period of quiescence. No doubt it is anticipated that another Royal Commission would be appointed in fifteen years' time to reconsider the position. It seems to us altogether more wise to leave well alone; perhaps to increase the maximum amount of the Compensation charge, so that the Authorities would have a larger amount at their disposal; but to leave the question of borrowing entirely to their discretion as at present. A regular annual improvement of houses and reduction of total licences seems far more desirable than a catastrophic upheaval of the whole Trade. Witnesses such as Commissioner Lamb of the Salvation Army and Sir Edgar Sanders, who was in control of the Carlisle experiment during its critical years, concur in stating that there is no drunkenness problem at present; whilst Lord d'Abernon drew attention to an aspect of the question of deep social importance. He

stated that he had been impressed by the coincidence of the general reduction of insobriety with the great advance in the prosperity of the Trade, and considered that all further needs could be met by maintenance of existing restrictions and taxation, rationalisation of the Trade, and development of scientific investigation of alcohol.

The depth and permanence of the social change has not received sufficient weight in the Report. Our present standards differ entirely from those of our grandfathers. Judged by our standards, which would have been impossible then, excessive drinking was a national evil in our grandfathers' day. The position was thoroughly bad and showed little sign of improvement. That is not the case to-day. Not only has there been an unforeseen improvement in every aspect of the problem, but that improvement is progressing. The 'gigantic evil' which threatened social betterment has shrivelled to a mere problem of dealing with excessive licences in congested areas. In many districts there is not a house the justices would have the heart to de-license, since the countryman already laments that he must deserve his drink by a five-mile walk out and home. In dockside districts and industrial slums, however, there are frequently too many houses, whilst the low standard of living makes the 'improved public-house' an impossible proposition.

The proposals of the Commission would not help these congested areas. Whatever the amount of the maximum levy, the Commission's proposals for borrowing must inevitably decrease the net cash available for extinguishing licences by the amount of interest charges; whilst brewing owners would be both unwilling and unable to undertake large scale schemes of reconstruction if their profits were largely reduced. The congested areas would be left to improve themselves from their own resources. In place of the grandiose National Licensing Commission we suggest a simple and just expedient to facilitate reduction of licences in a far less burdensome way. The Compensation Levy is now permissive, and in many areas is not levied because there is little or no necessity for it. We suggest that the problem should really be treated as national by making the levy compulsory and collecting it annually from every licensed house in England and Wales. It should be mentioned that the collection is actually

made by the Excise, so that there would be no difficulty in paying the proceeds into a national fund.

Each Compensation Authority should have the first call on the amount collected from its area, but if it saw no occasion to apply the money it would remain in the national pool. Other Compensation Authorities would desire to use more than the amount collected from their own districts. They should be required to present their schemes to the Home Office, which would be empowered to apply the surplus of the Fund for the extinction of licences in areas where it was satisfied that they were substantially in excess of local requirements. This would produce the maximum reduction, and entail the minimum of interference with a scheme which has worked justly and well; whilst the additional amount raised from the Trade would be used to the greatest national advantage.

Concentration on this question of reducing licences has perhaps induced the Commission to allow insufficient weight to present abuses of the law regarding clubs. Magistrates in developing districts, and in districts where the number of licences is insufficient or barely sufficient for local requirements, are well aware that if they do not grant new licences, or abstain from reducing the number of old licences, clubs at once spring up which may be little more than unlicensed drinking-houses. There could be no more significant proof that reduction of licences below the requirement of any locality, as with all 'reforms' in advance of public opinion, will defeat its own ends. The Commission makes excellent proposals for dealing with clubs which we hope will be adopted, but nothing is more certain than that arbitrary refusal to provide normal facilities for drinking will result in their provision in some other form. We are strongly convinced that too rapid reduction of the present licensed houses would create evils in the place of a well-regulated system which the Commission thinks might be better but admits is not bad.

These suggested alterations of the law regarding clubs are simple, and should be reasonably effective if the licence-reduction scheme is so modified that it does not create a sense of exasperation amongst consumers, who feel that they are being treated unjustly by superior persons. At present every public-house licence comes up annually for renewal, except for the small number of

'term' licences paying monopoly value. This annual renewal is in practice a matter of form, unless objection is raised against renewal of a particular licence. The Commission proposes that the registration of every club, from the Royal Automobile to a local Trades Hall, shall come up annually for renewal in the same way, but before a new Registration Authority distinct from the Licensing Justices. Further, it revives a proposal which has previously been before Parliament: that Chief Constables shall be empowered to authorise the police to enter club premises, over which they have no present power of supervision. The pill of this innovation is sugared by the proviso that no such entry shall be made except on a special warrant for each occasion, so that inspection of clubs would not become part of normal police routine as with licensed houses, but would usually only follow suspicion of misconduct. No doubt all clubs would prefer to be left in the enjoyment of their present unrestricted freedom, but these proposals must be held to be in the public interest, as inflicting the minimum of inconvenience upon well-conducted clubs, and providing the maximum control over others.

The proposals for issuing privileged licences to hotels and restaurants are conceived in a liberal spirit, but will probably be held to constitute an unnecessary complication of the present simple system. At present licensees who prove that their takings from intoxicants form less than a statutory proportion of their total receipts are allowed a rebate of licence duty. The Commission makes the excellent suggestion that this system should be extended to cover even inns where food takings represent only 10 per cent. of the total, the cost of the liquor licence being reduced in proportion to the importance of liquor receipts to total sales. This would be an encouragement to road-houses which can never hope to be described as hotels under the existing rules, and would have the eminently desirable effect of encouraging the more general provision of refreshments other than intoxicants. This privilege for what we have non-technically described as 'inns' might well be included in one body of rules covering licences of every kind where other refreshments are provided: inns, hotels, and restaurants. The less the importance of intoxicants to the house, the lower should

be the proportion of maximum licence duty paid, and the scale of adjustment proposed by the Commission seems equitable. But the provision of longer permitted hours for customers consuming food, which has worked excellently in practice, should obviously be extended to every house proving that it is entitled to pay reduced duty: to the humble inn as well as to the lordly hotel. In fact, there is no need for, and some disadvantage in, the issue of a privileged licence of special type. What is more desirable is a liberal extension of the present system now that we know how to avoid abuse, so that the genuine public requirement for liquor with meals outside the ordinary hours may be met. The ordinary country inn can never hope to qualify as a hotel. The Commission proposes to confer a small benefit upon it by way of reduction of duty which will not advantage the public. What is needed is an extension of hotel privileges to houses genuinely providing refreshments, so that a motorist arriving at a country inn just before closing time would be able to order a meal with a liquid accompaniment he might appreciate more highly than cocoa.

We imagine that there must have been battles royal upon the vexed question of nationalisation of the liquor trade. The Majority Report is Laodicean in its approval of the principle and rejection of the practice. It praises the Carlisle experiment and makes a wistful suggestion that a similar venture should be tried in another area. Action on these invidious lines would be very difficult. It was possible to select the Carlisle area under war conditions, but no other district would consent to be isolated as a further subject of experiment. State Purchase of the whole Trade is a possible course, or even gradual extension of the Carlisle experiment by the reinvestment of its own profits; but the initiation of an entirely fresh scheme in another area would require an overwhelming vote of the inhabitants in support of the proposal, and we doubt if that is practical politics.

Lady Simon is not satisfied with this lukewarm attitude, and recommends immediate nationalisation. She agrees with the majority that the Government could not finance immediate purchase, although we are rather bewildered at the absence of any reference to the war-time report on State Purchase which dealt with this

difficulty in an impressively able manner. Lady Simon abandons State Purchase in favour of State expropriation. She suggests that, since the State cannot afford to buy, Brewery Ordinary shareholders shall be compelled to redeem their own capital out of their own profits and transfer the whole industry to the State without national payment or even guarantee. No proposal of Public Ownership will be workable without the provision of public money, although it might possibly be arranged without any cost to the public by the issue of stocks carrying public guarantee of principal and interest. Lady Simon's proposal is unthinkable outside a communist utopia, which might find it an admirable precedent for general adoption.

Altogether the Report is an admirable and well-balanced document, disposing of a controversy confused by the angry tempers of many generations, and deserving a high place amongst State papers. The candid moderation of its proposals, save upon the one point of licence reduction, where it has been influenced by survivals of nineteenth-century prejudice, will commend it to the thoughtful consideration of all reasonable men, and we hope that the majority of its recommendations will be implemented by the Legislature.

GEORGE F. GOOD.

Art. 6.—THE GREAT TRADITION.

1. *The Golden Thread*. By Philo M. Buck, Jr. Macmillan, 1931.
2. *Poetry*. By John Masefield. Heinemann, 1931.

IN an address on 'The Fate of Empires,' delivered in November last at the University College of North Wales, Dean Inge, whose widely alleged pessimism is merely an outspoken acceptance of facts merged with not a little constructive suggestion, pointed at least a part of the moral underlying the feverous movements and short-sighted tendencies of these days; and it is worth while to ponder the truths that he hinted at. Having dealt with the fall of the Roman and Spanish Empires, the Dean referred to the British Empire and expressed the opinion that the period of its expansion had come to an end. To quote from the report in the 'Times' of Nov. 5, he also said that:

'He was afraid our part as a world Power was approaching its end. We had been good enough, with some luck, to achieve a wonderful position in the world, but he was afraid we were not good enough to keep it. . . .

'Historians might say that the last world-Empire was the greatest and most beneficent to mankind the world had ever seen. We should continue to be a great nation if we kept true to our ideals, and whether those nations who spoke our language and lived largely under our traditions remained under our flag or not, he thought they would regard England as we ourselves regarded countries like Palestine and Greece, as their spiritual home—the place from which they derived much of what they most valued and wished to keep.

"Therefore," added Dr Inge, "I do not wish to end in a despairing frame of mind. I think our Empire, in the old sense, is coming to an end, but our race is not, and what is worth keeping is in our own hands, and especially in the hands of the younger generation to make or to mar."

Possibly that picture of a British Empire no longer bound together by strands of consanguinity and pride, or centrally attached to a throne in England may not at a first glance unduly depress, for the racial promise is a real one; but if we pause to recall the peculiar character

of the Empire, then such a prospect does suggest considerations for disquiet. If the British Commonwealth of Nations were like the powerful empires of the past—of Assyria and Egypt, of Rome and Spain, and the very brief, lurid excrescence raised by Napoleon on the ruins of a broken and exhausted Europe—glittering circumstances, built by the sword and maintained by terror and the sword (though Rome had exceptional ideals and practices in citizenship), only to fall in humiliation and distress as soon as the authority of the sword was weakened and relaxed ; then its inevitable disappearance might be accepted by historians and philosophers, at any rate with such equanimity as may be easily given to predictions justified by the event.

But, of course—and the point is too obvious to require more than its assertion—the British Commonwealth is different from all earlier forms of imperial dominance, as not by the sword but rather by the all-guarding shield is it governed ; and its decay or partition could only result in an enormous and persistent unsettlement throughout the world. The simplest native community in Central Africa, in Polynesia, even in South America, must in some way be affected by it ; while among the states of Europe, to say nothing of the Dominions and India, at some time in the future to be a Dominion also, the consequences would be incalculable, as the recent crises due to world-causes have proved. So closely knit together, through political and trade habits and agreements and the insistent though invisible clutches of international finance, are all civilised countries now, that the results of such dissolution, especially if sudden, would be inestimably disastrous. Something of the kind was evident before the outbreak of the War ; and in 1914 many a serious person, to whom Prussian sabre-rattling had been merely a sort of unpleasant and overdone theatrical exercise, refused to believe in the possibility of war because Europe, in its complex conditions, could not afford the cost and risks of such an orgy of destruction. In spite of that, however, the War did occur and those wiseacres even now are being proved right. We are suffering, but possibly more heavily, just such evil consequences as they had feared ; and many an anxious hour must elapse, many a palliative and constructive effort be successfully made, before it will

be possible to look back on the present dark experience and regard it as a dangerous storm-cloud passed.

But not by practical measures only can the amelioration of present unhappiness and instabilities be wrought. Man does not live by bread alone; nor is his salvation really made secure through the deeds and talk of the politicians. Ideals are more essential even than priests and statesmen. With singular opportuneness, a volume has been recently published which supplements the implied appeal of the Dean of St Paul's, by reminding us of the true bases, spiritual and intellectual, of personal and national greatness; while, indirectly, it brings some inspiration to bear on the question of our imperial and racial future. Without greatness of conceptions and broad-minded administration and the freedom of ordered liberty the British Commonwealth cannot go on in its present securities; and nothing is able so well to maintain that essential continuance than noble traditions, still endowed with life and treasured for inspiration in times of trouble. 'The Golden Thread' is a book especially welcome and necessary to these difficult and discordant days. It reminds us helpfully of something lost that is not irrecoverable; and recalls certain essentials that in the noisy and thoughtless confusion of the times had somewhat been missed. Possibly as a necessary preliminary we can best suggest the call and particular value of the volume by quoting a passage from the concluding chapter.

'What is the story of the past hundred years since the death of Goethe? It tells in the main only a long tale of disillusionment after disillusionment, of abandoned temples and deities shorn of respect. There have been some magnificent experiments, only later to be abandoned. There have been magnificent technicians. . . .

'A new series of disillusionments. Perhaps the greatest has been the latest—we have lost our magnificent trust of a few years ago in science, the belief that science was to penetrate into every fold of human activity, lay all things straight, and by its magic aid the world of human affairs was to be made a world of angels. . . . Science made man a curious machine, and his reason merely its smooth or raucous operation, and responsibility to self or heaven a thing that can best be uttered in mathematical formulæ. The thing

was and is still a bit depressing. The heir of the ages, made in the image of God, seems rather the son of Henry Ford, and not always or often as nicely adjusted.'

That, by the way, is an apt retort to Sir James Jeans' recent assumption, in 'The Mysterious Universe,' that God is the Supreme Mathematician, and suggests that even the exactitudes of mathematical science must succumb to that latest blessed formula, Relativity. If the Deity were a mere positive Fact, working out His ends by strictly regular methods (of course, as we would regulate them) and an absolute practicability, it would make earthquakes and other unexpected sudden catastrophes—conveniently summarised in insurance policies as 'Acts of God'—still more difficult to correlate and justify than they are. But, of course, no one knows better than a student of science how inscrutable are the workings and mysteries of Nature, so that any endeavour made by the scientific to be precise over the expressions of Divinity in the world, or in the heavens above, can only be accepted as a sort of courageous adventure in guess-work. There is so much more in life than the electricity which, according to the theory of Sir James Jeans, is the chief driving force of Existence; and amongst that 'so much more' are, what is easily and carelessly called, the heart of man and the mind of genius, and other aspects of that spiritual, emotional, intellectual greatness which so often has moved to nobleness the communities of the Earth.

Yet as we have seen, our modern world, in its everyday scramble of work and idleness, must often appear to the 'Comic Spirit' of George Meredith's imagination* as the costermonger-cart of the universe, or, even less inspiring nowadays, as a cheap and cheaply-noisy motor car run for the plainest of commercial ends. We have been living in an age of smaller men in all the professions—save possibly that of Science, which, however, too often has devoted its organised intelligence to creating inven-

* 'Whenever (men) wax out of proportion . . . whenever they offend sound reason and fair justice, are false in humility or mired with conceit, individually or in the bulk—the Spirit overhead will look humanely malign and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter. That is the Comic Spirit.'

tions of destruction—hugger-mugger in their purposes and generally uncertain of their ends. The gods and the giants who once-on-a-time walked the earth have finally departed. After them the major prophets came and went; the minor prophets followed, and, as Mr Buck reminds us, all that is left of their mantles seems mainly to be worn by the journalists. This, though perhaps put somewhat flippantly, is nevertheless the truth, or very like it, and we need rather desperately in the present day some restoration of the prophets, or at least of the ideals they more or less represented. Then, perhaps, the world that appears to have gone a little astray, may be found again smoothly coursing along its original divinely-ordained orbit.

It is especially in regard to the inspiration of great Literature that 'The Golden Thread' is helpful, as beyond any other of the arts—all being essential to the true life of men—Literature most easily prevails over the mind, for the reason that its appeal may be felt by the simplest people; whereas the music which touches hearts to their noblest pulsations is rarely acceptable to any but those born to it with special gifts or who have cultivated it. 'Lear' may thrill any everyday audience whom even Bach and Beethoven, though peers of Shakespeare, in their highest of the arts may bore. But we must not press comparisons too closely. It is, however, the special purpose of the volume before us to remind its readers that, out of the visions and wisdom, wit and truth, sublimity of conception and achievement of the written and printed word, there comes a priceless inspiration. As it was earlier, so it is now, and, doubtless, will be while the human heart is capable of responding to the call of great minds. Books speak and the right books urge and lift above the mire and the mists. In the beginning, as we follow 'The Golden Thread,' there was Homer. From him we pass to Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides; to Aristophanes with his irony and challenging laughter; to Virgil, 'the most modern of all ancient poets'; to Socrates and Marcus Aurelius; to the Buddha and the poets and philosophers of the ancient East. Then to the Hebrews with their Bible, that well of universal inspiration; to the Koran and to Dante; to the Little Flowers of St Francis; to Rabelais; to Montaigne and Cervantes,

to Shakespeare and his companions in the outspoken glory of his age; to Molière, Milton, Rousseau, Goethe—the last two dwindling forces yet carrying on faithfully the impulse, born before the heroic age of Greece and continuing the golden thread of the sublime achievements of heart, mind, voice, and pen, that has joined the ages together and, so long as its reality is treasured, will remain.

Such influence is, of course, not limited to the personal. Causes as well need its inspiration. Those who lead in public life lead the better if out of the ruck of their prejudices and programmes they lose themselves at times among the essayists and poets. Most of our best statesmen have done so and thereby have strengthened their influence. Generally their ideals and the style of their oratory were formed on the classics and especially on the Authorised Version of the Bible; and recalling the speakers of to-day, it is disappointing to realise how few literary allusions, classical quotations and references to the apt examples of recorded history are made in their speeches. These omissions of themselves need not be bad, because too much of the old oratory—of course, not that which more or less accurately has echoed down the ages—was insincere, empty, and windy, a cloud of words, now ineffectual. But yet, what looks like the present almost blank indifference of public men to the thought and impulse of great literature, for the strengthening of their spoken appeals, is the worse because it comes from indifference. Somebody has said that every Member of Parliament should prove himself versed in Gibbon's 'History of the Decline and Fall' and in the 'Wealth of Nations' of Adam Smith; because the one gives fullness and largeness of historical view and tends thereby to guard against the evils of narrowness, hasty legislation, and the folly of would-be opportune sops and doles; while the other establishes some of the foundations of the economic principles that are necessary to every modern state, and rarely have proved more necessary than now.

Apparently, it is a far cry from these anxious hours with their intricate and noisy conditions to the archaic days; yet the span of those few thousand years may be bridged in an instant if, as Charles Lamb said, we have a mind for it. Not every one can read the *Odyssey* and

the *Iliad* with his feet on the fender. Greek so often is 'Greek' to the man-in-the-street and the woman-at-home, and the hurrying politicians; but there are traversable ways to it through translations which even in English make the voice of Homer audible and the personalities of his people vividly alive, with the character and colours about them of the places wherein they loved, hated, fought, and were sometimes treacherous—the heroes as well as the gods being often more than humanly unheroic—as real as the painted illusory but acceptable background of any stage-play. So that when problems of civilisation are heavy and baffling to us and sometimes appear mean, it is easy for those who know the way to borrow the wings of genius and escape through magic casements to that world of reality, fantasy and dream that is still of this world and yet is of the infinite; being, at once, warm with humanity and touched with the divine. It is not merely a relief, it is necessary at times to escape from our crowded streets to that illumination and peacefulness among the streams cascading down the immortal hills, to wander with Pan and greet the fauns and dryads that haunt the sacred woods and valleys.

In the spheres of activity and adventure, through all the ages, there is a strangely continued unity between this age and the heroic past. So that every era may learn from every preceding era. Hector, Achilles and Ulysses, Helen and Penelope, with their companions and enemies, are proved of much the same stuff, very earth and very flame, as the noble and sinful women and men who since that youth of the world have lived. Whether those deathless people were Trojan or Greek, or belonging to the outer life that knew not Helen, we find their counterparts—in ruffs or stocks or sweaters—among the roving Elizabethans, the restless Victorians, and the sons of those mighty generations who in this century have carried on pioneer exploration into the hidden places with a similar courage and determination. The spirits of Francis Drake and Philip Sidney unquestionably moved among the trenches and on the seas during those four unforgettable years of the Great War; and there was a brilliant touch of dramatic truth in Mr Bernard Shaw's restoration of the English private-soldier in the Epilogue to his 'Saint Joan,' showing that in his easy-going, sloven-spoken,

good-natured carelessness, natural unselfishness and fatalism he was the spit of the men who fought at Minden, Salamanca, Waterloo, Alma, Rorke's Drift, and Paschendale. And that is some reason why the inspiration of the Homeric poetry helps later years ; because essentially, with all the differences wrought by science and social advance, the human creature most concerned has remained obstinately much as he always was—a boy who in many of his aspects refuses successfully to grow up.

The archaic times ended, and the age of sophistication, never to be terminated, set in. The Homeric heroes and heroines, in their qualities as in their faults, were generally finely or crudely simple. Even the cunning of Odysseus, pitted against the wits of the super-cultured, self-satisfied citizens of Athens, would have been of doubtful avail. None of the sins of primitive times could well be called deadly, because as yet they were hardly social, or indeed hardly sins. But that earliest condition of simplicity passed as communities grew and men settled into towns. Complications soon arose. The principles of freedom were restricted. Privileges were assumed and asserted. There were classes, serfs, and soldiery. Tyrants and tribunes saw or made, and certainly used, their opportunities ; and not for the noblest ends. People talked and sometimes thought. Politics, that dangerous amusement of the multitude, became a disease, with persecution and cruelty resulting from it. There were wars, invasions, cruelties ; jealousies, ambitions, greeds, treacheries, suspicions, and always ingratitude for ' benefits forgot '—ample occasion, it will be seen, for the shafts of irony, tragic and humorous, and of bitter truth, hurled by the satirists at those whose vanity and boldness had brought them to undue prominence. It was a superb opportunity for the great Greek dramatists, and they rose to it ; used it. Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, in nobility of thought and diction and that expressive power which Goethe in a moment of inspiration described as ' the divine,' with Aristophanes, the sublime comedian who brought to the task his scathing powers of ridicule and laughter, pierced and smote the weaknesses of their time, as of all time ; for the sins and follies of those days were very like the sins and follies of these, and have rarely been much altered since the comparative ills of civilisation set in.

Recognising the essential similarity throughout of human nature, its wishes, ways, and institutions—a continuity that makes so real and precious the linking 'golden thread' of inspired literature—it was not extravagant of Mr Buck to point the truth that our William Shakespeare, far beyond all other poetic playwrights, was intellectually and morally akin with the great dramatists of Greece. Their province was not dissimilar from his; and their range was equally vast. He and they, too, studied the workings in smallness and greatness of the human soul under all manner of misfortunes and restraints, and especially chose for subjects—'like gilded painted flies'—kings, queens, and leaders of life, while with a searching irony they took cognisance of the interferences of the gods in the hopes and plans of their unruly subordinates on Earth. To the Greeks, 'the baleful home-coming of Agamemnon, the fatal paradox of Oedipus, the hideous dilemma of sweet Antigone, the agonised futility of Prometheus'; to Shakespeare, the tortuous hesitations of Hamlet, the baffled ambition of Macbeth, the stark agony of Othello, the personal bankruptcy through wilfulness of Lear, were alike problems which closely search the basic weaknesses of mankind. And with all of them, irony, that subtle, mocking spirit of the gods, used no less remorselessly because there can be no effective rejoinder on the part of man, is the chosen instrument.

'The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.'

Although Shakespeare put that thought into the mouth of one of his worst victims—and when his villains were bad they were very, very bad; as was Edmund—it still may be taken as his own conviction of an underlying motive of this limited life. His irony, however, was more genial than that of the Greeks, who could pour divine and agonising punishment on their creatures and not feel any pity for them. But not so Shakespeare. He saw mankind—Hamlet, Brutus, Coriolanus, Lear—suffering pains not altogether due to their own faults, and did pity them, and showed they were the worthier of pity because each had conscience adding its sting to the whips of justice through which the fates harassed them.

It may be felt by some that, in spite of the similarities in the spiritual and physical nature of mankind, essentially unaltered over the drift of the years those superb victims of the poetic dramatists were not exactly fair examples to take, being supermen adroitly selected to point a series of morals, and lifted to regions above the life of everyday ; there to endure pains more exquisite, responsibilities and consequences heavier and more exalted, than can be the normal lot. The objection is, of course, a straw figure, put up to be nicely knocked down ; for Prometheus, Hamlet, Agamemnon, Othello, with the many others, under their agitations and the ways they bore them, whether they were called princes or not, still were ordinary men 'writ large.' Although Othello roared a good deal louder than a deceived husband of these days would do, and expressed his transports with a freedom and outspokenness characteristic of his African and Elizabethan origins (for with all his blackness he was ever a good deal of an Englishman), he was simply expressing what it may be imagined every deceived husband, who greatly loves his wife, is apt to feel when confronted with the conviction of her frailty. And this truth bears witness once more to the compelling power of the literature that has outlived its writers and the centuries. Its strength rests always in its truth to humanity.

Also, it is well to recognise from these comparisons and instances, revealed in great literature, more or less where man stands in relation to the universe ; especially just at present, when the discoveries and imaginations of the scientific have so vastly enlarged its nominal dimensions. The astronomers, physicists, mathematicians and philosophers, with their spectroscopes, atomic theories, graphs, calculations, and daring and dull assumptions, in the process of trying to set bounds to the universe, have, in truth, but further established the absoluteness of its infinity ; for they cannot set bounds to it. By no jugglery of words or formulæ can they truly set bounds to it, Existence being ever a good deal more than a philosophical expression.

Something of a similar condition—that of a new discovery, simply endless in its possibilities—confronted the Greeks and the Elizabethans in their separate days.

Each was challenged by new conditions that stimulated the farthest-reaching investigations and extraordinary flights of thought. Aeschylus and his confrères, alive to the complexities they lived among, found them insistent with questionings. What in effect was a new world had come into their view. Out of the primitive battlefields, civilisation had slowly risen to test the honesty and wisdom of mankind, and frequently the test had proved too severe. Shakespeare and his fellows of the Tudor days likewise found a new world revealed for their wonder, but this was the actual 'New World' beyond the Atlantic, and found to be rich with incalculable possibilities, and thronged with strange Red Men wandering through the unspoilt forests and dragons guarding mythical realms of gold. It cannot be doubted but that the outstanding genius of those two great ages was stimulated and made more fruitful through the challenges thus offered to them. The mind was called to new regions and found rich harvests there.

But it was impossible to probe the mysteries of the universe and not have questionings over its Great First Cause. 'The Golden Thread' traces developments in ethical thought, religious philosophy and mystical vision and romance which, necessarily compactly summarised in the book, cannot be more than referred to here. Religion!—with all its branches and divagations; changeless, yet rapidly alterable as some of its aspects have seemed, how immeasurable has been its unequalled influence on humanity! It is a universe, out-ranging that of physical existence, for not even philosophical bounds can be applied to it. With the growth of mind and of worldly experience it became adaptable to the times, altering its contacts and values, or through the lack of such ready adaptability failing and passing when a crisis had called for its saving powers. It is only so far as literature has expressed that great outpouring that it is touched upon here; but within that nominal limitation it has reached the heights of the sublimest thought expressed in poetry and prose. The humane inquiries of Socrates, Plato, and Marcus Aurelius may be taken as belonging to it as much even as the Bible, with its precious records of the earliest social history, its evidence of the gradual development of a monotheistic ideal, its raptures

in prophecy and tribal, heroic or religious song, and its culminating story of the world's supreme pilgrimage and sacrifice.

The East, whence the Old and the New Testaments came, brought also the other outstanding influences which roused the earnest and fanatical determinations of eager men, searching—'about it and about'—for the truth that links the life of this small planet with the worlds that to all but worshipping hearts are unseen. Islam with its militancy, the sword that built as well as destroyed; Buddhism with its gentle hesitations and vague self-immolation, and so, along other brightly-marked channels, to that development of mediæval ecclesiasticism and theology which found definition in the Inferno, Purgatorio and Paradiso of Dante, culminating in the glowing petals of the Sempiternal Rose—the thrones of the saints triumphant; and in the sweet enthusiasm of Francis which, ignoring the luxuries of a super-gilded and jewelled time, by a superb paradox found the soul's true glory among the haunts of the poorest and the lazar-houses. The spirit of Chivalry then alive, born of the Crusades, and especially inspired by the romantic personality of the heathen Saladin, lent colour and manners to the movement, but also brought something of the exaggerations and moral lassitude which required a Rabelais—whose book is surely the least understandable of all enduring utterances—to correct it; and, in the hour of decay, a Cervantes, who, setting out to ridicule, ended by establishing in his Knight of the Mournful Countenance, an heroic figure, selfless and of the purest, bravest purposes, to represent the ideal to which rarely, if ever—and safely it may be said *never*—did its living champions attain.

It is, of course, impossible to follow with any adequacy this full book, for it is an impression of the boundless treasures of inspiring human thought and utterance and, therefore, has a world-wide, almost a universal, aspect. It must be enough to point its valuable purpose of reminding us, when the heat and traffic of the day are burdensome, to seek refreshment where that is always available. Invariably, when the mood is willing, we can have access to the sources of exquisite emotions and kindling or exalted thoughts; while whenever the

illusions are inclined to stray or topple over through extravagance, there is generally a Comic Spirit ready to check such exuberance and restore the necessary balance. Without occasional recourse to noble influences it must be almost impossible not to drift with the ever-commonplace down the worn ruts of the world, suffering bourgeois complacency and gradually losing spiritual strength and the faculty for seeing the stars. Genius is the divine gift—how very haphazardly distributed it seems!—which through its illuminations makes possible the transition from dull ordinariness to the conditions that are not of every day.

‘This Life upon this Planet and this Planet herself are parts or shadows or roots of something intenser and greater. We who are mortals are only partially incarnate, partially sentient, partially spiritual.

‘But invisibly, very near us, touching us all, is a real world, of divine order and beauty, inhabited by spirits, whose mission it is to bring order and beauty, where they can, to mortal souls who are struggling for such things and remote as this world is in so many ways, its messengers are constant and its centre is everywhere. The life of that world is all ecstasy of understanding, it is all that instant perception and lasting rapture which we know as poetry.’ [p. 59]

These words from a lecture on Poetry delivered in London by Mr Masfield in October last put the case with insight and charm. To secure the ‘ecstasy of understanding’ of which he speaks may not be possible to all of us; for an unusual spirit, if not an unusual intellect, is required for it; but it is something, and it is much, to be able to recognise the truth of that ‘real world of divine order and beauty,’ for through the sympathy thereby implied a greater advance and ascent become possible. And through such access and intercourse to which the great works of literature assist, we as a race may grow worthier to carry on the responsibilities our forefathers bequeathed to us, or in Dean Inge’s words, quoted at the beginning of this essay, may again be ‘good enough’ for the successful fulfilment of our international and imperial obligations.

JAMES WILSON.

Art. 7—THE SLANG OF THE POILU.

1. *L'Argot des Poilus*. By François Déchelette. Paris : Jouve & Cie, 1918.
2. *L'Argot de la Guerre*. By Albert Dauzat. Paris : Armand Colin, 1918.
3. *Le Poilu tel qu'il se parle*. By Gaston Esnault. Paris : Editions Bossard, 1919.

THE French had three excellent glossaries of the Poilu's slang by June 1919, six years before either the Germans or the English published an adequate dictionary for Fritz and Tommy.

All three French lexicographers claim to have completed their work before the end of the War, but, while that claim is correct, we must make the order of merit depend, in some degree at least, on the order of publication. François Déchelette's '*L'Argot des Poilus*' appeared in the autumn of 1918; almost immediately after, came Albert Dauzat's '*L'Argot de la Guerre*,' in the second edition of which (early 1919) we find such a reference to Déchelette as renders him far less than justice; and in the spring of 1919 Gaston Esnault, utilising both the others but not having seen Dauzat's second edition, brought out his '*Le Poilu tel qu'il se parle*.'

With any one of these dictionaries a satisfactory knowledge of the French soldier's slang could be obtained, but for a thoroughly representative account recourse must be had to all three; for a sound but not an exhaustive idea, Déchelette plus either of the others will suffice; the one book giving the truest notion of the War in general and of Poilu slang in particular is undoubtedly the debonair Déchelette's. Dauzat, the best philologist, is well known outside France for his publications on language, wherein he combines a pleasant, leisurely style with a sound and versatile erudition. In '*L'Argot de la Guerre*,' which takes no count of the year 1918, he gives about 1640 entries in the glossary, which is very terse, brief, efficient, but of these words he notes that 330 were current in pre-War Parisian slang; perhaps even more valuable is that fascinating and important study of the influence of the War on, and its relation to, the French language which runs to about 38,000 words. Esnault

thus characterises Dauzat's work : ' It condenses, according to the best linguistic discipline, the results of an investigation conducted on perfect lines.' The manner of Dauzat's introductory essay may be gauged from the following short passage :

' Literary coinings are not in favour with the combatants, who nevertheless come to adopt them, along with many other words borrowed by the Front from the Rear.

' The best example is the celebrated *Rosalie* (bayonet), which has a habit of irritating numerous Poilus. As to the origin of the word there is no doubt : it was created by the song-writer, Theodore Botrel, who wished to make a pendant to the ancient Durandal, and who launched the word in a song published in ' *Le Bulletin des Armées* ' on Nov. 4, 1914. The word's success with civilians restrained its propagation on many a sector of the front line. Yet—if its detractors will allow me to say so—it has prospered, for it was of a good mint and followed a tendency well known in every Western " language of the people "

' *Bluets*, fathered by Lucien Descaves in ' *Le Journal* ' in January 1916, to designate the young recruits of the 1917 class, proved much less popular.'

Whereas Dauzat, over military age, served actively for a few months in 1914, Déchelette had a long and honourable record at the front. After a brief but very interesting introduction (notably prefaced by G. Lenôtre), he proceeds to his ' *dictionnaire humoristique et philologique*, ' containing some 1110 entries, many of which give rise to an essay in little. Esnault characterises it as ' *vécu*, ' and that is one of its charms ; moreover, it is full of wit and good humour. Déchelette was learned, too, though with a philological basis slightly less solid than that of Dauzat and Esnault ; and he possessed a more alert intellect, a much more agreeable style, and a vastly more fluent procedure : like the dictionaries of Dr. Johnson, Professor Weekley and the Fowlers, ' *L'Argot des Poilus* ' can be read with a pleasure that perhaps one does not expect from such works. His ' *essay* ' on *gau* is wholly delightful, but its subject (lice) rather stands in its way here. More ' *accessible* ' is the remark that follows his definition of *ficelle* as an officer's stripe : ' In civil life one is sometimes at a loss to know how, between two speakers, one is to distinguish which is right

and which is wrong. In the Army it is quite simple: one has but to count the stripes; the one with the greater number is right. This evident truth saves much waste of time.'

Esnault, of an age midway between those of Dauzat and Déchelette, is more erudite than the latter, equally erudite with the former; he writes less well than either. His introduction is learned, though not particularly interesting, but his glossary is equally comprehensive with Déchelette's in number and much more so in treatment; in addition to the entry-words, about 700 others are defined in the course, or at the end, of main notices (i.e. of the key or original words). If he sometimes errs by using too profusely the jargon of philology and by favouring a too erudite style, he is the frankest of the three, and not merely cites but comments on words omitted by the other two glossarists; also he lists some soldiers' sayings. To give a just idea of his manner, one is bound to quote in French:

'*baoulier*, m., Homme de corvée pour aller chercher le repas aux cuisines; [cité par des] fantassins, secteurs de l'Aisne, mai [19]18. *baoule*, f., Marmite, Chaudron; ib. Originaire de la région de Dinan et Pleurtuit, Le Bars, jeune fantassin témoin de ce mot, voit en *baoule* du patois de l'Aisne; mais son régiment comptait nombre de Vendéens; or, au Croisic, [19]12-14, la *baoule* est le Panier que porte à dos le pêcheur à crevettes; en espagnol *baoul*, m., Colis. Plus lointain est *bouille*, *boille*, Récipient pour transporter le lait à la ville, en Jura suisse.'

Esnault, in short, is a joy to scholars . . . but he is 'hard going' for the man in the street; by the ordinary public, indeed, only Déchelette will be read with pleasure.

For general observations on Poilu slang, however, Dauzat is the best; to him I owe the facts, and if not the facts at least the prompting, of the following introductory remarks, but first I must note three short passages in Esnault's and Déchelette's introductions. The former pointedly says: 'A word is Poilu either by the object designated or by its intensive use. Poilu are the words created by the soldier to describe the fighting; but Poilu also are certain synonyms for To Eat, Drink, Fast, Die, Quarrel, Toil, because these are a fighter's dominant

ideas.' Déchelette not only points out the extraordinary number of synonyms (it is with groups of synonyms, not with scattered words, that I shall concern myself when I reach examples of 'Poilu'), but postulates the following important data in a passage freely translated thus :

' The isolated existence of a group of men, the communion of sentiment and feeling, and occupations in common form the ideal conditions for the birth of a slang. If one considers the chasm separating the Poilu from the civilian in his manner of feeling and in his daily tasks ; if one remembers that in the first two or three months of the War the Poilus lived—and died—in almost complete isolation, then one will not be astonished at the rise of " Poilu."

' What a multitude of new things, actions, and sensations to describe : what a dearth of ready-made words ! The Poilu coined words for the new facts and enriched old words for changed conditions ; he gave a new meaning to words from ancient or modern slang, from dialect or from standard French. . . .

' When the War became more or less static, became in short trench-warfare, the soldiers' slang grew and spread. Reliefs of one unit by another, like the movements of troops from one sector to another, helped to generalise words hitherto used only by small groups of men.'

Now to excerpt the most important of Dauzat's remarks on ' Poilu ' : not blindly, but in the light of my own experience in Egypt and Gallipoli and on the Western Front, and with frequent side-glances at Esnault and Déchelette. Having noted that during the last twelve months of the War the various specialised slangs, e.g. that of the Air Force, were fusing rapidly with the general stock and that of this period one might almost say that there was a definite Poilu slang common to all, Dauzat speaks illuminatingly on the four chief sources of this military slang : the influence of the French Colonial troops and of the many foreign soldiers that fought on the Western Front ; that of the German occupation of the North of France ; of the French corps in Gallipoli, Salonika, and Italy ; and of the prisoners in Germany—much the least important. These sources, taken in mass, produced perhaps fewer Poilu terms than those which came, separately, from any one of : Parisian slang transformed ; the pre-War vocabulary of the barracks ;

dialect; or revivals and changes, metaphors and puns operated in the more or less normal French. The latter sources represent internal influence, always much stronger in a live and lively language than any external, i.e. virtually foreign, influences can be. The foreign words and phrases may seem to be more interesting than, but they are rarely so long-lived as, the congruous graftings on the domestic stock. The mixing of the classes is more potent than the mixing of the nations.

Old military slang is obviously a very important source: this comes from the Regular Army, as in England, but also from 'the barracks,' i.e. from those thousands who have performed their compulsory military service. When the latter were mobilised they proudly remembered themselves of the old barrack words. In barracks, too, it is notorious that the peasant adopts the expressions of the workman far more than the latter adopts dialect; nevertheless, when a number of country men are gathered together, they tend to preserve their dialect. Provincialisms are less numerous than either barrack or Parisian slang words. Some of the former date as far back as the sixteenth century, but the latter are the more important for the simple reason that the capital has always had much to say in the character of military slang. Moreover, as 'the lower classes' predominate in barracks, so it is rather their slang than that of the intellectuals which has determined the predominant element in military slang. While it is true that Poilu slang adopted many technical terms, which it usually twisted to its own rare purposes, the official language of the Army took over such Poilu words as *boche*, *sauter* ('jump to it'), *saucisse* (observation balloon), *poilu* (man in the ranks), and *barda* (full equipment).

Before passing to borrowings from foreign languages, we may just record that perhaps the most famous Poilu words originating in the provinces are *gnôle* (or *niôle*), brandy; *bourrin*, a horse; *zigouiller*, to kill; and *pastis*, either boredom or some specific thing that is disagreeable. Italian gave few words, the most important being *pignate*, a shell, from *pignatta*, a saucepan; Spanish, *moukère*, a prostitute, already well known in Paris long before the War. Lingua Franca was responsible for *malabar*, sly, or big and pretty; *bamboula*, a Negro, or a Senegalese

sharpshooter; *barda*; *barbaque*, meat, especially if bad; and *estanco*, a dug-out. German influence came either from prisoners of war (both Germans in France and Frenchmen in Germany) or from previous knowledge of that language or from intercommunication: as in *estourbir*, to kill; *schloff*, sleep or a bed; *flingue*, a rifle; *faire camarade*, to surrender, from *Kamerad*!; *minenwerfer*; *verboten*; *ersatz* (compensation), from French prisoners in Germany. Of the English words, some are anterior to the War: *bizness*, work, affair; *pouloper*, to gallop, from 'pull up'; from the vocabulary of boxing, both *souinger*, to bombard, from 'swing,' and *uppercut*, brandy; a group meaning chic, smart, good, excellent, consists of *ridère*, from '(gentleman) rider,' an English horseman being, as by legend, a capital, smart one—*bath*, especially in *c'est bath*, That's capital! or It's tip-top! (*c'est ridère* and *c'est palace* are exact equivalents), from Bath, a town celebrated for its elegance—*palace*, the English palace being traditionally comfortable and luxurious, hence *nous allons être palaces*, we're in for a cushy time! Directly due to the War are *horse*, generally corrupted, no doubt deliberately, to *ours*; *go*, that's all right!; *come on*, merely 'come!'; *tanks*, *sops* (Sopwith 'planes) and *Tommies*; *finish*, there's no more!, it's over now!; *sévère* as in *pertes sévères*, journalistic and very un-French; *strafer*, to bombard, to ill-treat, from German originally, but due wholly to Tommy usage; *vaseux*, dreamy and irresolute, from a fusion of 'muddy' and 'muddled'; *collar* (coal tar), wine; *afnaf*, either not too well pleased nor satisfied, or else exhausted, from 'half and half'; *olrède*, excellent, perfect, from 'all right'; *lorry* with plural *lorrys*. From Arabic we have *faire la nouba*, to go on the spree, to have a good time (pre-War); *clebs* or *cleps*, since 1900 for a dog, since 1914 for a corporal; *caoua*, since 1888 for coffee; *toubib*, since 1870 for medical officer; *bled*, no man's land; *guitoune* and *gourbi*, dug-out, though in the original the former meant a tent, the latter an earth-built house; *cabir*, captain; *kébour*, cap. From Annamite came *cagna*, the most popular name of all for a dug-out.

Among changes in the sense of the ordinary 'standard' or of popular slang words we find terms due to many causes. Facetiousness engendered *machine à coudre*,

machine à secouer le paletot, machine gun; *mitrailleuse à haricots*, field-kitchen; *périscopes*, eyes; *frigorifiés*, of frost-bitten feet; *mies de pain mécaniques*, lice. Play on words is seen in *épilé*, a man with an easy job—prompted by *poilu*, 'the hairy one,' soldier; *beurre*, a man, a type, from the widely known trade-slogan, *le Tip remplace le beurre*; in Salonika and the Dardanelles, *highlanders* were peas, *petits pois* Highlanders, because both were *écossés*, *Ecossais*, perhaps the cleverest of the more brilliant among Poilu puns. By a different process a large nose is *coupe-vent*, macaroni *kilomètre*, a bayonet *cure-dents*, *perle* a shell. The abstract, as indeed in all slang, becomes material, the material becomes brutal: equipment, for example, is *harnais*. Pejorative irony extends particularly to food, articles of clothing, officers, animals. Instances of forcible and picturesque grossness cannot be given in translation (such as *gros-cul* for canteen-tobacco), nor of the acts and facts designated euphemistically by such a phrase as *téléphoner à Guillaume*.

Passing by the numerous graphic instances of metaphor and simile, metonymy and synecdoche, we come to that very interesting class of slang words: proper names. *Jean le Gouin* represents the sailor, *Julot* either the gunner serving the French 75 or the cannon itself, *Fritz* (in addition to being the German soldier in general) the German machine-gun or -gunner; *Oscar* the rifle, *Joséphine* and *Rosalie* the bayonet, *Marguerite* a woman, *Bénard* (from *Bernard*) a pair of trousers, *Marie-Jeanne* a canteen. Well-known business firms have lent their names or their trade-marks to the fantasy of the Poilu. *Bergougnan*, the mark of a motor-tyre, is used for tough meat; so, too, is *Bibendum*, from the Pneu Michelin's pre-War (and post-War) advertisement, which shows a big man made up of motor tyres. Material questions such as food and drink occupied much of the time and the thoughts of the soldier.

All such characteristics appear again and again in the following groups of synonyms, which have been selected from numerous starry clusters of verbal aptness and ingenuity. For the most famous of all French weapons, the cannon of 75 millimetres calibre (roughly equivalent to 3 inches, which, by the way, is the calibre of the British 18-pounder), we have already noticed the name of *Julot*.

Other proper names are *Charlotte* and *Joséphine* (the latter also, as noted, a bayonet); semi-proper, *le petit Français*; patriotic, *le glorieux*; macabre, *râleur*; humorous, *bébé* and *roquet* (pug-dog or puppy); euphemistic, *coucou*; descriptive, *mirliton* (a reed-pipe), *pétard*, *zinzin*; and *tacot* (colloquially, a nail), which in Poilu slang also did duty for an engine, a taxi-cab, a supplies-train, an airman, a dirigible, an observation-balloon, a tank (locomotively belligerent), a typewriting machine, and a machine-gun, and is thus one of the three or four most fertile words in the whole range of the Poilu vocabulary.

The machine-gun likewise has some picturesque names. In addition to *tacot*, we note *machine*, less popular by itself than in such compounds as *machine à signer les permissions*; *machine à broder les pans de capote* (i.e. for embroidering the skirts of a greatcoat), of which Esnault says with a peculiarly Gallic cynicism, 'it embroiders them in open-work, in scalloping and in lace'; whence *machine à coudre les pans de capote*, by confusion with, or as a development from, *machine à coudre*, a more usual term, with the later *machine à découdre*, which is 'the contamination of the idea that the machine-gun unsews many of the enemy by the aural image of its "tac tac"' (Esnault); *machine à dépeupler*; *machine à ramer le paletot*, literally one that stretches the greatcoat on a frame, interpretatively 'one that lays the coat, and the man within it, upon the surface of no man's land'; rather more genially, *machine à secouer le paletot*, greatcoat-shaking machine, and its natural abridgement *secoue-paletot*; much the same idea apparently informs *machine à épousseter le paletot*, which is, however, due rather to the noise than to the process. But there are many others, such as *bécane*, literally a bicycle; *marouille*, of uncertain gender and infrequent use; *pétard à fesses*, *pétoche*, and *péteuse*; *poule*, from the laying of eggs; *bec-bois*, woodpecker in the dialect of Lorraine; *bousin*, masculine, and feminine; *crécelle*, a rattle, *arrosoir*, *écremeuse*, a skimmer; *grêle-à-mort*, rather journalistic than truly Poilu, and perhaps rather a fancy name for a given machine-gun; *moulin à café*, a very general and popular term, wherein the similitude is not to the turning of a handle but partly to the dry rattling noise common

to both instruments, and even more to the rapid repetition of movement. Related are *moulin à poivre* and *poivrière*, pepper-mill and -pot; *moulin à rata*, one apt to fail, to jamb, *rata* being a sub-French pun on both (*coup*) *raté* and *rateur*; and by a hypothetical *moulin à turbutine* we reach *turbutine*, literally crushed biscuit, which, with the admixture of rice and bacon, was an active-service dish at least as early as the Crimean War.

More peaceful, but not less vigorous, is the set of names for meat, especially if either tough or, in any other way, not quite up to expectations. *Autobus*, fusing *automobile* and *omnibus*, is for meat so tough that not the best of jawbones could make any appreciable impression on it, the idea deriving not from the motor-conveyance of meat, as at least one great etymologist thought, but from the rubber-tyre consistency of the flesh. Of exactly the same implication and of the same or similar origin, are *rognure de taxis*, taxi-leavings or -parings; *pneu*, short for *pneumatique de taxi* or *d'omnibus*; *bergougnan*, *micelin*, *bibendum*, from Bergougnan and Michelin tyres, the third term relating to the latter manufacturer; *viande blindée*, 'armoured' meat; and *élastique*. *Bidoche*, however, was meat either tolerable or good; *dure* unexpectedly did not at all necessarily mean tough meat, for Barbusse and others have such phrases as *de la dure*, *bouillie*; by lax development, *dure* was soup, presumably by transition from meat-soup.

Preserved, i.e. tinned, meat was called *boîte à grimaces*, which sometimes varied to *barbaque à la grimace*; *barbaque* being the most popular of all trench names for meat, well known during the Franco-Prussian War, having originally a neutral sense but soon deteriorating to the pejorative, belonging chiefly to thieves' slang, and perhaps deriving from the Roumanian *berbec*, sheep, mutton, hence probably dating from the Crimean War. Tinned meat also passed under the names of *langouste de caillou*, 'pebbly crawfish,' with which compare *légume bien tendre*, as French prisoners of war at Göttingen styled herring; *gorille*; and especially *singe*. This last dates from about 1895; the natives of Bassam ate and still eat smoked monkey, and French troops had to follow suit on one of their campaigns. Excellent though it be as a reserve, such meat, if eaten at all regularly, offends as much by

its lack of pleasing character as by its positive dryness ; the scorn applied to monkeys in general has, psychologically, its part in the War connotation as well as in the original denotation of the word *singe*.

Bread, the veritable staff of life in 1914-18, is honoured with numerous nicknames and slang names. *Briffeton*, perhaps related to the Poilu *briffer*, to eat, was much less used than *brigeton*. *Brison* and *briston* are interchangeable. *Kaka* is biscuit-bread or, among prisoners, ordinary bread ; often as *pain kaka*, from *k.k. brot*, which, as the German Army loaf, represents *kaiserliches Kriegs-Brot* : the two letters *k.k.* having been read with their alphabetical value. (In Germany such bread is generally called 'kappa,' from the Greek *k* often used as an abbreviation.) *Brot*, rare in the trenches, but common in the prison-camps in Germany, was in the latter applied correctly to German bread. *Delikatessen*, which in Germany is applied to sausagery and cold meats, designates bread roasted in oil. *Brutal*, more usual for a cannon (especially in *faire tousser le brutal*) and, chiefly pejorative, for wine. *Croubs*, *croups*, *croums*, from the Arabic *khoubz*, made little headway outside of the African regiments. *Croûte* also meant soup, or even food in general, and a meal, the last from the Parisian *croûter*, to eat, whence *croustaille* and *croustance*, likewise a meal. *Grignolet*, excellently treated by Esnault, appears in Barbusse's 'Le Feu,' and has the variant *brignolet* : it derives either from *grigne*, usual in Paris since 1718, the crack in a well-baked crust and the golden colour of such a crust, or from *grignon*, a piece of crusty bread or of biscuit ; compare *gringue*, also in 'Le Feu.'

Maroc is a Piedmontese word—not *Maroc*, Morocco ; *meule*, a mould, and *pierre à affûter*, whetstone, are obvious pejoratives ; *pso(u)mi* derives from modern Greek. Munition bread was sometimes known as *Saint-Honoré* ; any bread, *boule*. *Fasting* had a bevy of synonyms, many being variants of the standard colloquial *se mettre la ceinture*, 'to tighten one's belt,' as *se mettre la bride*, *se mettre la corde*, and *se mettre la tringle*, the third recalling the Parisian workman's *tringle*, nothing, which dates from ca. 1890. *Briques* accounts for *bouffer des briques*, *manger des briques*, *s'enfiler des briques*, and the facetious *se caler des briques, sauce cailloux*. The basic idea of eating

something so hard that one could not possibly eat it is synonymous with 'to eat nothing,' hence 'to have nothing to eat,' and is present in the further phrases: *becqueter du bois*, *manger* or *becqueter des clarinettes*; *clopes*, in the following, signifies cigarette-ends: *becqueter* or *s'enfoncer* or *se taper* or *s'envoyer des clopes*. Rather different are *lire le journal* and *jouer du fifre*, both pre-War and local.

More cheerful, or at least not so wry-mouthed, are the synonyms for drunk. *Blindé* bears only a false resemblance to the English slang 'blind' from 'blind drunk,' for it means armoured, i.e. impenetrably, hence insuperably drunk. *Frigorifié* is of doubtful origin. *Muraille* has been corruptly developed from *mûr*, pre-War slang of the same meaning. *Noir*, drunk, has nothing to do with *le noir*, boredom. *Rétamé* is connected with tinkering, *rondard* from *rond* in the sense of frank, easy-going; *plein* corresponds with our 'full.' *Brindezingue* occurs either as *être brindezingue* or *être dans les brindezingues*: Déchelette says that it derives from *brindes*, toasts (presumably by echoic change-repetition); tentatively I suggest that the term may have been influenced by *brin de zinc*, the last word understood in the sense of a bistro, a cheap wine- and coffee-shop. Yet other terms are *barré*; *blet*, literally 'going bad,' of fruit; *bout de bois*; *gaz*; (*être* or *avoir son*) *grain*; *en désordre*; *retourné*; *bousillé*; *chocolat*, which, being a synonym also for a coloured soldier, explains why *sénégalais* means drunk; *fait* or *refait*, 'done to a turn'; *réussi*; (especially *bien*) *conditionné*; *mort* and *cuit*, both pre-War; *faisandé*, literally 'high,' of game; *raide*; *mélangé*, from the usual effect of mixing one's drinks; *zingué* belongs to the family of *blindé* and *rétamé*; with *goudronné*, literally tarred, compare *noir* and *chocolat*; *schlass* (or *chass*), as used by Barbusse, and perhaps from the German *geschlossen*. *Zigzag*, says Esnault, is due to the American soldiers, but he also admits that the word may have been a development from French dialect.

Often a man, no matter what his nationality, got drunk in order to forget either the horror or the despondent depression caused by trench-warfare. Classic French speaks of *spleen*, taken from the English writers of the first half of the eighteenth century; colloquial French

now says *cafard*, a word firmly established before 1914 by the French Army in Africa and wonderfully popularised by the War; *coup de cafard* was any foolish or serious or suicidal act caused by such depression. Worse than *le cafard* was *le cafard noir*, worse again the *cafard vert*, this last being equivalent to the more learned *hypercafard*. One could bemoan a man *cafardisé*, *encafardé*, thus despondent, or congratulate him on being *décafardé*, *désencafardé*, cured of 'the blue devils.' Synonyms are few but noteworthy: *bourdon*, from a confusion or a fusion of the various senses of that word in ordinary French; *le noir*, similar to the poetical *papillons noirs*; *se cailler le raisiné*, to be depressed; *avoir le typhus*, rather more frequent for the same affliction, which might also be expressed by either *être dans ses grises* or *avoir la grise*, less sombre than *le noir*; *tranchéite*, spleen caused by the trenches; *flemme*, *cosse*, and *veson* were ascending stages of the same complaint; *le veson rouge* is dangerous, *le veson noir* quite incurable.

One could, however, understand why soldiers imprisoned in Germany fell victims to *le veson noir* or even *le cafard vert*. The language of the French prisoners, as of the English, was even more macaronic than argotic; it contained words borrowed from fellow-prisoners of other nationalities, but especially it employed many German words, of which Dauzat archly says: 'As a secret language it would have been difficult to find anything more apt to put their jailors off the scent.' He draws attention to one 'secret' cant expression: *vingt-deux*, a conventional warning customary to French criminals as far back as the days of Vidocq and adopted enthusiastically by other nationals to circumvent the German guards. Coffee was called *jus de fèves*, which receives point from the popularity of *jus* as coffee among the unimprisoned Poilus. The German censorship was called *tante Anastasie*, prisons *Dardanelles*, and dungeons ('black holes' is the more correct military term) *sous-marins*. The Prussian flag hoisted to signalise a German victory was always called *le charognard*, from *charogne*, carrion or a blackguard. French prisoners called the partitioned among them: *chevaux de luxe*, *noms démontables*, *noms à courant d'air*, and *noms à charnière*, the fourth being probably suggested by the third. The Russians

were called *Karachos*, from the Russian word for good ; from Russian came *niet*, no(t), *sto*, what ?, and *eto*, it is. The officers, who had tennis-courts, took from English *ready* and *play*, often corrupted to *radis* and *prêt* ; all ranks spoke of a *half-mark*, the unit of cash exchange. The principal German words adopted were these : *gefangen*, a prisoner ; *arbeit*, work ; *gut*, good ; and more often *nicht gut*, bad ; *krank*, ill or sick ; *brief*, a letter ; *commando*, slightly changed to mean a body of prisoners working outside a camp ; *cap(o)ut*, dead, killed, or finished, indeed a kind of word of all work ; *brot* and *kaka*, noted above ; *kartoffel*, a potato ; 'meat had no name : one never saw meat' ; the German numerals, those ending in *-ig* being pronounced *-ich* ; *kolossal* ; *planmaessig* (frequent in the German communiqués), according to plan, especially of a retreat ; *pfennig*, pronounced either as in German or as *fennich* or even as *péniche* ; *morgenfrüh*, 'to-morrow morning,' i.e. never, the Germans using the phrase as a convenient postponement ; *verboten*, often pronounced *faire beau temps* ; *ersatz-girl*, a temporary sweetheart ! ; *beschlagnahmen*,* to confiscate ; *zurück*, back !, go away ! ; *ça stimmt*, that's all right, that's good, that's agreed ; and a few other words and phrases.

With the German words used by the French prisoners of war we may compare the following, employed by the British soldiers imprisoned in Germany. *Kamerad* ! did facetious duty for 'stop ! I've had enough of that !' *Nix*, nothing, was not unknown before the War. *Strafe*, noun and verb (punish, admonish), extended, like *kamerad* ! throughout the British Army ; *counterstrafe*, in the special sense of to take reprisals, belonged to the vocabulary of officers and artillerymen. The frequency of *abort*, a water-closet, in the conversation of, and in books written by, British prisoners of war in Germany, is due solely to the fact that there could they best devise and discuss, thence sometimes best execute, their plans for escape. *Ak dum* denoted a German notice-board, which, more likely than not, would be headed *Achtung* ! Deviation of sense characterises *arbeit*, properly work, but usually understood to mean a work-camp for

* In French, *beschlagnahmer*, conjugated like *aimer*.

prisoners. *Biskiwits*, variant *biskwitz*, were those maize biscuits which were sometimes obtainable from the prison-camp canteens in Germany. (C)(K)*aracho(u)*, good, as among the French, amounted in fact to a prisoners' *Lingua Francal* word, a kind of skeleton-key to all conversation. *Dullmajor* was the term applied to the interpreters provided by the Germans. *Ersatz*, as indicated above, denoted any, but especially an inferior, substitute; *kapout*, dead or finished, was like *nix gut*, another link-word among the prisoners of all nations. *Garnisonlazarett* was adopted, unchanged, for a military hospital. Also direct from German, but by the British spelt without the substantival capital: *kriegsgefangen(er)*, a prisoner of war; *kriegsgarnisonarrestanstalt*, a military prison; *kriegsgeleit*, a military escort; *kriegsgericht*, a court martial; *Kriegsministerium*, the German War Office. *Hans Wurst*, as at the Front, constituted the German 'opposite member' to Tommy Atkins. *Landsturm* and *Landwehr*, the third and the second reserve of the German Army, were in constant use: so were the reserves. *Schwarz brot* or simply *brot* was, of course, the German black bread. *Spurlos versenkt*, literally sunk without trace, soon came to mean lost untraceably, disappeared, gone, whether of man, beast, or thing; curiously enough, one of the London morning newspapers, just after the last General Election, had, in reference to the Labour Party, the notice-board headline: *Sunk Without Trace*.

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

Art. 8.—MINORITIES IN THE FREE STATE.

THERE is a curious irony in the fact that no sooner had the twentieth century to all appearances solved the problem of subject nationalities bequeathed to it by the nineteenth, than a new and similar problem—if, indeed, it be not the old one decked out in different garb—arose, that of minority protection. Undismayed, however, the statesmen who redrew the map of Europe after the Great War set themselves to deal with the situation thus created; but, unfortunately, their hopes of success have not been realised, and now, after eleven years, the system of minority protection imposed by the League of Nations has broken down and the difficulty is with us still. Actually, the urgency of the problem has increased, for to-day it not merely agitates Europe, but has taken hold of Asia, where the attempt to evolve a constitution for India is being held up mainly by the inability of all concerned to fix the relations of Mohammedans to Hindus upon a satisfactory basis. Thus, side by side with disarmament, the minority question remains a political danger of the first importance, and until it is settled there can be no guarantee of international peace.

Perhaps in few countries in the world has this matter of the safeguarding of the rights of minorities played a bigger part than in Ireland. Indeed, it has been truly said that it has placed the Irish problem in a category by itself; for it was on this that Ulster took its stand in opposition to Home Rule, and this question more than anything else wrecked the movement for a united Ireland and gave us the present arrangement of partition. Ulstermen, descendants of the Presbyterian settlers in Ireland, were alarmed at the prospect of coming into a Dublin parliament on equal terms with the rest of the inhabitants, and who that knows the history of Ireland can fail to appreciate the motive of their fears? It is not in human nature to forget injustice, and Irishmen certainly laboured under a bitter grievance, for throughout the British régime Ireland presented the strange spectacle of a large majority of a people governed by a small and alien minority, and not only governed but until modern times almost completely shut out from any share in the political life of their land. Consequently, when at the end of the

nineteenth century the possibility of Home Rule came seriously into view and it was apparent that the balance in Ireland must be redressed and the majority take its legitimate place in the polity of the country, not merely were the Irish Protestant ascendancy fearful of reprisals, but some of the most ardent supporters in England of Home Rule were assailed with doubts as to the fate of the minority. Would the great body of Irishmen, entrusted for the first time since their country had passed under the rule of England with the direction of their own affairs, turn the tables on the minority, or would they in the true spirit of statesmanship regard them as brother Irishmen entitled to full and equal rights of citizenship? Ulstermen demanded most elaborate guarantees for the protection of their religion, their wealth, their commerce; and, undoubtedly, a perusal of the various Home Rule Bills from 1886 to 1914 should convince the unprejudiced that the safeguards provided were generous. Yet the fears of the inhabitants of the Six Counties could not be overcome; with the result that the rest of Ireland had to carry on without the north-east corner—even federation, for the present, was out of the question. The exclusion of a large part of Ulster, however, while it solved of itself some of the more outstanding points in relation to the protection of minorities in Ireland, did not eliminate the difficulty, and the new Irish Free State has a definite minority problem to deal with. How is it carrying out its trust?

The first and most obvious guarantee to minorities is contained in Article 26 of the Constitution of the Free State, which lays down that election to the Dail or Lower House shall be upon the principles of proportional representation. Now, whatever the actual working defects of this system may be, it does come nearer than any other to being truly representative, genuinely democratic, for it at least ensures that all sections of the community shall be represented not disproportionately but proportionately; and until they are, as Mill has observed, "there is not equal government but government of inequality and privilege." Thus most post-War democracies—England and France are, perhaps, the two notable exceptions—have adopted the system in some form, convinced that it is an improvement on the old

single-member one. Proportional representation has many apparent advantages from the point of view of minorities. It means, for instance, that their representation is achieved not in one area only, but over the whole country; that, in fact, the franchise has a really effective value; it affords, too, an opportunity to the independent candidate of outstanding personality and critical mind to secure election; while, finally, it guarantees that no one party can impose its programme on the others—the Government must consider the wishes and the composition of the House. Under this system, therefore, the Protestant minority in the Free State are assured of a full and free political life in the service of their country, and this, in the end, must be the surest solvent of intolerance.

But the adoption of this ultra-modern and somewhat complex electoral system was a big experiment for a country like Ireland, where political education was backward and traditions of government virtually did not exist. While, then, it must justify itself in time—there are many who maintain that it has already done so—its faults rather than its merits are inclined to impress the politicians, and particularly the party in power to whose lot it falls to govern the country. This is what happened with Mr Cosgrave's government, and they were on the point of succumbing to the temptation to shake off their fetters by the adoption of some other electoral system which would give them, as they thought, a clearer majority and a stronger, more independent position in the Dail. They contemplated some radical change in the Redistribution of Seats Bill which they intended to introduce if returned to power as a result of the election. But as a writer in the 'Round Table' has observed, it is difficult to see how they could justify the abolition of proportional representation 'save on purely selfish, political, and opportunist grounds.' In any case, it is now clear that they would have been forging a two-edged sword, for an analysis of the figures of the recent election shows that had the old majority system of voting obtained, the Fianna Fail-Labour group would have outnumbered their parliamentary opponents by two to one. In all the circumstances, therefore, it would seem an unnecessary and retrograde step in the Free State to abandon pro-

portional representation. The fact that the Northern Government did so after a short trial serves but to support this contention. Indeed, nothing can excuse their action on this occasion, for from the point of view of the ultimate union of Ireland, this decision, undermining as it did the confidence of the minority in the Six Counties, was nothing short of a disaster.

In any discussion of the relations of majority to minority in Ireland religion looms large; in fact, it was the religious question which, more than anything else, obscured the issues of Home Rule. To understand the whole matter we must realise that since the sixteenth century Catholicism has been the strongest formative influence in Irish nationalism. Absolutely loyal to the English interest in Ireland, the Roman Catholic Church was one of the pillars of the government there until the Reformation. Then with the introduction of that movement, and especially with the enforcing of the Act of Uniformity by Elizabeth under the severest penalties, it was driven into the opposite camp. Thus for the first time in its history it transferred its allegiance from King to people, and henceforth played a great part in shaping the fortunes of the Irish race. And so we reach modern days and the theories of the opponents of Home Rule, who claimed that the victory of the nationalist majority would mean the triumph of Catholicism, and that 'Home Rule' would be synonymous with 'Rome Rule.' This, indeed, became the battle cry of Ulster and kept the northern counties out of an all-Ireland settlement. Yet so far as the Protestant minority in the Free State are concerned, the fear has proved groundless, and the first to admit that would be the southern Protestants themselves.

Most modern states not only make provision for full religious liberty but tend to go further and to place all religious denominations on the same footing. The Free State is no exception to the rule, and Article 8 of the Constitution provides that

'freedom of conscience and the free profession and practice of religion are, subject to public order and morality, guaranteed to every citizen, and no law may be made either directly or indirectly to endow any religion, or prohibit or restrict the free exercise thereof or give any preference, or impose any disability on account of religious belief or religious status.'

Thus, technically and legally, the Protestants have ample security. But it has been truly said that 'machinery designed to protect minorities counts far less than the spirit actuating those who work it,' and it is in this light that we must survey the work up to date of the Government of the Free State.

Mr Cosgrave's party were in office for ten years from 1922, and no one can say that, in the matter of religious tolerance, they did not adopt the highest standards and interpret Article 8 of the Constitution not merely in the letter but in the spirit. The Parliament sitting in Dublin was eminently Roman Catholic, the Executive Council was overwhelmingly so, for there was but one non-Catholic member, yet the heads of the Protestant Churches have taken more than one opportunity to declare that there was no religious intolerance. That bogey, at least, has been laid. Nevertheless, it is evident that the Government set up this high ideal of conduct in the public life of the country not without effort; for, unfortunately, outside the Government there are forces in Ireland which, if unchecked, would seriously discredit the young Free State. These derive their inspiration from two ideas. First, there is the desire, as in the case of all countries at the present time where minorities are being persecuted, to evolve a uniform type of citizen, and there are many people in Ireland who think that the Irish citizen should be Roman Catholic. In other words, they would, so far as possible, reduce the present 7 per cent. of Protestants to vanishing point. Some of these people are admirable enough in their way and quite sincere in their views, still, they are at best but religious fanatics. Secondly, there is the un-Christian motive of reprisals, or the attempt to redress the balance and to mete out now to the minority something of the treatment that fell to the lot of the majority for so long in the history of Ireland; that is, to eliminate them in practice from the political and administrative life of the country. That is what Mr Cosgrave's Government had to struggle against, and if pressure was not actually brought to bear on them to go over to this kind of bigotry, they repeatedly found themselves in the position of having to fight it in the country. To their credit, be it said, they did not hesitate to take up the challenge.

Perhaps the most conspicuous example of this narrow-minded policy was the recent attempt to prevent the appointment by the Government of a Trinity College graduate to the post of county librarian in County Mayo. The county council objected to the candidate concerned on the ground that her knowledge of Irish was not sufficient to justify her appointment in an Irish-speaking district, but still more on the ground that she was a Protestant and a graduate of Trinity College: two factors which, in their view, unfitted her to preside over the distribution of reading material in a predominantly Catholic community. That is to say, religion was to be made a test for public office and the Constitution was to be openly and shamefully violated. No Government which valued their self-respect and the honour of their country could afford to permit such a proceeding. The Mayo county council were given every opportunity to see the error of their ways; but, proving recalcitrant, they suffered dissolution at the hands of the Government, and a Commissioner was appointed to carry on the administration of the district. Yet so bitter was the struggle and so complete the boycott of the Government's appointment that only four centres of the library service were operating in County Mayo in December 1931, as compared with one hundred and twelve at the end of 1930. Furthermore, the newly instituted Vocational Education Committee, as a protest, refused to function, and the Government were obliged to supersede even this body. The Mayo incident, however, was a purely local affair; the attempt to make it national by securing the adhesion of other county councils signally failed; while the Roman Catholic hierarchy took no steps to identify themselves officially with the attitude of the district clergy in the matter.

Thus the action of the Mayo county council, unfortunate as it was, must not be regarded too seriously. Indeed, this effort to make religion a test of office might be summarily dismissed as the isolated exception that goes to prove the rule of tolerance in Southern Ireland, were it not that in the ranks of more important bodies and corporations and in circles where more enlightened views might be expected to prevail there are at times disquieting signs that apparently persons still exist in

the Free State who are not prepared to admit the right of the minority to a legitimate share in the life of the country. Particularly is this the case, for instance, in the attitude sometimes adopted towards graduates of Trinity College, Irish men or women all of them, who seek to earn a living in their own land. The situation with regard to Dublin University, too, has been complicated and the difficulties of the College have not been made easier by the fact that the Roman Catholic hierarchy have recently issued a statement discouraging Roman Catholics from attending that university. The Church justifies its action on the ground that it legislates only for Catholics; while it wishes Trinity College every success as a university for Protestants, it must advise its own flock to frequent the recently established National University, which, though technically undenominational, is eminently Roman Catholic. To Catholics this statement of policy will seem reasonable; but Protestants will scarcely find it convincing, for they will remember, for example, that a similar and much more thorough-going ban was imposed by the Church on the old Queen's Colleges at Belfast, Cork, and Galway, at a time when there was no National University in Ireland. Indeed, the British Government's failure to provide such an institution was the *raison d'être* of the ban in those days. Time alone can tell to what extent the Church's veto will affect the fortunes of Trinity College; but the fact that large numbers of Catholics attended the old Queen's Colleges and that at present some 30 per cent. of the total number of students on the roll of Trinity are Roman Catholics, goes to prove there are, even in Ireland, many persons who believe that to base university education on sectarianism is to miss the meaning of it. In the meantime Trinity will probably continue to regard the Church's action as unfriendly.

But whatever its relations with the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, Dublin University cannot dismiss lightly the attempts to boycott its graduates in the professions. Yet this can in no sense be laid at the door of the Government. Rather it is the work of individuals who exploit religion at the expense of Christianity, and who seek to enact in the Free State the very things which they affect to despise most in the life of Northern

Ireland. As a matter of fact, during their term of office Mr Cosgrave's Government were the sheet anchor of the minority in this matter of public appointments, and by their record succeeded in disarming the fears of those who believed that the triumph of the nationalist majority would inevitably lead to rampant jobbery—this used to be a stock argument of the opponents of self-government for Ireland. 'We do not fear oppressive legislation. We know, in fact, there would be none. What we do fear is oppressive administration,' said the Ulster leader in one of the debates upon the Home Rule Bill before the War. Mr Cosgrave's answer to this suspicion was swift and decisive, for the Government not merely established a Civil Service where nearly all the posts are filled by open competitive examination, but they went much further, and by the institution of the Local Appointments Commission, a central body, efficient and impartial, brought most of the local government appointments within their control and put an end to the corruption and bribery which were only too conspicuous in the past. Thus one other fallacy has been disposed of. As we have already said, however, Mr Cosgrave's task was made none too easy, and his centralisation of appointments in Dublin did not add to his popularity in the country. But whatever the faults of the late Irish Government, no one can reproach them with lack of moral courage, and the dislike of the Local Appointments Commission in the Free State generally is the measure of the Government's fearlessness in insisting that justice should be done.

Few aspects of the Government's policy in the new Free State have caused more criticism or ill-feeling than that of compulsory Irish or the attempt to make the Irish language a test for public employment, in fact almost a badge of citizenship. And since for some time the minority have claimed—they probably do so still—that they have here a special grievance, it is well to examine the question. No one will quarrel with the Irish Government's effort to revive the national language, but few people outside their own ranks can approve of their method of doing so: for to revive the language as a literary medium is one thing, to seek by the most coercive measures to impose it on the country is another; and in the special circumstances of the case the policy

is not merely harsh and arbitrary; it is worse, it is stupid. The revival of the Irish language has often been compared to some of the language revivals on the Continent, for instance, that of Czech in the nineteenth century, but the analogy will not carry us far, because Irish has been dead for centuries over the greater part of the country—only among the peasant population of the mountain districts of the west, the Gaeltacht, has it survived as a living tongue. This places the present Irish language movement in a class by itself. Furthermore, language revivals on the Continent emanated from the people themselves, hence any success which attended them; they were not imposed by Acts of Parliament.

The fatal flaws in the Free State Government's policy, then, are, first, their refusal to recognise the most elementary fact of the situation, that Irish is a foreign language to all outside the Gaeltacht, and in any revival ought to be treated as such; and secondly, their coercive policy, not the least effect of which is that it turns interest in the movement into positive dislike of it. Unless the Government change their views on these two points, the language revival, notwithstanding an enormous expenditure of effort and money, must fail. Perhaps the explanation of the whole unfortunate situation about the language is that the movement is to a great extent in the hands of people who are not really linguists. Enthusiasts they are, and Irish, undoubtedly, some of them know, but there their acquaintance with language study ends. Were they genuine linguists, versed in numerous languages, they would appreciate the difficulties of all concerned—pupils, teachers, parents—and realise the futility of their present methods to make Irish a living tongue.

It is clear, however, from what has been said, that the Government's language policy concerns the whole country, not any one section of it; and the attempt of the Protestant minority, led by the 'Irish Times,' to take to themselves compulsory Irish as a special grievance which mainly affected them was a poor effort to complicate the question with a religious bias. Besides, it was a serious tactical error, for technically the Protestants had not a case to go on. In no circumstances should they have segregated themselves in this manner, but should

have taken their stand with the rest of the country against a policy of coercion which ill becomes a modern, democratic state.

The past ten years since the signing of the Anglo-Irish Treaty have, naturally, been an anxious time for minorities in Ireland, who have been occupied mainly with thoughts as to the place which they must eventually fill under the new Irish régime. Nevertheless, since 1921 little was heard of them outside Ireland until recently, when public attention became once more directed to the question of the relation of majority to minority in the Free State by the decision of Mr Cosgrave's Government to abolish the right of appeal to the Privy Council. There is no doubt whatever that the announcement of this policy caused considerable perturbation in the ranks of the minority, who have always treasured the right of appeal to the Privy Council not only as a definite protection against any possible injustice on the part of the Irish Courts, but also as one of the few remaining links of Empire. Indeed, so serious was the alarm when the Government's proposal was published, that representations on the subject were at once made to the President of the Executive Council by responsible spokesmen of the minority. Yet if the matter is one which is of special interest to the Protestant community, it really affects as well every citizen of the Free State, so it is worth while to consider it.

The first thing to remember in dealing with this whole question is that the Free State is the only member of the British Commonwealth of Nations which is founded not on an Act of Parliament alone, but also on a Treaty negotiated between it and Great Britain. It is this circumstance perhaps which creates the special difficulty of the case, and accounts for the grave view taken in many quarters of the recent proposal. By Article 50 of the Free State Constitution, it is provided that amendments to the Constitution 'within the terms of the Scheduled Treaty' may be made by the Oireachtas or Parliament. Therefore it is perfectly clear that the Free State's action is not absolutely free in this matter, for changes in the Constitution are limited by the terms of the Treaty. Now, whatever may have been the view of Mr Cosgrave and his Government, it is held by the

Government of Great Britain, and, we venture to believe, by a vast majority of the people of the Free State, that the right of appeal to the Privy Council is implicit in the Anglo-Irish Agreement of 1921. It is inherent in Paragraph 2 of the preamble to the Treaty, and, furthermore, it is laid down in Article 66 of the Constitution, which states that the decision of the Supreme Court of the Irish Free State shall in all cases be final, 'provided that nothing in this Constitution shall impair the right of any person to petition his Majesty for special leave to appeal from the Supreme Court to his Majesty in Council or the right of his Majesty to grant such leave.' So when the Free State Government proposed, by unilateral legislation, to abolish this intrinsic right of every citizen, at first sight it does seem as if they were violating both the letter and the spirit of the Treaty and laying down a precedent for Mr De Valera, when in office, to denounce the whole Agreement.

It does not strengthen Mr Cosgrave's case that the indignity of allowing appeals from the Free State to the Privy Council was not raised until a verdict of the Free State Supreme Court was reversed by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and the Irish Government found themselves liable for something like 150,000*l.* additional compensation to their civil servants. Be that as it may, however, it is clear Mr Cosgrave's party held that the jurisdiction exercised by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in Dominion affairs is incompatible with national sovereignty and with that equality of status so specifically set out in the Balfour Declaration adopted by the Imperial Council of 1926. So far as the Free State is concerned, they insisted it must go. But Mr Cosgrave himself has ever made it clear that differences between the Free State and Great Britain were accustomed to be discussed and straightened out at the Imperial Conference. What alarmed people recently was that the Irish Government now proposed to forsake that procedure, which had hitherto yielded such satisfactory results, and to substitute for it something very questionable indeed. That is to say, they intended to introduce legislation in the Dail not merely to prevent future appeals to the Privy Council, but to nullify its action where leave to appeal might already have been granted.

This seems undoubtedly a bold plan, yet even if we cannot agree with the policy nor sympathise with the methods of its proposer, it may not be amiss to try and gain a better appreciation of his point of view.

One of the best pronouncements so far made upon the constitutional morality governing appeals from Dominions to the Privy Council was that delivered by Viscount Haldane, when, with Lord Buckmaster and Lord Parmoor, he constituted the Judicial Committee which was called on for the first time to deal with appeals from the Irish Courts on July 25, 1923. On this occasion three petitions for leave to appeal came up for consideration. Two were dismissed and the third was withdrawn by agreement. Before dealing with the matter in detail Viscount Haldane thought it well to lay down the general principles upon which the Committee should proceed in regard to these petitions from the Free State. He stressed the fact that when acting in their judicial capacity the members of the Committee were not ministers in any sense: they were in no way associated with politics or parties. Further, they were not an English body, for, strictly speaking, they had no location since, in the eyes of the law, the Sovereign was everywhere throughout the Dominions. And it was quite clear that the prerogative of the Sovereign existed in the Free State, as elsewhere, because it was preserved by Article 66 of the Constitution of that country. Though this was so, however, Viscount Haldane pointed out that the growth of the Empire, and especially the evolution of the Commonwealth system, had restricted substantially the exercise of the prerogative of the Sovereign on the advice of the Judicial Committee—a development which seemed to him natural and desirable. And so he believed it right and proper that the Dominions should more and more dispose of their own cases. With regard to the Free State also, he felt it unwise to lay down too rigidly the circumstances in which the Judicial Committee might intervene, for in time there would grow up there, as everywhere else, an unwritten Constitution whereby difficulties could be settled as they arose by tradition, by good sense, and by compromise, rather than by the hard-and-fast rule of an Act of Parliament. Two other points of importance were brought out by Viscount Haldane. In the first place, appeal to

the Privy Council was not a right, but at the King's discretion, and was founded on a petition that he should exercise his discretion. A matter of discretion was a very different thing from a matter of right, and so when petitions came from a new Dominion with full Dominion status, like the Irish Free State, it did not follow that leave to appeal would necessarily be given. Secondly, the Free State was a unitary Dominion like South Africa, and in actual practice it has long been the custom of the Judicial Committee to restrict the granting of leave to appeal in the case of a unitary state—there is very little necessity for an extra-Dominion court of appeal in such cases. On the whole, therefore, Viscount Haldane might be regarded as deprecating the interference of the Judicial Committee in the Free State. Lord Buckmaster went even further, perhaps, than his illustrious colleague on the occasion, for he made it plain that it was the intention of the Act upon which the Free State settlement with England was based to give, so far as possible, finality and supremacy to the Irish Courts.

This, then, was the view of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in 1923. There is nothing very unorthodox, therefore, in the attitude of Mr Cosgrave's party, and what they proposed to do was simply to translate something which had long been a convention in the Constitutional relations of the Dominions with Great Britain into positive law and fact. They thought the time had arrived for such a change, and they believed they were acting only in accordance with the normal development of the constitution—the growth of that unwritten constitution to which Viscount Haldane referred—in making it.

It is universally recognised that the English constitution is the most flexible and elastic in the world. But since the War the pace and scope of the changes it has undergone have been unprecedented. Actually, within the last few years not merely the letter but the whole spirit of the Constitution has been altered, and for the old imperialist system, based upon the supremacy of the Government and Parliament of Great Britain, there has been substituted the new idea of complete equality of status between the Dominions and England. 'Things can never be the same after the War as before it,' said

Mr Lloyd George as far back as 1917. That is the simple truth. Conditions have altered radically, and we believe they have changed for the better: for whatever the cynics may say, the world is a fairer place to live in to-day than it was in 1914—it cannot be that those millions of men who fought and died for liberty laid down their lives in vain. Thus humanity in these days demands more freedom for the very reason that it has developed intellectually and spiritually, and as our Irish poet and philosopher, Mr George Russell (*Æ*), once pointed out, the more men develop on those lines, the more they will substitute the internal law for the external law or government, and the more the solidarity of empires or nations will depend on the freedom allowed and the delight men feel in that freedom. Herein lies the explanation of the Free State's attitude. It has become conscious of its liberty, and rejoices in it as a sign of its spiritual development.

Mr Cosgrave, therefore, might claim to have been acting in perfect good faith in seeking to abolish the right of appeal to the Privy Council as the last remnant of extra-national authority, and even those who disagree with his policy will not charge him with any spirit of antagonism to the minority. Yet few who are acquainted with all the circumstances of the case will doubt that he did unnecessarily force the pace, driven to it, probably, by political expediency because there was a general election in the offing, and he had to present at least as 'independent' an Ireland to the electorate as Mr De Valera. For it was the cardinal error of Mr Cosgrave's career that he kept his gaze fixed on the Republicans in the vain hope of making converts from that body, instead of striving energetically to rally all classes of constitutionalists to his standard. Moreover, it is generally felt that in his proposal to abolish appeals to the Privy Council by legislation to be introduced in the Dail, the late leader of the Government had not chosen the happiest means to gain his end. As Viscount Hailsham declared recently in the House of Lords, if the Free State Parliament desired to deny that the right of appeal to the Privy Council is preserved in the Treaty, then they ought to submit the matter to some impartial tribunal to decide whether they or the English judges are right. But, on

his own showing, Mr Cosgrave did not intend to do anything of the kind ; he did not contemplate smoothing out this difference with England at the Imperial Council, as he had done previous ones ; on the contrary, he proposed to abolish the obnoxious right of appeal in the most autocratic and questionable manner. Much of this criticism, however, is now rendered beside the point by the passing of the Statute of Westminster without the amendments referring to the Free State. The position of the Irish Government is thereby strengthened considerably, and there seems no doubt that, under the sanctions of this Act, they can proceed at once to carry out the late leader's programme, if, indeed, they will be now content with that. The Free State citizen must realise, therefore, that, whether for good or ill, his country is entering upon a new era in which the only bond of empire left is the Crown.

What will be the position of the minority in the condition of things thus being inaugurated ? We believe that the 'Irish Times' was expressing the opinion of every member of the minority when it declared recently that it had 'never feared injustice from the Free State's courts,' and that, 'encouraged by its experience during the last ten years, it will continue to give its faith and energy to its country's service.' The minority must now, perforce, throw in their lot with their brother Irishmen and their own life and their country's will be the richer for it. We are confident that by making their full influence felt in the Free State, they must bring about a broadening of outlook among its political leaders, and in every way they will play an appreciable part in the shaping of Ireland's destiny.

M. D. O'SULLIVAN.

Art. 9.—BIOLOGY AND EDUCATION.

1. *Biology and Mankind*. By S. A. McDowall. Cambridge University Press, 1931.
2. *The Biological Basis of Human Nature*. By H. S. Jennings. Norton, 1930.
3. *The Science of Life*. By H. G. Wells, Julian Huxley, G. P. Wells. Cassells, 1931.
4. *Biology in Human Affairs*. By Edward M. East. McGraw-Hill, 1931.
5. *Human Biology and Racial Welfare*. Edited by E. V. Cowdry. Lewis, 1930.

THERE is cumulative evidence that we are at present assisting at the dawn of a new age—a biological age—which will be marked by a widespread appeal to the life-sciences to play a stronger part in the control of human evolution. Thus there is a keen appetite for books like 'The Science of Life' (1931), by Mr H. G. Wells, Professor Julian Huxley, and Mr G. P. Wells, which expound biology in the stricter sense and illustrate its application to human problems. The term 'biology' is sometimes and justifiably used as an inclusive label for all the biological *special sciences*, such as botany, zoology, anthropology (so far as the individual human organism is concerned), bacteriology, and protistology, and also the biological *sub-sciences*, such as anatomy, physiology, embryology, cytology, and genetics. The 'Hall of the Life-Sciences,' at Berkeley (University of California), includes all these sciences and sub-sciences under one inspiring roof, and it might be more prosaically called the 'Biology Buildings.' But the stricter use of the term 'biology,' as in Spencer's 'Principles of Biology,' is to denote the science of the nature, continuance, and evolution of life. It is the growing interest in this *general science* and its practical corollaries that seems to us particularly full of promise. In order to control any complex system one must either understand it or take directions from some expert who does, as is familiarly illustrated in driving a car.

Another line of evidence indicative of a biological dawn may be found in the growing dissatisfaction with the dominance of the chemical and physical sciences,

now hardly separable. Gratefully it is recognised that they have done wonders in increasing the amenities of human life and the availability of natural resources, but since we are organisms living in an environment in great part living, the conviction grows that it would be well to understand rather more than we do about life. We may say 'life and mind,' for it is becoming increasingly evident that we cannot study them apart. By and by, of course, sociology will have its belated innings, alongside of psychology and biology. But our point at present is simply that popular valuation is spreading from wealth to health. The physical standards of economy and efficiency are being more generally supplemented by the biological standards of vigour and happiness.

Thirdly, it seems fair to say that in pre-Darwinian days man's outlook on problems of health and race, including population-increase, was largely coloured by concepts of Providence or of fate. Pioneers there were, no doubt, and as far back as Hippocrates, but it was Pasteur (1822-1895) who first showed on a large scale that man was master of his fate even as regards microbes. Diseases are conquerable, not inevitable. And born in the same year was Francis Galton (1822-1911), who showed that man could utilise the facts of heredity so as to influence generations yet unborn. These were two heralds of the dawn, both with a clear vision of what might come about in the way of betterment if man put more brains or science into the art of life.

It may be said that the idea of seeking help from biology is no new thing, since medicine is very ancient and belief in it almost too trustful. But with few exceptions it is only in modern times that medicine has become very definitely biological. Before the nineteenth century it was in the main an empirical art, often of great shrewdness, but scientific in spots only. Chemistry and physics have won popular confidence because of their great achievements in tapping new sources of power and making these more available in many pleasant and profitable ways. Thus in face of any difficult practical problem concerning matter and energy it is nowadays the almost universal rule to consult the relevant expert. That this practice is less general when problems of *life* are concerned is partly because the achievements of the biologists have

not been equally important, or because they have not so vividly appealed to the popular imagination. But this is changing as the practical import of biology becomes more generally realised. Thus the Marquis wheat, scientifically sifted out by geneticists, was one of the big factors in 'winning the war'; malaria is one of several diseases which have been at least half baulked by the biological disclosure of the life-history of the implicated microbes and their vehicles before they find fateful entrance into man; thousands of children are saved every year from the painful disease of bilharziasis, traced by the medical zoologist, Major Leiper, to a worm whose early stages are housed by certain water-snails; such biological discoveries as hormones and vitamins have entirely altered the practical problem of vigorous health; and genetics can be used with great effect as a basis for practicable eugenics whenever man cares with sufficient intensity for the welfare of future generations. Thus we venture to encourage our hands with the belief that there is a growing realisation of the truth of Comte's ambition: 'Savoir, pour prévoir, afin de pourvoir.'

So far we have been referring to the ordinary citizen's willingness and unwillingness to seek help from biology, but we must not pass over in silence the doctrine so often promulgated by philosophers that science has nothing to do with the values which are of supreme importance and of most lasting satisfaction, namely, truth, beauty, and goodness. Some depreciators go the length of saying that the concept of value in this sense is quite trans-scientific. It is explained that science tells us how to do something, but not what we should do, nor why we should do it. Now it may be granted at once that neither biology nor any other science has to do with the purpose of evolution or with the meaning of human life. Nor does it seek after any *theory* of values or ideals; that is not its *métier*. Science is a body of well-criticised empirical knowledge, based on observation and experiment, condensed into descriptive formulæ or 'laws,' and verifiable by all who can use the methods involved. Thus it has, as such, nothing to do with such a transcendental problem as the meaning of evolution or of human life.

Yet the philosopher's emphasis on the limitations of

science is a little apt to become a fallacious inhibition of endeavour. For biological science at least has to do with the disclosure of certain values and with their realisation. Thus health and *joie de vivre* are biological or biopsychological values, and their attainment is brought nearer by scientific counsel. In reference to certain ways of living, parasitism for instance, it is part of the business of biology to say : That is the path to degeneracy and disintegration. And if the biologist is asked : But why prefer endeavour to the drifting life of ease, and difficult control to pleasant license ? he should not abdicate his function as counsellor. He should answer : Biology cannot as such say why *x* is ultimately to be preferred to *y*, but it can tell from its study of organisms—considered in their being, becoming, and having been—that the one way leads to disintegration and decay, the other to integration and progress ; considered pragmatically the one is the way of death, the other the way of life—of life more abundantly.

It should also be noted that while the biologist's ambition has mainly to do with health and happiness, he never loses sight of the unity of the organism—*mens sana in corpore sano*. He has also the conviction that positive health (like a reasonable share of wealth) may be a useful aid towards the attainment of the higher values—truth, beauty, and goodness. It is plain that the checking of disease and the culture of positive health may remove gratuitous handicaps to higher steps of progress. We believe that this appreciation of biology as an aid to the further control of human life, within the discretion of a wider wisdom, is growing in strength. This hope is, of course, tempered by our awareness that a scientific ideal is in itself necessarily lacking in *emotional* warmth, and that wayward man, in spite of his knowledge, often prefers the line of indulgence and least resistance to the line of high ambition. Yet the hope remains a reasonable one, and it encourages our present plea for more biology in education.

For practical purposes education may be described as the encouragement of the best that is in us to make the most of the best that is outside us. Of course this is no definition, for it uses the terms 'encouragement,' 'best,' 'in us,' 'outside us,' which are all open to dis-

cussion. By 'encouragement' we mean not fumbling with good intentions, but the resolute backing of the teacher's personal influence by well-tested psychological, biological, artistic, and other methods. An encouragement which ignores the pathway through 'feeling' will be condemned by all educational experts as hopelessly out of date. By 'best' in our descriptive definition of education we mean whatever tends towards progressive evolution, that again being indicated by history, tradition, the primary unconscious, and by science as well. In other words, education means using the influences of sound 'nurture' to develop what seems most promising in the hereditary 'nature,' using these two terms, 'nature' and 'nurture,' in the Galtonian sense, or as Shakespeare indicated when Prospero said of Caliban: 'A devil, a born devil, on whose nature nurture will never stick.' Thus education is the endeavour to encourage the natural inheritance so that it may make the most of the social heritage; and it is perhaps one of the main trends of human progress to select those individuals who most respect and utilise the evolutionary elements in the extra-organismal social heritage. Another biological way of describing education is to say that it seeks to supply effective liberating stimuli in development, so that the individual's recapitulation of racial history is shortened without too much telescoping.

Much time and warmth would be saved if it were more consistently recognised that the chief end of education, already described, includes a number of particular aims, some of which may be realised along certain lines of effort, and others in quite different ways. Thus as an educational result the appreciation of music is just as humanly desirable as an understanding of mathematics, but it is obvious that they are reached by very different paths, so that a type of education that would be excellent from the musician's point of view may seem less desirable to the mathematician. It follows that 'subjects' should not be pitted against one another, nor methods either, except in reference to the attainment of particular ends. We do not mean to suggest that all subjects have equal value, for that would be nonsense. The art of legible writing is socially useful, and may even have survival value; but it does not illumine the mind as the study of

history should. What, then, are the main ends of education?

One of the outstanding ends of education is brain-stretching, exercising the anterior region of the cerebral neo-pallium. In other words, it aims at skill in mental gymnastics. Now in regard to this universally admitted desirability of cultivating mental agility, without sacrificing accuracy, it should, we think, be frankly admitted that the biological sciences cannot at present be credited with the efficiency of, let us say, mathematics, or even Latin prose. For in both of these there is a resoluteness of discipline which cannot be readily gained by education in the biological realm, where the problems are necessarily subtle and the data relatively inexact. It is true that in its higher reaches, as in Mendelism and biochemistry, biology is becoming an exact science, but wherever individuality is a factor in the situation, it is less easy to say, 'If this, then that,' which is one of the great gains of learning in the school of science. In the biological sciences the pupil may be disciplined in accuracy of observation and measurement, and so forth; and the old-fashioned practice in floral classification is a mental exercise that has much to be said for it; yet is it not wiser for the biological enthusiasts, like ourselves, to admit that as far as mental gymnastics are concerned there are more effective opportunities in mathematics and physics, and even in linguistics. If this be so, the profitable inquiry is to discover that particular kind of brain-stretching which only the life-sciences can give. Of this we may find a good instance in the study of inter-relations or vital linkages, such as the nexus between water-wagtails and successful sheep-farming, between cats and the plague, between Christmas festivities and the missel-thrush, between little fishes and the glory that was Greece! Unless it be in commerce and the like there is no field in which inter-relations can be studied so dramatically and educatively as in biology.

A second end of education is to give the pupil keys with which to open the doors of the social heritage, and of so much of Nature as that may include. Several of these keys are commonplace and made of iron—notably the three R's—but in some hands even these may come to shine like silver.

It is not our business here to speak of the way in which reading, writing, and arithmetic may rise into art, or into expertness in utilising certain parts of the social heritage; nor of the value of the reading habit for those to whom leisure is dangerous; but the sounding of these notes is useful in reference to the life-sciences as elements in education. In face of what some psychological critics have said, we still maintain that natural history and botany are of great value in cultivating the powers of observation; and there is no doubt that they make the natural world more interesting and more full of delight. There is suggestiveness in an old essay of two generations ago, which bears the intriguing title 'Ornithology as a branch of a liberal education'; and even as a hobby botany has often proved itself life-saving. Looking deeper still we may recognise that Nature has essential contributions to make to man's life of feeling; yet how can we receive these unless we first learn to see? 'A poor life this, if full of care, We have no time to stand and stare.' Visualising is part of the art of life.

A third end of education is in the furnishing of the mind—with facts and ideas, pictures and promptings. The brain must be stretched; some of the keys to the social heritage must be mastered; but there is also the informing of the mind. What should young people learn to know? First and foremost there is a knowledge of the history of mankind and of the greatest human achievements. There can be little doubt that the almost universal sea of troubles at the present time is in part due to the fact that our social organisation has in size and intricacy outrun the understanding of the more slowly evolving individual intelligence. We cannot control material that we do not understand, and we cannot understand our complex modern world unless we have sat at the feet of sociology, which of course implies history and is grounded in biology. Very literally the people still perish for lack of knowledge; and yet we smile with misguided superiority when we speak of struggling sociological societies and the like, or of courageous pioneering endeavours like Dr F. H. Hayward's 'Celebrations' or the 'Pageants' thought-out and displayed by Sir Patrick Geddes. Of course the records that children need to study will have more to do with real than with regal history,

more to do with discoveries than with dynasties, at least as much to do with Beethoven as with Bismarck. The history lessons will cultivate feeling through hero-worship, and personal endeavour through historical examples. In dealing with early chapters they will merge into the biological, i.e. into the drama of pre-human life, and as a matter of course they will include geography—the story of the changing stage—as well as the book of the play.

But to history the informing of the mind must add science, instructing the scholars so that they will be able to find their way about, with at least a modicum of intelligent appreciation, in the outer world in which they are going to live. To launch a vessel without a chart is always a risky venture, which has led to many shipwrecks, and we agree with those who think that the best chance our civilisation has of not disappearing like Greece and Rome, and many others, lies in the possibility of more effectively charting the seas into which we are voyaging. But how few there are who seem even to think of this kind of supreme cartography! In the informing of the mind the biological sciences have a great part to play, giving us glimpses of an increasingly intelligible world of life—a world of order and progress—besides filling our picture-gallery with masterpieces, of which Wordsworth's dancing daffodils are but a very simple instance.

In the third place, but tragically conspicuous by its rarity, is instruction in the laws of health and happiness. Recent inquiries indicate that there is at present in this country more school instruction in biological science than there ever was before, yet we need not be complacent over this. For the proportion of time allowed to biological instruction is almost ludicrously small, and the studies do not include much biology in the stricter sense. All teaching of biological science is to the good, but we need much more than, say, a little botany, guaranteed not to speak more than cryptogamically about sex, and much more than a little zoology, guaranteed not to deal with reproduction. Were it not tragic, it would be almost laughable that Huxley's 'Physiology,' re-edited wellnigh to perfection, suffers from the egregious omission of the Reproductive System. So far as we have noticed, there is in that most admirable schoolbook of physiology no

mention of sex except in a momentary reference to the difference in the breathing and voice of males and females. Such indecent reticence invites disaster. What may be the most effective method of directly or indirectly instructing youth in regard to sex and reproduction has yet to be discovered by careful experiment—that is a hard problem by itself—but it seems very difficult to defend the policy of giving no instruction at all. It should surely be possible, for instance, to find room and timely opportunity for illustrating one of the biggest facts in the story of organic evolution—that the attraction between the sexes has in the course of ages risen among animals from rough and ready physical fondness to added æsthetic delights, and thence to psychical sympathies, and finally, in some cases, to a monogamous partnership with emotions worthy of being called love. This is for man a fruitful idea, to hitch the sex wagon to the star of love.

As regards this difficult problem of biological sex-instruction, we are well aware of the danger of anticipating the natural dawn of sex-interests, of prematurely suggesting responsibilities, and of either boring or frightening the pupils. But by indirect methods it is possible to sow seeds that develop in the mind, and so to teach the elements that the pupils may reach some principles of conduct for themselves. When all the teachers are over-preoccupied, the services of a peripatetic expert can sometimes be enlisted. And even if teachers sometimes make mistakes, as will happen, it has to be remembered on the other side how much sub-health, if not disease, and how much unhappiness, if not worse, is quite gratuitous and might be obviated by frank biological counsel. So far then our thesis is that every boy or girl leaving school should have had their mind informed with a pageant of history, with a guide to the world without, and with some vivid awareness of the elementary biological and psycho-biological laws of health and happiness.

At present there is but a small percentage of schools in which the life-sciences are receiving attention for as much as an average of two hours per week, and the plea we have just made for more attention is based, first, on the brain-stretching value of biology, for it is a Euclid

by itself and the best of all disciplines in visualising and accurate description; second, because it supplies keys which unlock some of the doors of the social heritage, training observation and opening the eyes to beauty; and third, because it informs the mind, enriches the picture-gallery, and may work towards the happiness of a healthy body and a healthy mind.

A strong case can be made for the promotion of biological science on utilitarian grounds. Its services to medicine and hygiene, to agriculture and fisheries, to plant- and animal-breeding, and so forth, are more or less familiar. But there has been less recognition of the culture-value of the science, and this lack of appreciation is to blame for its Cinderellaish position in schools. Yet the culture-value of the life-sciences is conspicuous and far-reaching. What other studies, even of scenery and of the stars, make, for instance, such striking contributions to our mental picture-gallery. Recall the eerie picture of the deep sea—a vast abysmal world by itself; the wonder-stirring life-story of the dragon-fly, which Tennyson so much appreciated; the dramatic bustle of the sea-shore pool; the tragi-comedy of every hedgerow; the overwhelming beauty of bird and blossom, and of the withering leaves, the 'flowers of the forest,' turning into fairy gold as we gain an understanding of them proportionate to our delight. As Meredith tersely put it: 'You of any well that springs can unfold the heaven of things.' Feeling is one of the rights of way to reality, and we rob our teaching of no small part of its strength if we try to do without the emotional appeal. This is particularly true in the life-sciences, where most of the data come to us and to our children clothed in beauty, instinct with wonder, and veiled in ultimate mysteriousness: 'Nur was du fühlst, das ist dein Eigenthum.'

Feeling and knowledge combine to form the fundamental impressions of life which children gain, or used to gain. As Whitman said: 'There was a child who went forth every day, and what that child saw became part of him for a day, or for a year, or for stretching cycles of years.' Our ancestors were brought up in touch with wild Nature, but we are largely urbanised, and saturated with the mechanical rather than with the vital, apt therefore to lose, to our sad impoverishment, the funda-

mental impressions of growing, developing, mating, multiplying, struggling, sifting, waxing, waning, ageing, and dying. Part of our present undoing is due to our relative loss of touch with Life.

Another culture-value in biology is its suggestion of great ideas, such as the ascent of life, the gradually increasing dominance of mind in the course of animal evolution, the past living on in the present, the web of life with its endless linkages. In suggesting great biological ideas the wise teacher will walk warily, lest he give an impression of false simplicity and lest he offer a whale when his son is only prepared for a fish. Yet we are too apt to invent good reasons for evading what is difficult. While there is a risk of pulling the pædagogic bow too tight, it may be asked whether the evolution idea is more premature than that of creation, still so abundantly and confidently taught to those of tender years. In any case it should be possible for the wit of man to work out a way of sowing in the youthful mind both kinds of seeds—the scientific idea of evolution and the religious idea of divine creation. Then there will be nothing to be violently unlearned.

Science has given man one new world after another—ever grander and grander. It was a new world when Copernicus changed a geocentric into a heliocentric outlook, another when Newton linked the falling apple to the passing moon, another when Darwin on his Columbus voyage of the 'Beagle' replaced the concept of being by that of becoming, and gave man the picture of a world of life not only evolved but evolving. This revelation of new worlds is going on to-day, and the data have to be included in the philosophy and religion towards which our children, like ourselves, send out tendrils seeking support. Whoever laughs at a child's philosophy or religion has not got far with his own. And our point here is that the crowning culture-value of biology is its disclosure of data which must be taken account of whenever any one asks the trans-scientific question, Why? or What does this mean?

Without any 'pressing,' as golfers say when strength is evoked beyond skill, it is possible to suggest to developing minds something of the orderliness and progressiveness of Animate Nature, something of its interpenetration with

mind, something of its growing intelligibility to evolving man, something perhaps of its suggestions of purpose. In any case we must not hide the new world of to-day in which philosophy and religion—even those of a child—can breathe more freely than ever before.

Amid our chequered modern life one of the rays of hope is the increase in the number of men and women who are forming the habit of thinking biologically. There are many, no doubt, who hardly think at all about big things; a large number think economically, and a very few sociologically; many think theologically, and a few mathematically, and a still smaller number cosmically; a large number think in terms of mechanism, very few in terms of organism. But the habit of thinking biologically is spreading fast. What does it mean?

(1) In pre-Darwinian days men thought of their life fatalistically or in terms of a too literally conceived Providence, but with Pasteur, Galton, and Mendel—all born in the same annus mirabilis (1822)—men began to realise that they could share in their own evolution. With biology (and the inseparable psychology) as torch, it is possible not only to conquer disease but to move towards positive health and to influence generations yet unborn. (2) Thinking biologically means a recognition of the three-sidedness of all Life: organisms, functionings, environments—folk, work, and place. There may be particular progressive steps affecting one side only of the biological prism, but secure progress, as a general advance of the community, implies a threefold correlated betterment of organisms, functionings, and environments, and a firmer control of the social organisation as well. (3) Thinking biologically implies a recognition of the unity of the organism—body and mind together. The body thrills to the mind, the mind is 'thirled' to the body. Some distinguished thinkers believe that the mind plays on its body as the musician on his violin—the attractive dualistic view, well-represented, for instance, by MacDougall. Other equally distinguished thinkers believe that mind and body are abstracted aspects of one reality—the living organism, which alternates from BODY-mind to MIND-body—the monistic view, well-represented, for instance, by Lloyd Morgan. The relation, if it be a relation, between body and mind remains

obscure, but every year makes it more evident that the two aspects are in some sense both real, that in mundane conditions they are normally inseparable, and that we must respect the unity—*mens sana in corpore sano*.

(4) Thinking biologically means a recognition of the past living on hereditarily in the present, and forming a *natural inheritance* which is expressed or developed in appropriate nurture, including the social heritage, Nature, the home, the school, and all other enviroing influences for good and ill. The limitations of individual nature are definable, but we know little in regard to the limitations of nurture. (5) Thinking biologically implies a recognition of the indispensable rôle of sifting in evolution. So far as we understand it, organic evolution depends on the selection of novelties which well forth from the inexhaustible germinal fountain of change. Changing and entailing, sifting and singling—such have been and continue to be the factors in organic evolution. But man stands apart from the animal world in his reason, his language, his awareness of past and future, and his social heritage ever tending to outrun the individual's understanding and control; and thus has arisen the fateful dilemma of civilisation that man has not been able to substitute for the rejected sieve of natural selection, which the growth of social sentiment would not tolerate, an adequate rational and social selection—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*. (6) Thinking biologically means that we can face with new intelligence and new hope some of the most minatory of problems, such as the rapid increase in the world's population, which threatens to reach its saturation-point in another century; such as differential fertility, which tends to lead through mongrelising to a drab mediocrity; such as the rife pathology of sex—so often *corruptio optimi pessima*. Just as man's treatment of disease became new in the light of Pasteur's microbes, so our attitude to human sex in the light of its animal evolution, our health in the light of hormones, and our diet in the light of vitamins, and so on and so forth.

(7) In regard to the more detailed problems of the individual life, biology offers increasingly a lamp to our feet and a light to our path. Thus a knowledge of other life-histories suggests ways in which we may make more of our own, lengthening this arc, say, of maturity, and

shortening that arc, say, of senescence. A comparative study of life-histories has brought a deeper appreciation of the ante-natal development, the infancy, the childhood, the play period, the schooling, the adolescence, the rising in love, the married life, the parentage, the middle life plateau, the downgrade to death—each and all with its pitfalls and its uplifts, which biology has already done much to reveal. In our eugenics, eutechnics, eutopias, eupsychics, and so on, we must take counsel not only from the records of short-lived mankind, but from the age-long experiments of Nature, with their many danger-flags on the one hand and encouragements on the other. No doubt science is better able to tell us how to get a thing done than to suggest what we should do or why we should do it, but biology in the wide sense holds before us ideals as well as facts, and offers us not knowledge alone, but wisdom as well. Our plea is that there is not only safety but progress in thinking biologically, and that the habit should be begun in school.

J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

Art. 10.—THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY.

The Cambridge Ancient History. General Editors : J. B. Bury, M.A., F.B.A., S. A. Cook, Litt.D., and F. E. Adcock, M.A. In Seven Volumes. Cambridge University Press, 1923–1931.

To some it may appear strange that the greatest and most important work on ancient history written in the English language should not have emanated from that university, Oxford, which has for the last hundred years devoted more study to the subject than any other university in the kingdom. In the realm of mediæval and modern history the Cambridge University Press initiated the publication of works dealing with the whole of a large subject on a large scale, and, presumably, because these earlier essays were financially successful, as indeed they deserved to be, it has now designed and carried out this great work on the history of the ancient world. But, though the design in all three cases originated in Cambridge, the editors have not limited the list of contributors to experts drawn from that great university, but have relied largely on talent and knowledge of various quality resident in the professorial and tutorial staff of Oxford.

The publication of the work is opportune. Within the last fifty years inquiry into the facts of ancient history has been carried on with great activity. A past which was dead to Thirlwall and Grote has been not merely exhumed but brought back to life by Schliemann and Evans. Those Hittites whom Sayce introduced to an incredulous world are now very common objects on the shore of the past. Even the Greeks of the great fifth century are not presented to the student of the present day in the same guise in which they appeared to the student of forty years ago who drew his inspiration from Grote. In the schools of Oxford, in times within the memory of middle-aged members of the university, the Grotian tradition of Greek history played as a test of true faith a part like that played by the Athanasian creed at times when certain phases of faith were prevalent. Departure from it was treated as heresy ; and the heretics were consigned to an outer darkness of unofficial, and

mostly unpaid, activity. Not merely has this unpagan intolerance passed away, but some of the survivors of the old band of adherents to the true faith have out-hereticked the heretics; and their apostasy is well advertised in their contributions to the present work. Some of the old heretics might think that these proselytes to heresy have found salvation in the truth. But converts tend to be fanatical; and to others it might seem that some of these belated adherents to the new ideas have rushed at the truth with such zeal and violence that they have gone through and beyond it. But these present volumes are, as has been said, opportune because the time has come when the results of the studies pursued in the last fifty years should be placed before the student in some accessible form, and not remain, as hitherto, scattered through serials and other literature in places not always easy to discover and in forms not always easy to obtain.

Collaboration in literature, especially if carried out on a large scale, has its dangers, possible inequality of treatment of subjects, and conflicts in ideas or even in facts. It is the work of an editor to make these rough places smooth; but that work demands a comprehensiveness of mind which, to attain perfection in such a labour, would have to be superhuman. Of the editing of the present work it may be said that the editors have been as nearly superhuman as it is given to man to be. But if collaboration involves certain dangers it has also certain distinct advantages when applied to a work covering the ground which the present work covers. It is impossible for any individual scholar to render himself a complete expert in all the subjects dealt with in these volumes. The bibliographical lists attached to each chapter cite works which it would take a long lifetime to read, and several lifetimes to digest. The various contributors to the present work are obviously acquainted with the sources of information, good, bad, and indifferent, at their disposal for the treatment of their special subjects, though their mode of dealing with the evidence and the conclusions they draw from it are sometimes disputable.

But the treatment of evidence derived from ancient authors, evidence often unsound or defective, is a very difficult and delicate task. The light-hearted critic of

forty years ago was disposed to treat the original authorities for Greek history with a somewhat free hand. The legends of early Greece were sun myths, whatever that meant. Herodotus was a romancer in his general history, and a forger or manipulator of facts in the interests of Athens. That phase of historical criticism is dead. Some might say that it committed suicide. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that it tried to commit suicide, but the attempt was forestalled by a death from natural causes. Later investigation has shown the truth of much that it alleged to be false, and the falsity of much that it alleged to be true. The contributors to the present volumes have steered a middle course between the diehard conservatism of those who in the past refused to accept any reconstruction of the story of the ancient world as told by ancient historians, and those who reconstructed the story out of their own imaginations. This, at any rate, is true of the majority of the contributors. But a few, more daring and less scientific than the rest, have taken the most extraordinary liberties with the ancient evidence for the fifth century, and have not hesitated to substitute for it ideas of their own which cannot be supported by anything that any ancient author ever said. That kind of history may be amusing to the irresponsible reader; but it is not history founded on any scientific treatment of evidence. It is noticeable, too, that many of these guesses at truth are infinitely less probable than the erroneous (*sic*) statements which they profess to correct. There are very few, if any, passages in historians of the best period of which it may be said that they are absolutely untrue; for the only men who could have absolutely disproved them have been dead some twenty centuries or more. There are, on the other hand, many passages which obviously require modification, or which appear to require it. Even in such cases the evidence must be handled with delicacy. It is a commonplace to say that a passage in any author, if taken apart from its context, may convey a wrong meaning. In the case of ancient authors the difficulty arises from the context, for the true context of the passage in question may be the whole work of the author, or some part of his work which has no textual connection with the passage. An ancient

author is often his own corrector and emendator—which is not strange in view of the defective and conflicting nature of the evidence from which he had to draw his story.

The modern historian of the ancient world is in relation to his subject-matter in much the same position as that in which Herodotus stood in relation to his sources. He finds discrepancies in the evidence which he must try to solve either by a compromise or by the adoption of one out of several versions of a story. That is what Herodotus did; and that is scientific treatment of evidence. The treatment becomes unscientific when the would-be historian substitutes for such evidence as is available ideas of his own for which there is no support to be found in the ancient authorities, and above all when he puts forward those ideas in language which gives a reader the impression that they rest on evidence as sound as that on which other statements in his work are made. This defect is so well marked in one well-known history of Greece published in modern times that the use of the work has been discouraged by teachers in the Oxford school. But this defect is present in various passages to be found in the contributions to the present work made by some of those who have written on the story of Greece in the fifth century.

Students who make use of this Cambridge history, and are acquainted with recent German works covering the same ground, will be led almost inevitably to compare it with Eduard Meyer's '*Geschichte des Altertums*.' It is unfortunate that Meyer's work has not been translated into English, unfortunate, too, that it is written in a German which is in painful contrast to that in which Schiller wrote his historical works. As a historian Meyer tends to conservatism. He accepts for the most part views which have been put forward by previous writers. There are few, if any, startling innovations in his story of the past in so far as it concerns Greek history. But his interpretation of the evidence has led him to conclusions often in marked contrast to those of writers in the book under review. When, for instance, the student reads in the Cambridge work that the Hectemori of Solon's time were originally freeholders who had got into financial difficulties, been obliged to pledge their

land, had failed to meet their obligations under the pledge, and so fallen into slavery for debt, had been released from that position, and had had their lands restored to them by the *seisactheia*, he may feel that he has got a clear view of the situation. But when he turns to Meyer's account of the matter, and finds that that great authority says that these same *Hectemori* were originally tenants, not freeholders, who paid five-sixths of the produce of their lands to the owner, got into debt, and were relieved either by the buying-out of the owners by the government, or by being given the lands as freeholds confiscated from the original owners, he begins to see that the term 'authority' as applied to modern historians of the past has a limited connotation. He is led to look into the evidence for himself, an exercise which is very good for him.

The divergence of views in these great works is very marked throughout, so much so that it will possibly incite some writer to attempt in the near future some further reconstruction of the evidence.

A detailed review of all the contributions to this Cambridge history would fill a volume, and a large volume at that; it would in fact make demands on space which no serial publication could meet. But there are certain questions which either are, or have recently been, agitating the minds of students of ancient history, the treatment of which in this latest contribution to the subject must be of interest to any one who would seek to understand the ancient world. Within the last twenty years economic factors have been introduced into the written histories of Greece and Rome with results which have both added to and modified the conceptions previously formed of those two most interesting departments of ancient story.

Until quite recent years no one in modern times ever conceived of the Greeks except as a homogeneous race of Indo-European origin; and Herodotus' assertion that the aboriginal population of Greece was not Hellenic has been treated as a myth invented by that author or by some tradition which he followed. Again, until quite recently, the modern world and, for that matter, the Greek world of the fifth century, regarded the peculiar institutions of Sparta as going back into a dim and distant

past; whereas the excavations carried out a little more than twenty years ago in Lacomia by the British School at Athens showed that, up to a time which was comparatively recent when the fifth century began, cultural life at Sparta developed on lines similar to those on which it developed in the other Greek states. Furthermore, the policy of the new Sparta, especially in the fifth century, has been traced on lines at least more definite than the maze of inconsistencies which it presented as depicted by Grote and other writers. It is relative to these questions that the views put forward by writers in the present work are of special interest.

It is a strange thing that modern writers on ancient history have never, and on mediæval history have seldom, put before their readers certain elementary facts with regard to the conditions under which life was lived by men of those periods of the world's history. Whether they have regarded economic facts as nauseating to the cultured reader, or whether they have not themselves realised them, it is impossible to say; but the result of the omission is that some of the history they have written is misleading and other of it incomprehensible to any thinking student who uses their works. English history has been written and rewritten hundreds of times, yet from how many of the writers of it would the reader realise that the life of our forefathers was so precarious that, in the centuries prior to the Black Death of 1349, hundreds of thousands of Englishmen died of starvation or of the terrible pestilence brought about by malnutrition or recourse to improper food? The same has been till recently the case with the writing of Greek and Roman history. It is only within the last few years that Professor Rostovseff has illuminated the dark regions of Roman economic history. The like has been done for Greek history by other writers within the last twenty years. Unless a reader is brought face to face with the ancient evidence and thinks out its significance, it is impossible for him to realise the contrast between the conditions under which life was lived in the past and those under which it is lived in the present.

The basic difference between ancient and modern life is in respect of food supply, or, to get still nearer to the root of the matter, in respect to facility and rapidity of

transport. The failure of crops in this or that region has been chronic in all ages of history, though improved methods of cultivation have reduced the frequency of its occurrence. In the ancient world it was an ever threatening danger, and ancient peoples and ancient governments were supremely conscious of its existence. Some of the most far-reaching policies of the governments of the Greek states and of Rome were due to this consciousness and the fear it inspired. By reason of the slowness of transport and its costliness, especially by land, failure of crops in a region meant starvation to the inhabitants owing to the impossibility of introducing food supplies from outside in time to save the situation in the stricken district.* Even if supplies were available, the means for their purchase would be lacking; and in the ancient world philanthropy was rarely strong enough as a sentiment to induce those who had to make gratuitous gifts to those who had not.† It may be said that the first aim of the civilised governments of the ancient Mediterranean region was to secure the food supply of the state. Even less civilised governments recognised that necessity.

It is customary to speak of our Saxon ancestors as our rude forefathers; but at the very beginning of their settlement in this country they recognised the necessity

* Thousands of living Englishmen will remember the disastrous famine in India in 1877, where the disaster was due, not to scarcity of supplies in areas outside the famine region, but to the inadequacy of means of communication. After the disaster the Indian government set to work to remedy the defect.

† This may be illustrated by a quotation from Creighton, 'A History of Epidemics in England,' vol. i, p. 44: 'The full effects of the famine were not felt until the spring of 1258. So great was the pinch in London from the failure of the crops and the want of money that 15,000 are said to have died of famine, and of a grievous and widespread pestilence that broke out about the feast of the Trinity (19 May). The Earl of Cornwall (and King of Germany) who had relieved the country of a great part of its circulating coin, took the opportunity to buy up corn in Germany and Holland for the supply of the London market. Fifty great ships, says Matthew Paris, arrived in the Thames laden with wheat, barley, and other grain. . . . 'The corn was for such as could buy it. . . . 'Those who had no money, we are expressly told, died of hunger, even after the arrival of the ships.' It is Matthew Paris who gives the number of deaths as 15,000. The Annals of Tewkesbury give it as 20,000. It would be a liberal estimate which placed the population of London at that time at any figure higher than 50,000.

of making even each village community self-sufficing, knowing well that the lines of communication of the time, tracks, not roads, made it an economic impossibility for communities to import from outside that which was requisite for life at home. The Saxon settlement was from the first an organised system, the evidence for which is written large in the Saxon charters; and the most marked features of the organisation are designed to stave off the danger of famine. All that could be done at the time was done; but the terrible tale of famine in the Saxon, Norman, and Angevin periods in this country shows that the danger could not be met from sources within England itself.

Of the effect of this all-important factor in human life on the policies of Greece and Rome much is known from direct evidence, and much may be deduced from evidence less direct; yet in this newest history of the ancient world this fundamental condition of ancient life is hardly touched upon, and at times, it might almost seem, deliberately ignored. The modern western world does not realise the extent to which the elementary question of food supply may dominate the politics and policy of a state the food supply of which is precarious; and there was probably not a single state or people round the Mediterranean in ancient times which was free from this pressing anxiety. The Romans, even in the days of the empire, when the food supply of Italy from abroad was well organised, displayed a perhaps exaggerated nervousness because Italy was not self-supporting in that respect. The anxiety was voiced in the saying 'latifundia perdidere Italiam.'

The great movements of races which at various periods disturbed middle Europe, western Asia, and the Mediterranean world, were probably movements of peoples who sought land where life could be more easily supported than in the land in which they had hitherto dwelt. Prolonged droughts in pastoral regions would impel nomad races to seek pasture elsewhere in order to save themselves and their flocks. Repeated failure of crops due to a succession of bad seasons, or to the exhaustion of the land by wasteful methods of cultivation, would drive agricultural races to other lands. Apart from these special circumstances, mere covetousness

would impel peoples with comparatively poor territories to seek to acquire the richer lands of neighbours. Rome suffered from this in the early days of its history. The Mesopotamian plain, which offered peculiar ease of existence, was a possession for which its possessors had to fight hard against nomads and mountaineers. These things are due to the natural desire of man to minimise his anxiety with regard to food supply. They play a more or less prominent part in the policy of every state ; and in most of the states of the old Mediterranean area they played the dominant part.

If early England with its large cultivable area suffered from the precariousness of its food supply, what must have been the case in early Greece where only a little more than one-fifth of the whole is productive land ? One writer in this latest work on ancient history ascribes the Greek colonisation of the West to a desire for new lands, and that of the Pontus by Miletus to trade expansion. These statements are half-truths. The Greeks did indeed colonise the West in order to get new land ; but incidentally that land was peculiarly good for the growth of corn, and would, and did, supply deficiencies in the food supply of the states which sent out the colonies. The Milesians did set up a considerable general trade in the Pontus ; but what attracted them originally was the corn to be got from the plains of south Russia. By the very force of circumstances the growth of the corn trade not merely induced but necessitated the growth of general trade, for they had to pay by export for the corn they imported. The writer also reproduces that well-worn fable of the Greek love of adventure by sea as an impetus to colonial enterprise. If the Greek had any such love he dissembles it very successfully in many verses preserved in the Greek anthology. There the best he has to say of the sea is that it is sometimes calm. Sea voyages in those days were not pleasure cruises.

Modern adventurers try experiments of sailing round the world in small vessels, and, if they succeed, are acclaimed by a world which rightly regards adventure as raising the morale of the human race. But the Greek sailor took similar risks every day of his life that he spent at sea, for his vessels in respect of building and equipment were perhaps less seaworthy than the craft

in which these modern adventurers have voyaged. So the Greek did not travel the sea because he liked so doing, but because he had to. Even the modern enthusiast would lose his taste for that particular form of adventure had he to face for the rest of his life the risks he ran on that one spectacular voyage.

A recent German writer * has put forward some very extreme views with regard to the importance of the Greek corn trade and its influence on Greek history. He says that Greek trade so late as the sixth century was, save for an inconsiderable trade in articles-de-luxe, such as objects of ivory and gold and so forth, exclusively a corn trade; that of general seaborne trade the Greeks had none at that time. He seems to forget that those who get corn abroad must pay for it, as the Greek manufacturing states did by the export of pottery, textiles, etc., and the agricultural states probably by the exports of the products of the vine and the olive; that, in other words, an import corn trade necessitates an export trade of a general nature. Again, much of the raw material for her manufactures, especially metals and timber, Greece must have imported from abroad—another form of trade which the corn trade necessitated.

But when Hasebroek goes on to emphasise the importance of the corn trade of Greece by asserting that at various times various Greek states sought to corner, as it were, the visible supply from abroad, the reader who knows his Greek history is set wondering as to the identity of the states who tried that wide and bold experiment. It is probable that Athens did so in the war between 459 and 454, and possible that that may have been part of the aim of the Sicilian expedition; but, unless the records of Greek history are wholly misleading, no other state of Greece was at any time in a position even to dream of such an audacious scheme.

It was to be hoped that some writer in this Cambridge work would have emphasised the importance of this fundamental element in ancient life, and would have indicated its effect on the political life of the ancient world. Until that is done ancient history as written at the present day will present inconsistencies which abler

* Hasebroek, 'Staat und Handel im alten Griechenland.'

students even of undergraduate status will discover. But recognition of this is rather retarded than forwarded by the exaggerations of Professor Hasebroek.

Those who regard the fact that Greek colonisation tended to concentrate in two of the three great corn-producing regions of the Mediterranean, Sicily and the Pontus, and that at the same time the Greek states of Asia were developing rapidly their trade with the third, Egypt, as a mere coincidence, may do so. But it is at any rate a tenable hypothesis that these activities were directed mainly at the acquisition of that product for which these areas were the sole source of a surplus supply.

Modern English historians of Greece are inclined to emphasise the triumphs of the Greek in theoretical life. In politics he created the subject-matter on which he theorised or ever he dreamed of theorising upon it. Greek democracy did not originate in theory but in the practical intention on the part of the Greek poorer class to secure by political means that which was necessary for physical existence. Democracy once established, the Greek was ready to evolve or to listen to political theory. Idealism is bred in the Greek by economic security; materialism by economic necessity. The practical capacity of the Greek is not so widely recognised; in fact his failure in political life has led some scholars to depreciate it. Yet it was markedly displayed in two departments of life. The Greek was the first who set on foot a satisfactory system by which a food supply from overseas could be assured, and this in an age when the difficulties facing such a design were much greater than in the days of the Roman Empire, and infinitely greater than in modern times. Amid all the vicissitudes of several centuries full of vicissitudes there does not appear to have been any serious breakdown in the system.

The Greeks, too, evolved a type of soldiery which no army of the states of the fifth and fourth centuries could face, the heavy-armed hoplite, and this in a country which had to import iron. This is very rightly emphasised by Mr Wade-Gery in his account of the early Argive army. A unified Greece might in the fifth or early fourth century have conquered western Asia. But unity was what Greece could not attain, because she would not.

It is evident that Cyrus the younger and Agesilaüs suspected the possibilities which a hoplite army offered ; and Philip of Macedon, by improving the hoplite type of infantry and extending the principle of heavy armour to a cavalry force, made the conquest of Asia easy for his brilliant son. But it was with the Greeks that the idea originated.

The question which has been raised of recent years as to the racial identity of the population which the creators or introducers of the Mycenæan civilisation found in Peloponnese and central Greece is not one which can be passed over lightly. There can be little doubt that, whatever the race was, the Ionian Greeks at least of the historical age were descended from it, and the Ionian Greeks were the chief creators of some of the most outstanding features of the great civilisation of the fifth century.* If these original inhabitants of Peloponnese were akin to those Cretans who are believed to have founded the Mycenæan dominion in Greece, then they were not merely non-Greek but not even of the Indo-European family of races, unless Sir Arthur Evans and all those who have written on the recently discovered antiquities of Crete are quite mistaken. If they were not, then the Indo-Europeans of to-day cannot claim that some of the greatest contributions to modern western civilisation came from ancestors of their stock. The renunciation of such a claim would imply a great modification of the hitherto accepted view which has treated Greek civilisation as a family heirloom of the Indo-European family. Herodotus would not have ventured to tell the Athenians that they were non-Hellenic had not that been part of the general tradition of his day.

In the present work the reader will not find any definite pronouncement on this question, though Mr Wace implies his own views.† But then he does not appear to think that the rulers of Mycenæ were Cretan. The late Professor Bury went still further.‡ He regarded Minos as an Achæan. What would Sir Arthur Evans say to this ? Will it become necessary to give that Cretan

* H. R. Hall, 'The Ancient History of the Near East,' deals clearly with this question.

† Vol. II, ch. 16.

‡ Vol. II, ch. 17.

civilisation some other name than Minoan? It was certainly not Achæan. The question is in the air. But students of Greek history, rendered wary by the fate of predecessors who have derided the truth of Greek legend, will not light-heartedly relegate the tradition preserved by Herodotus to the realm of myth.

Sparta was an enigma to the contemporary Greek world. The Greek radical had nothing good to say of it. The Greek conservative regarded it as the home of gentlemen; but, unless he was a Spartan, he did not live there. He was not allowed to do so. Probably the truest thing which was ever said of it by its contemporaries was said by Thucydides—*διὰ τῆς πολιτείας τὸ κρυπτὸν ἡγνοῖτο*—and he is speaking of a fact relating to the battle of Mantinea, the description of which he obtained from a Peloponnesian source. But the most conspicuous proof of the ignorance of Sparta which prevailed in the Greece of the fifth century is that it supposed that the strict military system of that state of that time was at least centuries old, whereas recent excavation has shown that it cannot have been inaugurated at earliest much more than a century before the fifth century began.

The excavations of the British School at Athens revealed a Sparta such as the fifth century never dreamt of, and the modern world never knew, a Sparta which up to a certain time advanced in cultural development *pari passu* with the most civilised states of the age. Mr Wade-Gery describes * this early Sparta in a brief but graphic passage. But he regards the change made after the Second Messenian War as political in intent. Taking into account, however, the fear which Sparta showed of the Helots in aftertime, it seems more probable that the intent of the change was military; that that Messenian rising had demonstrated to Sparta that the safety of the comparatively small Spartiate element in the population depended on that element being organised on a very strict military basis.

Since the introduction of the economic factor into the story of the Greek world the history of the sixth century has acquired a prominence which it was never given by authors of forty years ago. It is true that the ancient

* Vol. III, p. 161.

evidence for the period is very defective ; but there are certain elements in fifth-century history which throw light on what is suggested by imperfect evidence relating to its predecessor. The account which Professor Adcock gives * of the Solonian reforms is excellent ; but he does not impress on the mind of the reader the far-reaching effects of the economic reforms in aftertime. He gives the impression that Solon merely developed a pre-existing Attic trade. In a sense that is true, because probably every Greek state, even those whose main industry was agriculture, had a certain amount of trade with neighbours. But the recorded finds of Athenian products in the West show that between the beginning and the end of the sixth century Athenian trade advanced from very small beginnings indeed to a very large volume of export. Attica was passing from the category of an agricultural to that of a trading state. The development was such that Solon may be said to be the founder of Athens as a trading state. It was a development which in the next century the agricultural element tried to stem. But their effort came too late. Nor is the significance of Solon's endeavour to provide means for the purchase of food supplies from abroad treated in a way befitting its importance in Greek economic history. It is probable that he borrowed the idea from the pre-existing trading states of Greece ; but, be that as it may, the description of the measure in Plutarch's life of him is the first mention in Greek historical literature of such a design.† It is an essential feature of that great design which the Greeks perfected in the fifth century of providing an adequate food supply for a land which could not support its own population.

The account of the Pisistratid tyranny is not very satisfactory on the economic side, because it does not explain the great change it brought about in the economic position of the rural population of Attica. The change is indeed recognised, but it is attributed to the settlement of the hill-dwellers on lands confiscated from the large

* Vol. iv, ch. 2.

† It is, as a fact, the only passage in Greek literature in which such a design is expressly set forth. But, unfortunately, Greek historians did not concern themselves with economic facts which were commonplaces in the experience of those for whom they wrote.

landowners—on lands in the plain, that is to say. The theory presents certain difficulties. The area of alluvial plain in Attica is limited. There were still rich landowners in Attica in the fifth century, despite possible confiscations of the Solonian period and those attributed to Pisistratus. Therefore the amount of land confiscated cannot have been very large. May not the truth be that Pisistratus, by means of advances of capital, enabled the Diacrii to reform their cultivation of the hillsides by substituting that of the vine and the olive, for which these slopes were peculiarly fitted, for that of cereals, a change rendered economically possible by the fact that foreign corn was coming within the reach of Attica, and the produce of an acre under vine and olive cultivation would buy more corn than ever that acre could grow? The tendency of primitive cultivators in all lands has been to try to grow cereals on all kinds of soils so long as the home supply has been the only possible source of supply. Professor Adcock speaks of the extension of the cultivation of the olive in Pisistratus' day. But, if of the olive, why not of the vine?

The story of the fifth century has always been, and will always be to the general reader, the most attractive chapter in Greek history, in fact it is probably the only one which is well known to the reading world. It is, therefore, peculiarly important that the evidence for this period should be treated by the historian with extraordinary care, otherwise the modern world may form a wrong conception of a chapter of history which is not only one of the most interesting, but also one of the most instructive in the whole history of the world. Of the story as given in the present work it may be said that all the available evidence has been used, or, in some cases, misused in the sense that the writers have not hesitated to distort or reject such items of it as conflict with some cherished conception of their own. This is especially the case with the writers who have dealt with the earlier part of the century.* History writing which treats evidence in this way is not historical but myth-historical. Any one acquainted with the ancient authorities will have no difficulty in recognising the passages to which reference

* Vol. iv, ch. 6 and 8.

is made. It is admittedly the case that the evidence available lends itself in many cases to more than one interpretation; and no one can quarrel with an interpretation which is logical, even if it be not the one which he himself would give. But it is a very different matter when a modern writer rejects the testimony of ancient authors and substitutes for it a version of events drawn from his own imagination. Eduard Meyer in his *‘Geschichte des Altertums’* does not treat evidence so; and thus his story of the period from 510 to 462, though it contains the expression of views with which some might disagree, displays a sanity absent from many important passages in the contributions to the present work. Those who accept the story as told in the latter must subordinate the authority of Herodotus and other ancient authors to that of modern scholars.

For the period before the great Persian War some construction of the history is called for, because Herodotus' references to the period are confined to incidents. Mr Munro's reconstruction of the story of the Marathonian campaign and, above all, of its political prelude, published in the *‘Hellenic Journal’* of 1899, was as important a contribution to Greek history as has been made by any living historian. In his latest contribution to the subject, which is practically confined to the campaign itself, he has unfortunately made essays and reconstructions which are by no means so impressive.*

* Vol. iv, p. 137. Of the Athenian Settlers at Chalcis, who retreated from the attempt to help Eretria, he says: ‘The settlers escaped to Oropus. How?’ The answer is across the Euripus at Chalcis, which was so narrow at that point that it was bridged in later days. He speaks of the Athenian fleet having been ‘probably’ sent to Oropus with intent to ferry the Athenian army over to the aid of Eretria. Can any one who knows the story of the campaign suppose that the Athenian fleet of and at that time would venture to face the Persian fleet in the South Euripus? If it would, why did it not attack the Persian expedition with a view to prevent a landing in Attica?

He adduces a decree of Miltiades, the existence of which is only known from fourth-century evidence, and the purport of which is quite unknown, except that it seems to have referred to Euboea, and builds on this insecure foundation the theory that the Athenian army intended to march to the aid of Eretria, and actually started towards Declea with that intent. To complete this picture he describes in one graphic paragraph (p. 241) the beginning of that march and the subsequent diversion to Marathon. Can any student of the story of the time believe that in the state of feeling at Athens itself at that moment (Hdt. VI, 109) the Athenian generals could

Mr Walker, who writes on the political history of Athens between 510 and 490, is obsessed with the idea that the interests of great families dominate Athenian politics at the time,* and that affects his whole theory as to the course of political events. Others might think that the deciding factor was the fear which the radical democrats felt at the support given by Sparta to their political opponents, a support the potential extent of which was throughout the fifth century over-estimated by all parties alike at Athens. They might also think that after the Cleisthenic legislation had cut the ground from beneath the clan support formerly given to these families that influence must have greatly declined, and that from that time forward such prominence in politics as was ever attained by them was due to their adopting the programme of this or that party, in other words, the position in Attica at that time was not such as to incline the members of political parties to subscribe to ideas or policies which were not their own; and their own were founded on their very marked economic circumstances.† Mr Munro's original articles on the war of 480-79 never made an impression so favourable as his article on Marathon. They contained too large an imaginary element; and his latest pronouncements contain still more of it.‡ On the question of general strategy in 480 he argues in favour of the Greek plan of defence being reliant on the navy, while the army was to play a subordinate part.

The experiences at Marathon and at Ladé might have

ever contemplate the idea of sending the Athenian army overseas out of Attica? He ignores the passage from Herodotus cited above, a passage which that author would certainly not have written had it not been true.

* Vol. iv, ch. 6.

† It is impossible to deal here with all the disputable views put forward. Themistocles is represented as anti-Persian in 493, apparently because he was so ten years later. One might as well argue that Mr Churchill is a radical in this year, 1932, because he was so in former years; or, still better, one might quote one of the truest things Mr Munro has ever said: 'The feeling against Medism and Barbarism was largely the creation of the wars as yet to be fought and the literature as yet to be written' ('Journal of Hellenic Studies,' 1899, p. 193).

‡ Lack of space renders it impossible to discuss his views in detail; but any reader who compares his version of the story with that of Herodotus will have no difficulty in seeing with how very free a hand he has dealt with the evidence.

suggested the design of a defence by land rather than by sea. Again, the defensive positions by land were infinitely stronger than any position by sea on the Greek coast.

He recognises that the inferior Greek fleet could only hope for victory if it fought in a narrow space, and suggests that the northern Euripus, which is never less than four kilometres wide and for the most part six or seven, afforded such a position. It was a position which the Greek fleet might possibly defend, but not one in which decisive victory could be expected. On the other hand, those who have seen Thermopylæ will know the enormous strength of the position there, even if it had not been shown in later history by the caution which Philip of Macedon showed in avoiding direct attack on it, and the account of the battle fought in it between the Greeks and Brennus in 279. Also it is clear from Herodotus' story that not merely the Athenians, but also Leonidas, regarded the force sent to the pass as merely the vanguard of an army. Into the account of the battle purely imaginative matter, unsupported by any ancient evidence either actual or presumptive, is introduced.* The path of the Anopæa disappears from the story, though there is nothing in what Herodotus says about it which renders the tale even improbable.

Mr Munro is contemptuous † of Herodotus' statement that the Greek fleet put into Salamis with a view to covering the transport to safety of the population of Attica. Yet that is really the only possible motive. Strategically Salamis covered nothing else. It did not cover the defence of the Isthmus, from which it was separated by more than twenty miles of the open water of the Saronic Gulf. It did not, as one modern writer has suggested, threaten the Persian line of communications in case they attacked the Isthmus, for the very good reason that the Persian army in 480 had no line of communications to attack, as its commissariat was supplied from the fleet. Themistocles' anxiety is a marked feature of the tradition in ancient authors. There would have been no reason for it had it been necessary for the Persians to attack the Greek fleet in the strait. All the Greek commanders

* Vol. iv, p. 299.

† Vol. iv, p. 302.

knew that they might sail straight for the Isthmus. In this and other cases it is probable that Herodotus knew more about the war of 480 than Mr Munro does.

The history of the century from 478 onwards, as told in this Cambridge work, is probably the best version of it to be found in the English language. There are, of course, views expressed which some would regard as erroneous, and Mr Walker's family obsession, to which allusion has been already made, confuses the real issue in the years of which he tells the story. The conservative predominance from 478 to 466 was not due to family influence, but to the fact that so many radical voters were away aboard the fleet. When the Eurymedon set many of them free from service politics began to take quite a different course. The question of unemployment at Athens has been prominent in some recent works on Greek history, and the hypothesis that it was due to the competition of slave labour has been much disputed. On this question of slavery and unemployment it does seem strange to cite the Erectheum inscription of 409-8 as evidence for the normal relative expense of slave as compared with free labour, or for the proportion of the two classes employed in handicrafts. The financial position in Athens at the time was such that the labour market could not be normal. There were too many impoverished freemen, citizens and metics, ready to undertake any job that offered a living.

Spartan policy maintains its enigmatical character; and the bare recital of what it did or failed to do reads like a story drawn from the experience of a world in which the laws of cause and effect do not prevail. Sparta had no mind to divulge her secrets, and the rest of the Greek world never penetrated them, and so handed down to posterity some very bad guesses at truth. Any attempt to explain the mystery by a rivalry between the kings and ephors breaks down, because the kings were often in disagreement with one another, and it is impossible to assume that all ephors *quâ* ephors had at all times the same policy. During the fifth century Sparta, internally weak, maintained an outward appearance of strength by never straining her resources till they cracked.

The history of Greece in the fourth century is dealt with adequately, though the writers of the story of the

Greek race in this and the succeeding centuries seem shy about exposing the utter breakdown of Greek democracy. The contemporary writers of the fourth century were more plain-spoken.

The world, both contemporary and later, has consented to exaggerate the genius of Alexander the Great and to be lukewarm in its estimate of the capacity of his great father. In this work the genius of Philip is more appreciated. It is fortunate for compilers of works on ancient history that they have at their disposal the writings of Mr Bevan on the successors of Alexander. Some might think that Mr Bevan and other writers on the period tend to dwell too much on the bright side of the picture. There is a very dark side to it which Niese the German historian brings out.

So far the Roman part of this great work has not yet entered on the most interesting period of Roman history, that from 133 B.C. to 180 A.D. The tale of the researches into pre-historic Italy will certainly be interesting and important to those who have not read some contributions to the subject published of late years. The chapters on early Rome reproduce what must always be disputable arguments. The style adopted by the writers on Roman constitutional questions would suggest that they had audited the subject and had thought fit to present the results in the guise of an auditor's report. But dry things are good for men, as Aristotle said; and their work is very dry and very good.

In the history of the ancient world the Celts play the part of red herrings drawn across the trail of the story. They are an interesting and peculiar people of whom the modern world would like to know more than it actually does. Also the philology of their language has provided more disastrous pitfalls for the amateur philologist than that of any other language in Europe. In this new history* the evidence available with regard to the beginnings of their civilisation, and their earliest relations with the peoples of mid-Europe and the Mediterranean region, is given in the fullest possible form. But there is one most important question with which the writer of the chapter does not deal, the relations of the Celtic

* Vol. VII, ch. 2.

settlers in Gaul, Britain, and elsewhere to the earlier inhabitants of these countries. It is possible that in the scheme of the history this question may have been deliberately postponed until the story arrives at the Roman relations with Gaul. So far as English readers are concerned, it was first raised by an important appendix on the ethnology of Gaul attached to Mr Rice Holmes' work on *Cæsar's conquest*, an appendix founded on census statistics published by the French government. The evidence leads to the conclusion that the Celts were never more than a minority among the population of those parts of Gaul in which they settled. If that is so, and the statistics do not admit of any other conclusion, then their social order as settlers was that of a military race ruling a conquered people which they employed as cultivators of the soil. British river names present the phenomenon of an element among them which is not traceable to a Saxon or Celtic source, and can only be attributed to a pre-Celtic people surviving in Britain in Celtic times. Nor are these names confined to particular areas, but are found scattered throughout the country. Furthermore, the great Celtic centres in the Gaul of even *Cæsar's* time, six centuries at least after the first settlement of the Celts, were hill cities, a political feature which may be due to the original necessity of being in a strong position against possible attack from the subjugated race. In England many of the 'camps' surviving on the hills and ridges are known to have been Celtic 'cities,' and it is very noticeable that they are situated on the ridgeways, the only through lines of communication in Britain before Roman times, which looks as if one part of the design indicated by these sites was to prevent intercommunication and combination between large masses of the conquered race.

A phenomenon prominent in what is known of the history of the Galatians in Asia Minor is their readiness to take part more or less indiscriminately in any war that may be on hand, a characteristic which can hardly be associated with a people engaged in cultivation, though a more or less natural development of a military order of society ruling a population of unarmed cultivators. It may appear strange that this submerged element does not appear in a more unmistakable form

in the works of Cæsar. It may have seemed to him to be a servile class, a class which a Roman writer would tend to ignore, even in Italy, except at such times as it constituted a social danger. But what is more probable is that, except in Aquitania, Celt and Iberian had in the six centuries since the first settlement of the former developed by intermarriage into a mixed race. Professor Navarro * cites evidence of population 'physically of a very mixed character' in early Celtic districts. Is it possible that the 'black Celts' of which he speaks owed their colouring to intermarriage with peoples they had conquered? As conquerors the Celts were very Dorian, and the Dorians very Celtic, not racially, but in their ideas as to how life on a large scale should be lived.

No review of a work of the magnitude of this Cambridge history could possibly cover all the ground which it covers; and no reviewer could possess knowledge wide enough and accurate enough to deal with the whole of its subject-matter. All that has been attempted here is to suggest certain omissions, and to criticise certain views on questions which are at the present time of special interest to readers.

The style of writing throughout the book is always clear, generally readable, never exhilarating, and at times dull. There is a singular absence of epigrammatic expression of the truth. But, when all is said, the work is in scope and excellence far in advance of any previous attempt which has been made, in the English language at any rate, to give a comprehensive history of antiquity.

G. B. GRUNDY.

* Vol. vii, p. 57.

Art. 11.—THE ENTENTE CORDIALE AND THE 'MILITARY CONVERSATIONS.'

THE 'Business as usual' speech delivered by a certain statesman after the outbreak of war in 1914 was soon afterwards subjected to severe criticism. Nevertheless, it gave, in the writer's belief, a true picture of the mental outlook of a large proportion of the population towards the part which we should probably be called upon to fulfil in the great upheaval.

For many years there had been two schools of thought amongst experts behind the scenes in public affairs, the one supported by the majority of our seamen, the other by a large proportion of our soldiers. The tenets of the naval school can best be illustrated by two quotations :

This much is certain, that he that commands the sea is at great liberty, and may take as much or as little of the war as he will. Whereas those that be strongest by land are many times nevertheless in great straits. Surely, at this day, with us of Europe, the vantage of strength at sea (which is one of the principal dowries of this kingdom of Great Britain) is great. (Bacon, 'On the True Greatness of Kingdoms and Estates.')

The political greatness of England consists in her navy and not in those small armies which she has sent to the continent in the train of the large armies of Russia, Austria, and Prussia. (Napoleon.)

In accordance with such principles, the naval school wanted an army to be used, in conjunction with the fleet, for operations against an enemy's oversea possessions and also, under certain conditions, against the coast line of his own country,* with 'Business as usual' in our own sea-borne trade.

Such a subsidiary rôle in European warfare did not appeal to the army schools, according to whose tenets it was essential for us to provide, to organise, and to train an army for participation in what used to be termed *La Grande Guerre* on the Continent. Mr Churchill (in his 'World Crisis') and other responsible authorities have told us the story of how the conflict between the soldiers and the seamen reached a climax before an audience of

* 'Letters on Amphibian Wars,' p. 2 (Murray).

Cabinet Ministers at the time of the Agadir crisis, in August 1911, and of how the eloquence of the late Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson carried conviction amongst his hearers though in conflict with Admiralty opinion.

The publication of contemporary documents, hitherto kept secret, has now made it possible for us to discover the materials which formed the brief to which Sir Henry Wilson spoke on that occasion, and the principal object in this article will be to trace to their origin the early Anglo-French 'Military Conversations' which followed the Entente that was initiated by the late Lord Lansdowne. It was those conversations that enabled us (or, as some think, bound us) to place the British Army at the disposal of French military strategists for immediate participation in battles in Flanders in 1914 and ultimately, in 1917 and in 1918, to bear the main burden of military effort and sacrifice on the Western Front. Although it is an old story now, the tale of the inception of those military conversations seems, in view of that aftermath, to be of far more than academic interest, if the point be conceded that past experience sometimes affords useful guidance for future procedure.

The tale must begin with the establishment of the Committee of Imperial Defence as a body charged with responsibility for studying all aspects of hypothetical plans of campaign in the event of our being involved in war; and, in view of conclusions to which we shall be led in interpreting certain historical sources, a few notes of personal experiences may be permissible by way of credentials.

Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson's flagship, in which I was then serving, happened to be in Portsmouth Dockyard at Christmas-time in 1903 when the members of the 'Esher Triumvirate' (Lord Esher, Sir John Fisher, and Sir George Clarke, now Lord Sydenham, with Colonel G. F. Ellison * as Secretary) were assembled at Admiralty House. I knew three out of the four intimately, and they asked me to dine to discuss various proposals affecting defence policy and organisation. Afterwards I was invited to join the Secretariat of the new Committee of

* Now Lieut-General Sir Gerald Ellison.

Imperial Defence which was soon established on their recommendation by Mr Balfour, the Prime Minister. Owing to difficulties with the Treasury my appointment did not materialise, but personal friendship and correspondence (still preserved) with successive Secretaries to the Committee, and with others holding high office, kept me in constant touch with public policy when I became a member of the General Staff of the Army from its first establishment until 1912, and subsequently, when I was attached to the naval staff at the Admiralty, until the outbreak of war in 1914. My personal friendship or acquaintanceship with the writers of various Memoirs and also of many of the secret official documents which are now available for research, has been a valuable aid to their interpretation. The story begins in the year 1904.

In that year the late Lord Rawlinson was introducing his notable reforms at the Army Staff College at Camberley, and as soon as he heard that I was not going to the Committee of Imperial Defence he invited me to join the Directing Staff of the College to teach a new subject to be called 'Imperial Strategy.' We had both been students at Camberley, and in our day 'war' had been treated there solely as a matter of operations between the armies of continental nations which faced each other across land frontiers. No weight had been given to the point that different military problems face an island Power, and Rawlinson agreed that, in the new course of instruction, account must be taken of such factors as sea-power, trade, economics, and finance in their bearing upon the employment of the Army. It was further looked upon as essential to keep in close touch with the higher authorities in Whitehall, so that the studies of the staff college students could thus be guided in directions most likely to be of practical value to them in their profession. This would apply to them either as future staff officers or as commanders: perhaps ultimately as advisers to statesmen who, as Rawlinson consistently insisted, must always in our own country be the masters of the soldiers, so to them soldiers must devote loyal service. Having spent many of the preceding years either at the Admiralty or at sea, I joined the Staff College with a strong bias towards the naval school of thought

described above. The advent of nations in arms on the Continent seemed, to upholders of that school, to have lent additional force to the arguments in its favour. Landmarks which stood out in my memory, since I had first been officially connected with problems of defence, were the Russian war-scare of 1885 and its sequel, the establishment of a Naval Intelligence Department in 1887; the Naval Defence Act of 1889, out of which arose our Two-Power Standard at sea; the writings of Admiral Mahan on 'Sea Power' and the attention that had been paid to them in Europe; the hostility of European nations, helpless for lack of sea-power, during the Anglo-Boer war of 1899-1902, and the German naval programmes which ensued.

The two outstanding events of the year 1904, when I joined Rawlinson at Camberley, were the Russo-Japanese war in Manchuria, which was teaching us many valuable lessons, and the Anglo-French agreement, contracted by Lord Lansdowne, chiefly affecting Egypt and Morocco. The one event, though we did not foresee the point at the time, was to have a dominating influence over the other, because the effect of the temporary collapse of Russia was to leave France isolated in face of the Triple Alliance. The main feature of the Anglo-French agreement was that it gave a free hand to ourselves in Egypt and the same to France in Morocco, where we promised her diplomatic support (apparently in any policy which she might choose to pursue). Soon after that agreement was contracted, the Secretariat of the Committee of Imperial Defence began to consider its possible naval and military implications.

On the face of it we considered at Camberley that we had obtained far the best of the bargain. We thought that, when relieved of constant friction with France, we should really have a free hand in Egypt; but we did not believe that other Powers were at all likely to give France a free hand in Morocco. It did not occur to any one at that date (certainly not to French soldiers) that our promise to give France diplomatic support in Morocco would ever develop into an honourable obligation to send an army to stand shoulder to shoulder with the French in defence of French soil. The French General Staff did not think the help of the British Army worth

having at that time ; * and France could never perform a reciprocal service for us, because naval conditions which rendered invasion possible would also render reinforcement by sea impossible. The reason why I feared that the French were likely to make trouble for themselves in Morocco was that its importance to Great Powers had been strongly impressed upon me by Sir Georges Tryon, pre-eminent for breadth of vision amongst the Admirals of his day, on whose staff I had served as intelligence officer in the Mediterranean in 1892-93. He held that Morocco, on account of its strategic position and as a potential grain-growing area, held the seeds of the great European conflict which he foresaw.

By the end of the year 1904 there had been time to review the whole subject of Empire Defence at the Staff College, and the students, by working out definite schemes, had made valuable contributions to the conclusions. Rawlinson invited influential representatives of the General Staff, which had recently been established by Mr H. O. Arnold-Forster as Secretary of State for War, to meet at Camberley for a conference in January 1905. Major-Generals Grierson and Hutchinson from the War Office took a prominent part in the proceedings. The moral of an address on 'Imperial Strategy,' which was delivered on that occasion, was that we had such vast and world-wide interests to defend by sea and land that the only possible way to defend them was to attack forces which threatened them. General Grierson, who as Director of Operations was the official responsible for dealing with such matters at the War Office, pointed a moral from the Manchurian war, which was then reaching its climax. Japan, the island Power, needed strength on land in addition to her predominance at sea. Although the conditions were quite different—Japan being far from the centres of hostile military power, while we were close to them—he maintained that we ought to strengthen our regular army for employment similar to that to which Japan put hers. General Hutchinson supported Grierson ; and Grierson, directly he returned to London, issued instructions for a 'war game' to be played to work out the military problem which might face us in view of our

* See Huguet, 'L'Intervention militaire britannique en 1914' (Berger-Levrault).

treaty obligations if a German army were to violate the neutrality of Belgium in a war against France. The conclusions were communicated to us at the Staff College.

Meanwhile Russia's failure against Japan, followed by revolutionary movements in her own country, was leaving France increasingly isolated, with little hope of military support if her homeland were to be attacked by Germany. Diplomatic support in Morocco, from ourselves or from others, could not defend the soil of France against an invader. Germany had at first contemplated the Anglo-French agreement with equanimity, but as Russia weakened the German attitude hardened, and French anxiety became more and more acute as the months went by. With this situation in our minds we can now return to Grierson's 'war game,' which was worked out in March and April 1905, and as we worked out similar exercises at the Staff College in that and in subsequent years, I should like to make quite clear the point that there was no thought on the part of the military authorities at that time of trying to influence the policy of the country. In Grierson's 'war game,' for instance, it was advanced in an 'appreciation' that great disadvantages would accrue to Britain from employing her small field army on the Continent; that it was doubtful whether any advantage would accrue to a power allied to Britain if we did so; that we should put our army 'as a hostage' in the hands of a powerful military ally; and that to do so would take some of the energy out of our effort at sea. It was believed that Germany, in spite of her possible military successes, would be compelled to loose her hold by our own successes against her at sea and by indirect attacks, while we sent only enough troops to Belgium to give ocular evidence of our participation in the war. The 'war game' was worked out on the assumption that military intervention on a larger scale was prescribed by higher authority.

A senior officer of the Operations Division at the War Office was deputed to handle the German Army. In some of its features, especially in preparation for a sweep from the Aix-la-Chapelle area north of the Meuse and Sambre in overwhelming strength round the French flank, that officer's plan resembled closely the actual (Schlieffen) plan that was put into operation in August 1914. Sub-

sequent disclosures have shown that Schlieffen was completing his plan during that same year, 1905, and the coincidence is startling. Mr Churchill, in his 'World Crisis,' attributed to 'high destiny, blind fate' the intervention of the British Army in the Battle of the Marne to bear so large a share, out of all proportion to its strength, in the victory of the Allies which caused the Schlieffen plan to fail. Readers of this account of what was going on in Whitehall, at the same time that the plan was being formed in Berlin, can adopt their own or Mr Churchill's view of the authority or process that determines the fate of nations. Though nomenclature may differ, meanings may be in accordance.

Another officer handled the British Army, which then possessed a paper organisation in Army Corps. In reading over papers of contemporary date, the point that has struck me most is the optimism that was displayed in the estimates of the time required to mobilise and equip our army of those days and to send it across the Channel (Antwerp was the destination) in a fit state to fight. Two British Army Corps were to be sent over by about the twenty-second day, and more later; it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of that time-estimate in view of its influence upon subsequent diplomatic developments. In Haldane's 'Before the War' we read that, in those days, the British Army lived in peace formations which would have to be refashioned before they were sent to fight; that an inquiry held in 1906 showed that well over two months would have been the minimum period that would have been needed to put an army of 80,000 on the Continent; and that the task of recasting the Army occupied five years from that date. His statement would be endorsed by most soldiers who remember that old army.

Then again, there was no certainty (as we know from Seely's 'Adventure') until a few months before war broke out in 1914 that the shipping would be available to transport the British Army and its requirements across the Channel. We were told at the time (1905) that 'the Admiralty' had been consulted. Knowing the Admiralty intimately, I assumed that that must only have meant the old Transport Department, which was always in close touch with the War Office for peace-

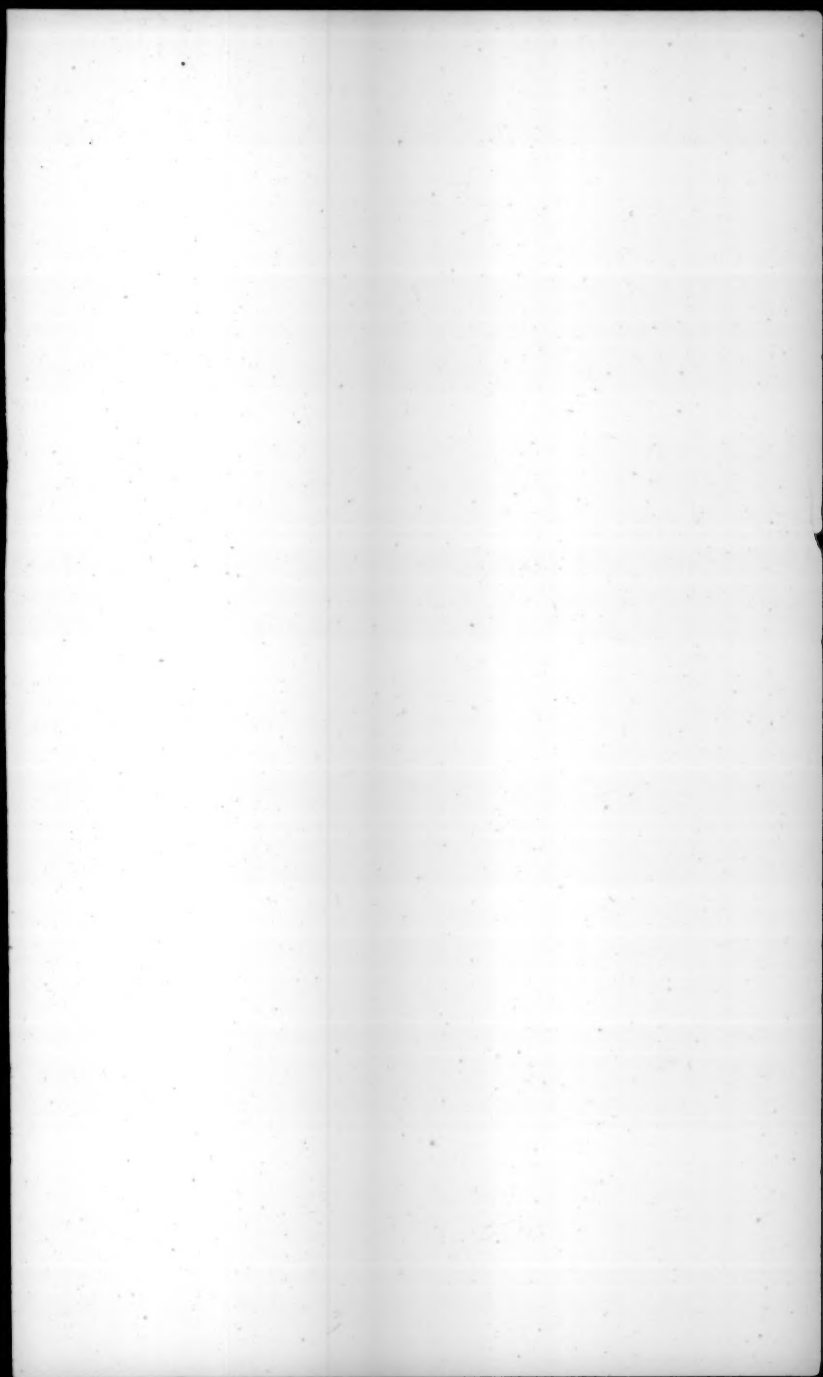
movements of troops but had nothing to do with Admiralty policy.

Only with the aid of these notes, written in no critical spirit, would it be possible to realise the extent to which the British Army took to heart the lessons of the Anglo-Boer war of 1899-1902, and worked hard to set its house in order to introduce the reforms which began under Mr Arnold-Forster in 1905 and were brought to their zenith against strong opposition in subsequent years under the late Lord Haldane, the admirable Secretary of State for War revered by all British soldiers of the present day.

We turn now to happenings in the French Embassy in London. General Huguet, who joined that Embassy as Military Attaché in December 1904, has told us * how at that time the French, basing their opinion on South African experiences, considered that the British Army was obsolete (*un peu archaïque*), fit only for police work or for Colonial expeditions, and of little value for participation in modern European warfare. And he has told us how he took note of the improvements in 1905, when lessons were being assimilated, equipment was being improved, and our Army was coming up to a high degree of efficiency, judged by modern standards. In some particulars he classed it first amongst European armies, but, in order to be of any use to France, everything would depend upon the speed at which it could be mobilised and sent across the Channel. The German menace was imminent, and the blow would be swiftly delivered. The issue would be determined in a few days, and, according to Huguet's estimate, the British Army could not arrive in time to participate in the resultant battles. He advised his Ambassador, M. Paul Cambon, accordingly; and this brings us to the Franco-German crisis of 1905 over the Morocco question, which led to the fall of Delcassé, the Foreign Minister, in June 1905 and to the Algeiras Conference early in 1906.

Amongst the secret 'British Documents on the Origins of the War' (vol. III), edited by Dr Gooch and Professor Temperley, we find a despatch from the late Lord Lansdowne to Sir F. Bertie, Ambassador in Paris,

* 'L'Intervention militaire britannique en 1914' (Berger-Levrault).



Foreign Office.

Here is the report of your
Luncheon with Lombard of
May 17. It referred to several
questions. I have marked
the passage as to mutual
confidence.

T.H.S.

I suppose this was the
origin of the offensive + defensive
alliance.

L

FACSIMILE OF UNDATED MINUTES BY SIR T. H. [LORD] SANDERSON AND THE
MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE.

(Reproduced from 'British Documents on the Origins of the War,' by
permission of the Controller, H.M. Stationery Office.)

[To face p. 371.

reporting a conversation with M. Paul Cambon on May 17, 1905. Incidents in German policy in several parts of the world were discussed, and Lord Lansdowne then made the suggestion that 'our two Governments should continue to treat one another with the most absolute confidence, should keep one another fully informed of everything which came to their knowledge, and should, as far as possible, discuss in advance any contingencies by which they might in the course of events find themselves confronted.'

To the copy of this despatch in the Foreign Office was attached a sheet of notepaper, undated, on which Lord Lansdowne wrote: 'I suppose that this was the origin of the offensive and defensive alliance with France.' By the courtesy of the Controller of H.M. Stationery Office a facsimile of this paper, which is to be found in the Gooch-Temperley collection, is here reproduced.

There was no 'Anglo-French offensive and defensive alliance' until after the outbreak of war in 1914, and the lack of a date on the paper has led to some misconceptions, possibly to the one that the military conversations were sanctioned by Lord Lansdowne. His remark to the French ambassador had referred only to Governments; and this point was confirmed by him in a private letter to M. Cambon on May 25, 1905. Our first task must therefore be to try to date Lord Lansdowne's minute. It must have been written before December 1905, because the previous minute, signed 'T. H. S.,' was written by Sir Thomas Sanderson, Permanent Under Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, who was raised to the Peerage in December. He used only the initial 'S.' on minutes written after that date.

The mystery of Lord Lansdowne's employment of the expression 'offensive and defensive alliance' remains, but I do not think that the solution is far to seek, though unfortunately M. Paul Cambon's correspondence with M. Delcassé between May 17, 1905, and the date (June 6) of Delcassé's fall is not yet accessible, and there is no evidence that Sir F. Bertie communicated to the French Government the report of Lord Lansdowne's conversation of May 17 with M. Cambon. Bertie received the report on May 20.

We know, from the Gooch-Temperley documents, that
Vol. 258.—No. 512.

a story that Britain had offered an 'offensive and defensive alliance' had somehow reached Berlin by June 10, because von Bülow spoke about it to our Ambassador on that day. King Edward wrote, on Sir F. Lascelles's despatch reporting the incident: 'How badly informed he [Bülow] is!' Herr von Holstein also asked Lascelles to explain 'the offer of His Majesty's Government to conclude an offensive and defensive alliance with France against Germany.' On that King Edward wrote, 'This is nearly as absurd as it is false!' We can easily imagine the atmosphere in the Foreign Office when this Berlin correspondence using the expression 'offensive and defensive alliance' was passing through, and it seems reasonable to assume that it was then that Lord Lansdowne asked the Permanent Under Secretary for former papers bearing upon the subject. The wording of Sir Thomas (afterwards Lord) Sanderson's minute supports that theory. The reason for following up the point has been to clear away the mystery about a non-existent offensive and defensive alliance. Had there been one at that time, military conversations between the experts would have followed automatically, and our object is to trace those conversations to their origin.

As throwing further light upon the question whether Lord Lansdowne sanctioned them, I have obtained the permission of M. Elie Halévy, the eminent French historian, to quote an extract from a letter which I received from him about a year ago (April 1931): 'The very fear of such talks taking place was what determined Rouvier and his colleagues to throw Delcassé overboard.' M. Rouvier, the Prime Minister, became Foreign Minister when Delcassé was forced to resign on June 6, 1905.

During the months which followed there was no moderation in Germany's attitude of suspicion towards England and of aggression towards France, and in August Sir George Clarke (now Lord Sydenham), as Secretary to the Committee of Imperial Defence, pointed out to Mr Balfour, the Prime Minister, that in the event of a second Franco-Prussian war, military exigencies might induce the Germans to violate the neutrality of Belgium. Thenceforward treaty obligations to Belgium give us the key to British policy until the outbreak of war. Had Germany respected Belgian neutrality, I do not believe

that all parties in the United Kingdom, with the whole nation behind them, would have faced her with a united front or supported the despatch of an army to fight alongside the French, a policy which involved a maximum of sacrifice. That is only an individual opinion based upon accessible documents and upon memory of personalities and events between 1904 and 1914.

As the result of Sir George Clarke's representation, Mr Balfour called for a report from the General Staff. He asked them whether, in their opinion, either of the combatants in a Franco-German war would be strongly tempted to violate the neutrality of Belgium, and how soon after an order was issued to mobilise two British Army Corps could be landed in Belgium. I find, from information which was supplied to me at the time, that the General Staff replied, in September 1905, that at the outset of such a war neither side would be likely, on account of the political consequences, to violate Belgian neutrality, but that subsequent military developments might cause one of the combatants, especially Germany, to take such a step. The General Staff added that, according to information supplied by the Admiralty, two British Army Corps could be transported to Belgium within twenty-three days, provided that enough transport for the sea-voyage could be collected in time. The General Staff thought that the Admiralty might shorten that time-estimate for sea-transport. Further comment upon that General Staff estimate of the time required in those days to mobilise and equip two Army Corps for fighting on the Continent is unnecessary in view of the statement in Haldane's 'Before the War,' to which reference has already been made.

The Balfour Administration went out of office on Dec. 5, 1905, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman then became Prime Minister. Sir Edward Grey succeeded Lord Lansdowne as Foreign Secretary, and Mr Haldane went to the War Office in place of Mr Arnold-Forster. They received their seals of office on Dec. 11. Amongst those who had worked for and had secured the establishment of the Committee of Imperial Defence, which was still on its trial, there was much anxiety about its future. The new Prime Minister's hatred of warfare and of everything connected therewith as 'methods of

barbarism' for settling international disputes was well known. This anxiety was set at rest on Dec. 18, when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman informed the Secretary of his decision to retain the Committee. Sir George Clarke had had interviews with Mr Haldane on the two preceding days, and with Mr Balfour on the 10th. The weeks from Dec. 15 onwards were filled with incidents of which the far-reaching importance was probably not grasped at the time, and contemporary secret documents bear out Sir William Robertson's statement that, in combination with Huguet, the French Military Attaché in London, General Grierson did more than any officer of his time to bring about good relationship between the French and British Armies; and that the despatch of the British Army to France in 1914 was due to his initiative.

It must now be our business to trace from day to day, with the aid of contemporary documents, the various incidents which led to the sanctioning of the military conversations that culminated in that policy. The value of the newly-established Committee of Imperial Defence was an outstanding feature. Records are available about various meetings of members of the Committee and of expert advisers during these weeks. On Dec. 15 General Grierson met Admiral Ottley, the Director of Naval Intelligence, and Captain Ballard of the same department at the Admiralty, and he discussed with them the implications of a possible war with Germany over the question of Morocco. Then General Grierson set to work upon a statement of the military forces which we might have to employ in such an event. Either on Dec. 16 or 18 (the exact date could not be recalled by General Grierson when he reported the incident to Lord Sanderson at the Foreign Office) Grierson was riding in Rotten Row when he was approached by Huguet, who according to his own showing had by that time conceived the idea of obtaining the help of the British Army in the event of an attack upon France by the German Army.

Huguet fully appreciated the difference in outlook between his own fellow-countrymen and the British ('avec des mœurs, des coutumes, une mentalité qui non seulement diffèrent essentiellement de nôtres, mais leur sont mêmes parfois directement opposées'). In one

matter he showed his own failure to appreciate British mentality at that date. He attributed to us a sense of disquietude at our own isolation and a genuine fear of invasion, together with a dread of a German menace to our sea-borne commerce. He seemed to believe that, for such reason, we were anxious to secure the support of a Continental Power. I am convinced that he was mistaken. The Gooch-Temperley documents * show that Sir Edward Grey (as he then was) wrote in January: 'We can protect ourselves, of course, for we are more supreme at sea than we ever have been.' The writings of other responsible statesmen can be quoted in support of that attitude. Our Navy of that date had no fear of a German invasion, bearing in mind our relative strength at sea, and the naval view was supported by the weight of public opinion. Since, however, that 'popular whirligig' † is always difficult to analyse, we will return to our main theme, the inception of the Anglo-French military conversations.

Huguet's and Grierson's accounts of their inception differ slightly. Huguet's is to be found in his book, Grierson's in a secret report to the Foreign Office on Jan. 11, included in the Gooch-Temperley documents. Grierson told Sanderson that he had had no communication with Huguet about British military co-operation with France, but that Huguet, on the occasion mentioned, had told him about the French fear of an attack by Germany, and had asked some questions about the war organisation of the British Army. Grierson had referred him to the Army List. Huguet asked whether operations by the British Army in Belgium had been considered, and Grierson had told him about the 'war game' which had been worked out during the spring of 1905. Huguet tells us that Grierson agreed with his estimate of the strength of the force which Britain could send over, but that Grierson's estimate of the speed with which it could be sent was faster than Huguet had imagined. This was obviously the main factor in the problem, in view of Huguet's previous opinion that the British Army, if sent, would be too late to save the

* Vol. III, p. 178.

† Charles Kingsley.

situation. (Readers who have followed the story to this point will recall the assumptions bearing upon Grierson's estimate.)

The next development occurred on Dec. 28, when Huguet dined with Colonel à Court Repington, the military correspondent of 'The Times,' who before he retired from the Army had served as military attaché in Brussels. Repington's account of this conversation is to be found in his 'First World War.' Huguet told him that he was afraid that the German Army, crossing Belgium for the purpose, might at any time launch an attack upon France; that M. Paul Cambon, his Ambassador, was on leave until Jan. 12, and that some anxiety was felt at the Embassy because Grey had not renewed the assurances that had been given by Lord Lansdowne. The discussion continued until after midnight, and on Dec. 29 Repington despatched an express letter to Sir Edward Grey, who was in Northumberland, reporting the gist of his conversation with Huguet. On Dec. 30 Repington lunched with the late Lord Esher, who, without wielding any direct responsibility, exercised in those days a powerful influence behind the scenes in public affairs, especially in those connected with defence. In these matters Huguet describes him as one of the most enlightened defenders of the cause of France. Repington, according to his own account, asked Lord Esher to report to the Secretary of the Committee of Imperial Defence the situation arising out of the Huguet-Repington conversation of Dec. 28. Apparently Lord Esher took that step, as on New Year's Day Repington received a communication from Clarke asking him to 'take certain steps at the French Embassy.' On the same day Repington received a reply from Grey stating that he had not receded from anything that Lord Lansdowne had said to the French, and that he had no hesitation in saying so.

Thenceforward the speed of developments began to increase. On the French side, we know from the Gooch-Temperley documents that M. Paul Cambon was in Madrid on Jan. 2. I have not been able to trace the date of his return to London because no official notes were kept at that time in our Foreign Office of the departure and return of the French Ambassador, but a note from that office was addressed to M. Cambon in London on

Jan. 6, 1906, so he seems to have returned or to have been expected on that date, possibly because of the Repington mission of which an account follows. On the British side, the Cabinet met on Jan. 3, but as far as we know only the 'Chinese Slavery' question in South Africa was discussed, and then the Ministers dispersed to the constituencies for the General Election. On that evening Repington (who had already visited the Admiralty) dined with Grierson, whom he found to be opposed to what he called the 'Fisher-Clarke' plan (Sir John Fisher being First Sea Lord) for using the Army in the event of war with Germany, and Repington shared Grierson's objections. On the next day Grierson completed his statement of the military forces that would be needed in the event of war with Germany.

On Jan. 5 Repington opened negotiations with Huguet, this time over a luncheon table, and he elicited Huguet's opinions about French military policy. It appeared that the French were not likely to violate Belgian neutrality in the event of war with Germany; that the French did not realise and had had nothing to cause them to realise that a violation of Belgian neutrality by Germany would bring Britain into the field. Huguet thought that British assistance to France, if Germany did violate Belgian neutrality, could best be applied in Belgium; if Germany did not do so, then the British should be sent to the left of the French Army, between Verdun and Metz. Primed with that information, Repington repaired in the evening to Whitehall Gardens to report to Lord Esher and to Sir George Clarke. It was agreed that Repington, who held no official position, should then sound the French Government through Huguet. When the French views had thus been privately ascertained, the matter would be passed on to the British Government, which 'would be completely uncommitted and able to continue the conversations or to drop them as they pleased.' It is clear that the Foreign Office had no knowledge of this procedure and there is no record that the War Office was acquainted with the course that was pursued.

At that meeting in Whitehall Gardens on Jan. 5, 1906, which was destined to have such far-reaching results, a list of questions was prepared to be handed to Huguet.

There were eleven questions in all, and stress was laid upon the subject of Belgium. Huguet was to be asked whether the French would violate Belgian neutrality, unless compelled to do so by a previous violation by the Germans. Whether it was realised in France that violation of Belgian neutrality would automatically bring Britain into the field by reason of her treaty obligations. Whether, in the event of violation by Germany, the French could suggest a plan for co-operation between the French, British, and Belgian Armies. Whether the French War Council had gone into the question of British co-operation in the event of war with Germany, and of how such co-operation could best be achieved. What did the French think of descents upon the German coast? Would the French favour the idea of France holding the command on land, Britain at sea? What form did the French believe that the German military plan would take? And so on. These samples will suffice to illustrate the wide scope of the inquiries.

Repington gave the questions to Huguet, who took them on Jan. 7 to Paris, where he found a section of the General Staff (who were busy over an academic plan for the invasion of England!) agape with astonishment at the idea of a friendly British Army ever coming across the Channel to their assistance. The questions went at once to the Minister of War (Etienne), to the Prime Minister (Rouvier), and to all the highest naval and military authorities. Lord Lansdowne's cautious approach of May 1905, to which M. Rouvier had been afraid to respond at the time, was thenceforward looked upon from a different aspect. Before Huguet returned to London and the replies to the questions were in the hands of Repington, M. Paul Cambon was back at his post at the French Embassy in London, seeking an interview with Sir Edward Grey, whose fortunes we will now follow.

Grey, as we have seen, was engaged in the General Election. He was contesting his seat, and he was spending part of each week in his constituency in Northumberland, the remainder at the Foreign Office, from which papers were forwarded to him during his absences. On Jan. 9 Grey wrote from the Foreign Office to report the situation to the Prime Minister. He had let it be

known to the French that diplomatic support would be given, in accordance with the Lansdowne agreement of 1904, over Morocco, and he had said no word of anything more. The French, on their part, had asked no inconvenient questions.

On Jan. 10 M. Cambon came to the Foreign Office for an interview with Grey, and the account (in 'Twenty-five Years') of that meeting between representatives of the two great nations, differing widely in outlook, holds the reader absorbed by its interest. Grey sat on a leather sofa. Beside him sat Sanderson, to act as interpreter, unable to conceal anxiety which showed itself by an unconscious movement of his hand, beating restlessly on his knee, a symptom 'eloquent of the entanglement of the moment.' Cambon faced them from an armchair, pleading eloquently for more than diplomatic support, for support by arms not only by words. This, in the circumstances, could not be promised. Cambon then asked that the military conversations might be continued. Whether Huguet told Cambon about the Repington questions in London or Cambon heard about them on his way through Paris from Madrid we do not know. Perhaps we shall when more French documents are available for historical research. Grey, knowing nothing about these conversations, could obviously give no definite reply at that stage. He 'did not dissent' ('Twenty-five Years'). Cambon, after referring M. Rouvier to the Lansdowne letter of May 25, 1905 (described above), reported that Grey had seen no objection ('m'a dit qu'il ne voyait pas d'inconvenient').* On being shown a copy of M. Cambon's report three days later, Grey wrote, as a comment, 'I did not dissent, but I reserved my opinion because I did not know what they [the conversations] were.'†

On Jan. 11 General Grierson had told Lord Sanderson, at the Foreign Office, what had passed between himself and Huguet in Rotten Row, adding an assurance that he had had no other communication with him about British military co-operation with France, and that he had not seen Huguet since Dec. 18. Grierson then urged

* 'Gooch and Temperley Documents,' vol. III.

† Ibid. p. 174 (January 13).

that informal communications should be opened between the British and French General Staffs on the express understanding that the respective Governments would not thereby be committed.

An account of Grey's interview with Cambon of Jan. 10 was despatched to Sir F. Bertie, the British Ambassador in Paris, to the Prime Minister (Campbell-Bannerman), and to Lord Ripon, who represented the Foreign Office in the House of Lords. Then Grey returned to his constituency, where he met Mr Haldane on an election platform. Haldane saw no objection to the military conversations, provided that they were carried on between properly responsible authorities, not through an intermediary. On Jan. 13 Grey informed the Foreign Office accordingly, in an endorsement on an official paper.* Meanwhile, on Jan. 11, Huguet had returned from Paris with the replies to the questions, and on the 12th he gave them to Repington, who took them to Clarke in Whitehall Gardens.

The French would give an absolute guarantee not to violate the neutrality of Belgium unless the Germans did so first. Evidently the support of the British Army would be eagerly welcomed in the event of a German attack, and the sooner British troops came over the better, on account of the great moral effect which their arrival would produce. The French hoped that (say) one or two divisions would be sent across on a peace footing, without waiting for mobilisation, which involved the arrival of reservists. These could follow later. The mobilisation of the remainder of the British Army could proceed normally. The divisions which were sent over on a peace footing should arrive in time to go to the front line with the French Army. Whether the British Army worked separately or alongside the French, it should be under the French high command. The French had always imagined that a German violation of Belgium would automatically bring Britain into such a war, but France had received no assurance to that effect. The Belgian Army, to which the French attached little value, would probably retire into the fortress of Antwerp, after lodging a formal protest. If the Belgians did decide to defend their own

* 'Gooch and Temperley Documents,' vol. III.

soil, a different situation would arise. Their procedure could not be predicted. The Germans were expected to put from 1,300,000 to 1,400,000 men in the field by the eleventh or twelfth day, and their probable area of concentration would be between Metz and Thionville. The idea of descents upon the German coast was not favoured.

On the same day (Jan. 12) Sir George Clarke, Lord Esher, General Grierson from the War Office, Rear Admiral C. L. Ottley from the Admiralty, and Sir John French from Aldershot met to consider these replies, and on Jan. 13 Ottley reported to Sir John Fisher, the First Sea Lord, some of the results of the conference. The military plan was to land the British Army at Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, and Havre. It was estimated that about 100,000 men and 42,000 horses would be available within fourteen days of the outbreak of war, and it was proposed to begin ferrying the troops across on the third day, so as to pass the whole force over by the fourteenth. Fisher did not like the plan, and we notice the absence of an Admiralty representative from subsequent similar meetings in Whitehall Gardens. We can draw our own deductions.

On Jan. 15, 1906, Sir Edward Grey, who had returned to the Foreign Office, told M. Paul Cambon personally that Mr Haldane, as Secretary of State for War, had authorised him to say that communications might proceed between the French Military Attaché and General Grierson direct, but that it must be understood that these communications did not commit either Government. Cambon replied that the intermediary who had conducted the military conversations (of which he had already spoken) had been the military correspondent of 'The Times,' who, he understood, had been sent from the War Office. Sanderson wrote on the same day to Grierson requesting him to tell Huguet that Colonel Repington had not been commissioned either on behalf of the War Office or of the Foreign Office, but that Grey and Haldane now agreed to Grierson's entering into communication with Huguet for the purpose of obtaining such information as he wanted about the methods in which military assistance could, in case of need, best be afforded by us to France and *vice versa*. Such communications must be purely provisional and non-committal. (In that connection, due note will doubtless be

taken of the point that Repington had had an interview with Grierson on Jan. 3, but that was two days before the meeting with Lord Esher and Sir George Clarke at which the decision was arrived at to employ Repington on his mission.) The all-sufficing motives which influenced the official decision at the Foreign Office and War Office to sanction the military conversations to meet the situation at the time are fully set forth in Lord Grey's 'Twenty-five Years.'

On Jan. 17 Haldane informed Grey that, on the previous Sunday, he had sent full instructions to Sir Neville Lyttelton (the Chief of the General Staff), so Huguet would find Grierson ready. On the 19th Haldane reported that Grierson was in communication with Huguet confidentially and without prejudice.

That brings to a conclusion our investigation into the origin of the Anglo-French military conversations which, owing to their prolongation for eight years, were destined to produce such important results. Amongst outstanding points we have traced the change of opinion in France, many months after the Lansdowne agreement of 1904 had been contracted, about the possible value of the British Army to the French in defending their country in the event of attack by Germany; the dominating influence of the maintenance of Belgian neutrality upon the conduct of negotiations from the outset; and the parts played by the different actors behind the scenes in momentous affairs.

The story increases in interest from the period when the German menace was removed, for the time being, at the Algeçiras Conference early in 1906. There are gaps in the historical sources bearing upon subsequent events which will, it is hoped, be filled in further volumes of the Gooch-Temperley collection of secret documents on the origins of the war. In this article no reference has been made to the naval conversations, about which the published material is too scanty. The adjustment of the sharp divergence between naval and military opinion (which came to a head at the time of the Agadir crisis in 1911), forms another subject well worthy of careful investigation. Had there been no Committee of Imperial Defence with a permanent secretariat, there would have been no constitutional machinery to adjudicate between

the two schools of thought, and (in the opinion of the writer) no British Expeditionary Force to stand, at Mons and at Le Cateau, in the path of von Kluck's Army which, with a whole corps of cavalry on its outer flank, would then have ensured the success of the great turning movement conceived by Schlieffen.

One result of a prolonged search through official documents and private records, combined with personal acquaintanceship with the writers, has been to confirm an impression that the national honour (involved by an undertaking to preserve the neutrality of Belgium) and a desire that the French should not suffer by the agreement that they signed with us in 1904 about Morocco were the two main factors which brought a united British nation in the war in August 1914, and caused us to place our Army 'as a hostage' in the hands of France. Without the military conversations of 1906-1914 we should not have been able to render assistance in the form which France most desired, taking no account of the sacrifice of life and treasure which was entailed upon us by this departure from our traditional policy.

GEORGE ASTON.

The thanks of the writer of this article for aid in his researches are due to M. Elie Halévy (French documents); to Mr Edgar Dugdale (German documents); to Viscount Grey of Fallodon; to the Marquess of Lansdowne and to Lord Newton (Lansdowne Papers); to Lady Ruth Balfour and to Mrs Edgar Dugdale (Balfour papers); to Mrs H. O. Arnold-Forster (Arnold-Forster diaries); to Lady (Neville) Lyttelton (Lyttelton papers); to officials in the Foreign Office (Foreign Office records); to Lord Sydenham of Combe (Sir George Clarke), Rear Admiral Sir Charles Ottley and Sir Maurice Hankey (Committee of Imperial Defence); to Major-General J. B. Seely (sea-transport of B.E.F.); to Admiral G. A. Ballard (Admiralty, 1902-1906); and to Lord Fisher of Kilverstone. These authorities bear no responsibility for the author's conclusions.

Much use has been made of vol. III of 'British Documents on the Origins of the War' (H.M. Stationery Office), edited by G. P. Gooch and H. Temperley, with the assistance of Lillian M. Penson.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

Napoleon, Goethe, and Washington—Hicks-Beach and Sir George Trevelyan—Wagner and Ibsen—Sidney, Shakespeare's Portraiture, and Defoe—Plato and the Divine Comedy—Dr Faustus—Milton's Exercises—Devotional Literature—Tennyson and Beddoes—'Authors and the Book Trade'—King Charles—Islam in the Crusades—'Five Years' Hard.'

APPARENTLY every day brings its biography of some one, and almost every fortnight its centenary. That accounts for the preponderance of biographies in these appreciations. At the age of sixteen Herr Friedrich M. Kirchseisen was filled with the determination to write a complete study of Napoleon Bonaparte and his Age, and to that purpose set to work, spending no less than ten years in discovering the works relating to the greatest of Corsicans, and in the process collecting some hundred-thousand titles. He is still engaged on what has become a colossal task, but for readers of possibly less robust appetite has meanwhile produced this volume, '*Napoleon*' (Gerald Howe), admirably translated by Mr Henry St Lawrence, which is itself a brilliant and considerable achievement. Using necessarily a large canvas, the great movements of armies and the changing aspects of the nations with their leaders—and the statesmen who hardly led—are depicted vividly. While Herr Kirchseisen rightly shows admiration, sometimes touching enthusiasm, for the imperial genius who wrecked Europe and left seeds of decay not yet eradicated from the fair body of France, he still discerns the fatal personal weaknesses, and points out how, amid the victories, this advantage was spoilt or that battle lost through the carelessness, wilfulness, or wrongness of Napoleon. As with all such works of history as this, there is, occasionally, some undue colour in the judgment and bias in the point of view; but its intention is always fair, and we see the many actors and actresses of that supreme historical drama as breathing beings and generally as they lived. Possibly he is a little unfair to Wellington; a weakness, if such it be, easily to be excused in a countryman of Blücher.

Goethe belongs to the Olympians; a little faded

perhaps, but yet in his great hours he breathed with divine breath; and although, through his many lesser aspects and the fact that an amazing century has passed since he joined the army of the immortal shadows, he has ceased to influence minds as in his life he did, he remains among the greater poets. He belonged to the creative spirits of his time. Every century-celebration brings its flow of books; and here are two that are helpful. Mr J. G. Robertson's study of **'The Life and Work of Goethe'** (Routledge) is the more admirable because it is the work of professorial years that have enhanced the value of its summaries of the poetry and thought of the Master. There is rightly no shirking of those facts which, to the hurrying mind, may seem derogatory to Goethe's good name, because their influence on his poetry, and especially of the series of loves that were often sordid, and rarely exalted, was vivid and effectual. Without them Goethe must have had less red blood in his work, less vitality, and less truth. This volume is an excellent survey not merely of the poet's achievements in prose and verse, but also of his work in statecraft and science, and has in Professor Barker Fairley's **'Goethe as Revealed in his Poetry'** (Dent) a useful supplement. The aim of this volume as expressed in the title is justified. It is lucid, closely reasoned, suggestive: qualities to which both the above works are entitled. We pass to a third book that celebrates a century; this time it is bicentenary. Mr Norwood Young proves himself once more a trustworthy historian with his timely biography of **'George Washington'** (Duckworth). The last two hundred years having come full-circle it may be that in our country that patriot's stature not unnaturally has lessened through the effects of time. Yet still the career of Washington belongs to history; and although Mr Young pricks some bubbles of popular thought about him, and brings out the fact that his immediate connection with England had ended two generations before him, he yet establishes in his pages one whose record it is necessary to know and to esteem. The first biography of Washington to be written by an Englishman, this study is unlikely to be displaced for many years to come.

Two modern statesmen. In these days of jazz-like, bright and hyper-epigrammatic biography it is no

unpleasing contrast to find a work in such stately, leisurely measure, competent, and with no attempt at meretricious brilliance as **'The Life of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach'** (Macmillan) by his daughter, Lady Victoria Hicks-Beach. More than fifteen years have passed since the death of the white-haired, venerable and mellowed Lord St Aldwyn; many more have passed since the notable days of **'Black Michael'** in the House of Commons. There has seldom been a man more trusted, but equally seldom one more feared, especially by deputations. If he thought that time was being wasted he had an incisive and unsympathetic way of dismissing his visitors, which none could resist but many could resent. Unswerving in the path of duty, rigid in his sense of honour, wholehearted in the service of his country, never seeking popular acclaim, hiding his very human feelings under a stern and rather forbidding mask, he was in many ways the embodiment of the finest type of Elder Statesmen of the Victorian age. He would not have fitted into the present day, nor would he have understood it. His name now is seldom mentioned, and he has largely passed to oblivion. It is, therefore, high time that his life and work should be put on record. Lady Victoria has done this in these two volumes, in a manner most suitable to the subject, unhurried, thorough, efficient, and eminently readable and interesting. Above all she is to be congratulated on the way she has cleared her father's memory of the accusation brought against him for his conduct over South Africa in 1879-80 and his treatment of Sir Bartle Frere. Dr G. M. Trevelyan has done more than merely fulfil a son's duty in writing a memoir of his father, **'Sir George Otto Trevelyan'** (Longmans), for on a necessarily restricted canvas he has caught the personality of a brave and honest statesman who retired comparatively early from the stage of public life, and doubtless marred the impression he might have made through his insistent shyness. The man who accepted the office of Irish Secretary when Lord Frederick Cavendish had just been murdered showed by that act uncommon courage which carried him through some of the most difficult years in the British government of Ireland. Yet somehow possibly his straightforward honesty and inability to compromise stood in his way; for he failed

to get on very well with his leaders, Gladstone and Chamberlain, and—but not too soon—returned gladly to his writings, amongst which the 'Life of Macaulay' and his study of the American Revolution stand out to prove that in the provinces of literature and history he was a master.

Herr Becker's study of 'Richard Wagner' (Dent), discovering the close interactions of his life and his work, is rather for the musician than for the general public; but especially it is for the psychologist who is acquainted with the technique of dramatic music. Although sometimes the language is a little inflated, or appears so in Mr Bozman's scrupulous translation, the work successfully puts the case for Wagner as the pioneer of modern music, and vastly greater than his many disciples; as a triumphant exponent of 'expressionist art' in the theatre; and as one whose inspiration was necessarily in large measure the result, more or less happy, of his passions of physical love. (It was Goethe's source of strength and weakness again.) Without Minna, Mathilde, Cosima—especially Cosima—and the other women who tantalised or for a time possessed Wagner, it is certain that Siegfried, Elsa, Tannhauser, Fricka, Tristan, and Isolde, though they would have lived on his stage, would not have been the figures they are, or have loved and suffered with such exaltation and force, touching as they do the immortalities. We see in these pages much of the way in which genius gropes and soars to fruition; and recognise how truly the triumphant artist, whose soul is in his work, needs the buffetings and failures of ill-fortune as well as the encouragements and ecstasies.

Not many biographies are as revealingly frank as 'The Life of Ibsen' (Allen and Unwin), written by Professor Halvdan Koht; and distinctly it is a gain, if we are to be shown a great man, to see him as he was—warts and all—and not in the guise of a spectacular dummy decked for a shop window. We certainly have Ibsen in this book; but his 'warts' were fussiness and frequent rudeness, ungraciousness and ingratitude, at times, to such stalwart, necessary friends as Bjørnsen; with a silly passion for courtly decorations, and frequent bouts of wild anger, often unjustified. These faults, however, by increasing the reality, enhance the qualities

of the man. In his time Ibsen was a necessary element in the development of the stage; and far, very far, as he went in upsetting the conventions it was essential then to escape from the sweet prettiness of Robertson and the rose-sprinkled drawing-room drama of the time. His work now is 'dated'; but so absolute has its influence worked and brought fruition, the modern theatre has progressed so far since his day, that one wonders why there was all that angry uproar, even over 'Ghosts'; while 'The Wild Duck' and 'Hedda Gabler' now appear mild in their daring. To those interested in the history of the stage, these volumes, though wordy at times and surely doing injustice to the quality of Ibsen's verse by putting it into English rimes, when a prose paraphrase would have been safer, will be found of deep interest.

That the enduring strength of Astrophel's name and record—in brief, his immortality as we call it—was not entirely due to his poetically romantic death, so realistic in the physical details, is brought out clearly in Miss Emma Marshall Denkinger's excellent full study, '**Philip Sidney**' (Allen and Unwin); but yet the mystery as to why he held such potent sway over the hearts of his contemporaries remains. As with the popular dislike for Raleigh, so this instance of a warm, popular admiration and love is not to be explained in words. Doubtless in both cases an inexpressible personality prevailed; and that evidently, like the magic of moonshine, is something beyond the range of the portrait-painter's brush and pen. In this volume, however, we have the man in his works and activities; wise beyond his years and from first to last, as lover and poet, statesman and warrior, playing his parts according to the noblest traditions. Miss Denkinger writes with colour and zest. She is painstaking rather than subtle; and puts her characters before the reader in clear lights. Whether the Elizabeth, Leicester, Alençon, Jane Grey, Stella, Penelope Rich of these pages are quite as their fellows saw them is open to question; but for an effort of impressionist history this work is highly commendable, and a fine tribute to the true knight whose memory it adorns. The reissue of Mr M. H. Spielmann's comparative study of the Droeshout Portrait of Shakespeare and of the bust on the monument in Stratford Church,

under the title of '**Shakespeare's Portraiture**' (Oxford University Press), is welcome for the sound and illuminating manner in which the truth of those presentiments of the man and the poet is made convincing. A patient examination of the numerous portraits of Shakespeare brings out the worthlessness of all but the chosen two and the carelessness or unscrupulousness with which painters and engravers have 'improved' the subject. It is a book, with its many illustrations, invaluable to Shakespeareans, and another hard pill for the faddists who have taken in vain the great name of Bacon to try not to swallow.

The devotion of Mr Thomas Wright to the nobly great in literature is illustrated anew in the publication of his re-written '**Life of Daniel Defoe**' (Farncombe); a work of assured value to those seeking the facts of the varied and vexed career of that high-minded and forthright Englishman. It is lucid, well-ordered, a model of persevering research, and in spite of tendencies to exaggerate the allegorical character of 'Robinson Crusoe,' we should have added 'reliable,' were it not that, on the very page whereon he invents the odious word 'vituperised,' Mr Wright prays for a revival of the pillory for 'those miscreants who sully the waters of the pure well of English with such accretions as . . . "reliable" when they mean "trustworthy."' Now, who is to execute the executioner? This is an exhaustive, even an over-elaborate garnering of the truths and possibilities of Defoe's tangled history; for, much as we learn of his activities, friends, enemies, and family, he does not walk as a living person through this book, which thereby shows that, good as the work is, it fails in the best purpose of biography, a living portrayal of the man. Possibly the right effect is partly lost through the necessary coherence of the narrative being spoilt periodically by the insertion across the text of the titles of the works of Defoe published at the time then under treatment. Better had these been relegated to the after-ends of the chapters or to the conclusion of the book, where, indeed, they do reappear.

The enlargement of Mr G. Lowes Dickinson's broadcast talks on '**Plato and his Dialogues**' (Allen and Unwin) should be welcome to many more than his recent hearers,

for no apter or more luminous brief introduction to the thought of Socrates and Plato could easily be found, especially as in many respects our times, with their peculiar and anxious problems, are like those which confronted the Greeks after the great days of Pericles. After an account of the historic background, founded on the testimony of Thucydides, we have a loving study of Socrates and his deep influence, and then of the character of Plato's dialogues, with some analysis of his 'Republic,' his 'Laws,' and that aspect of his philosophy that often has sent unread sentimentalists adrift, Platonic 'Love.' The stimulating body of the book has a luminous introduction. With wisdom and a reverent courage Mr Jefferson Butler Fletcher prefaces his translation of '**The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri**' (Macmillan) by acknowledging the all but hopeless difficulties of the task, and so prepares the way for a fair and sympathetic reading. Using blank verse, with occasional rimes, that are proper concessions to the form of the original (though still with large differences) he keeps near the truths of the text and maintains the essential dignity and much of the beauty of the poem. It is proved an admirable endeavour and can well be placed on the shelf with the few other good translations of Dante that exist; but yet—it is not ungrateful to Mr Fletcher to say so—the especial jewels of this handsome version of the greatest of poems are the reproductions of Botticelli's illustrations.

The outstanding value of Messrs Methuen's surely definitive edition of the Works and Life of Christopher Marlowe is enhanced by its fifth volume, '**The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus**'; as apart from the particular interest of the play it has been edited by Dr Boas, who is second to none among the authorities on the Elizabethan dramatists. Dr Boas has not been content merely to annotate and clear up confusions in the highly imperfect text, but has made suggestions which should flutter the critical dovescotes. He sees the hand of Samuel Rowley in the prose, a challenging assertion; he rightly, and with examples, disputes A. H. Bullen's sweeping statement on Marlowe's want of humour; he makes interesting suggestions as to the prudent omissions of religious references that at the time would have been dangerous; in a more fanciful mood he

compares Hamlet with Faust, both of them graduates of Wittenberg; and, of all his daring endeavours, the best or the worst, is willing to whittle down Marlowe's part in this play to some mere 1500 lines, leaving the rest to later hands and what actors call 'business.' A bold conjecture, and, whether justified or not, worth while, for that is the sort of suggestive criticism which rouses inquiry and helps to make literary history. The personal side of John Milton has not been over-written, as is the case with too many of the poets; and further information of his ways and thoughts is welcome, especially when it shows him in the gracious light of his '**Private Correspondence and Academic Exercises**' (Cambridge University Press), written in Latin, but excellently translated, almost into Miltonic English, by Miss Phyllis B. Tillyard and 'introduced' by her brother, Mr E. M. W. Tillyard, with comments that help the text. These private letters and Prolusions in themselves add little to our knowledge of Milton, but they are acceptable. We see him at Cambridge, in his retreat at Horton, and in London: in his youth, his manliness, and his blinded age; and find him throughout, despite the inevitable rhetoric, which Mr Tillyard charitably explains, on the whole the Milton of the lofty mind, warm sympathies, and earnestness in dutiful causes, for which, as well as for his poetry, his name is honoured.

Young as they may seem to European eyes, the Universities of the United States have already done work of inestimable value, especially in literary research and reconstruction, after venturing into fields neglected by the older scholarship and deserving the rewards of discoveries worth winning. Here is one more work of the kind, a close study of a brief forty years of the seventeenth century in England, for which we have reason to thank the University of Wisconsin. The writer of '**English Devotional Literature [Prose], 1600-1640,**' Professor Helen C. White, has written with charm and worked with thoroughness through a period that must have been pretty stiff going. It is true that those years numbered among their brighter stars, Lancelot Andrewes, John Donne, Richard Baxter, and Jeremy Taylor, whose names are living jewels in the record of English letters; but there were many besides them who after their fashion

enriched the thoughtful and devotional life of those years ; and here they and their works are set down in pages that may look tedious to the first glance but are, in truth, the reverse of tedious in the reading.

Tennyson's position among the established poets is by this time secure. While definitely beneath the greatest, he yet has sufficiently withstood or recovered from the effects of recent reactions to maintain his seat of distinction in the hierarchy of song. Because of the marvellous precocity, with all their inevitable imitativeness of his '**Unpublished Early Poems**' (Macmillan), this volume is worth reading ; but it is rather for the curiosity it occasions than anything else. Here already is shown the extraordinary ease and grace, coloured detail and felicity, of expression ; the close study of Nature in all her leafy ways, every point of observation being deftly touched-in ; but yet it may be that, through the very richness of the gifts disclosed in these boyish and youthful verses, Tennyson failed, while fully maintaining the definite beauty of his utterance, to reach those depths of feeling and heights and originality of thought that are essential to great poetry. Then, aptly, having come to such conclusion, there arrive the first two volumes of a series of anthologies chosen by Mr F. L. Lucas to be issued by the Cambridge University Press, with '**Alfred Lord Tennyson**,' an excellent selection that strengthens the position of the poet. Best in the book, however, to those who know Tennyson well, is the frank introduction which grants all that the honest traducers have reason to say and yet insists on his sometimes greatness—and proves it. The second of these anthologies deals with the work of that unhappy versifier, '**Thomas Lovell Beddoes**,' the facts of whose tragic death have been only recently revealed. Beddoes was more conventional than his admirers—and there still are a few—care to admit. His waywardness in life, so characteristic of mere poetasters who by such means best can prove their cultivation of the muses, with the artificial character of his verse, the sobbing over graves, the fallen and faded flowers, the frank sentimentalities and the coining of such extravagant expressions as 'ugsome reptile,' mark him as belonging poetically to the multitude of the 'not-quite.' But yet in his measure he was some

expression of his time, and again we can thank Mr Lucas for his stimulating editorship.

Mr Frank Swinnerton's interesting and comprehensive '**Authors and the Book Trade**' (Gerald Howe) might be called Disillusionment, especially for authors. The comparatively few famous and affluent writers shed a glamour on the cult of the pen which is far from being justified. The rank-and-file author has a hard and uncertain life; but if he thinks that the publisher and bookseller are profiteering at his expense let him read this book. Mr Swinnerton knows, from many years' experience, all there is to be known about writing, publishing, and reviewing. Even displayed advertisement, that beacon to all authors, is shown to be but a delusion. Publishers and booksellers can be grateful to Mr Swinnerton for the just and fair way in which he puts their case—and it is not often so put. An immense amount of valuable information is given in this little volume: all interested in books should read it and profit by it. Many may be depressed and realise hitherto unsuspected difficulties, but to dam the flow of authorship or quench the will-o'-the-wisp of producing 'best sellers' will take more than this or any description of the drawbacks and difficulties of authorship and the book trade. Moreover, there are many bright rifts in the clouds that overhang the life of a book!

Two works of history. Not only admirers of the Stuarts, of whom there still are a legion, should rejoice in '**Honest Harry**' (Murray); for the truths this book tells of Charles the First in prison and of the attempts made to secure his escape from Carisbrooke, based on the records of Sir Henry Firebrace, his 'friend and servant,' are not only effective but very romantic. Possibly, and best of all, we see Charles himself as a bravely cheerful graceful figure, every inch a natural king, which is a relief after some of the aspects of him which have been presented not only by his enemies, but also by his idolatrous friends. The book adds an authentic and well-documented chapter to history and will be as treasure-trove to the enthusiasts who still hold piously to the Stuart faith. The unusual appearance to Western eyes of the personal names of Saracen leaders and warriors makes Professor H. A. R. Gibb's rendering

of extracts from 'The Damascus Chronicle of the Crusades' (Luzac) rather hard reading, but it is bound to attract interest, for it gives the other side of what romance and religious history have tended vastly to overdo. The red-cross knights have had their innings: now the defenders of Islam may go in—and do so, using much the same methods in battle and diplomacy as their adversaries, and being even more confident than they of generally possessing a monopoly of the Divine sympathy. It all is rather tangled and sometimes tedious, with its record of plodding years, of hand-to-hand fighting, and besieging; but frequently we have glimpses of personal fineness and success in the art of war; and soldiers as well as historians should find much to interest them in this record of the days and years of battle out of which chivalry, for one good thing, was born.

Resolutions are not made with rose-water; and as for Empire-building—well, Great Britain in her imperial extensions has little to be ashamed of, and much over which to be proud. Hard knocks assuredly have gone to it; but force has not been the only means used for 'painting the map red.' Humour, the spirit of adventure, the polo-stick, the cricket-bat, as well as the sword and spade, have had their parts in it; and never was a better book, a jollier, more truthful, robust, bold, yet honouring volume written—honouring to those who through dangers, pluck, and strenuous effort did the necessary work—than Brigadier-General F. P. Crozier's '**Five Years' Hard**' (Cape), which tells of fighting and adventurous days in Nigeria thirty or so years ago—how the Fulani Empire was brought down and a happy civilisation established in the place of the former unspeakable tyrannies suffered by the peoples of the Western Sudan. The General calls a spade something rather more than a spade, and it may be that some of his stories and references may cause the virtuously starched to frown; but it is still a healthy, manly book, vigorous, revealing, very amusing, and reminds us incidentally how much we as a race and an Empire owe to the men who amid the swamps and jungles laid the foundations of that spiritual Commonwealth to which we British belong.

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